





ABROAD IN A RUNABOUT



“ OX TEAMS ARE SLOW ”

ABROAD IN A RUNABOUT

BY
A. J. AND F. H. HAND

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
BY THE AUTHORS



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DEDICATED TO
MRS. CHARLES REED

INTRODUCTION

It is difficult for any automobile owner to define the mental workings that brought him within that class: the fever is so insidious, its culmination in ownership so sudden, the justifications for the purchase given are so often far from the fact, that one might as well admit, in the first instance, that he was obsessed, and that the purchase was made without any real reason or necessity and without any clear conception of the responsibility that the ownership involved.

The first days or weeks after becoming the owner of a machine are taken up with learning to drive and manage it, with covering well-known roads and localities, and usually at about the time that these things have lost their attraction the first tour is taken. Then the real purpose of the car is discovered, and thereafter the owner becomes an unmitigated bore, or a most interesting companion, as his revelations concerning the roads, distances, hotels, scenery, and repairs are recited, depending entirely on whether

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he is among non-owners or those who have enjoyed as he has, the unexplainable pleasure of starting somewhere and in spite of adverse conditions of roads, weather, and machinery, arriving. No owner can be counted an automobilist until he has toured, and no one who has toured is ever thereafter other than an automobilist. One tour completed, every other use of the machine sinks into insignificance, and to plan longer and more complicated trips becomes one of the greatest joys of existence.

We, in a two-cylinder runabout, entered this charmed world and from the date of our initiation, when for ten hours our brave little car bucked the sands of Michigan, hub deep, and after laboring over sixty miles of the worst roads in the world, landed us at our destination, tired and dirty but satisfied, we were lost, given over to the charms of the open.

To tour over unknown ways, to discover, to meet the rubs of the road and be equal to them, was the one good and logical reason for owning the car; convenience, pleasant little runs, were thenceforth nothing; we became then and there automobilists in the fullest sense of the word.

This first tour led to others, that took us over good roads and bad, through beautiful scenery, to throng-

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ing cities, along winding rivers, and over hills, as well as through the flat lands and gumbo roads of Western States, in bad hotels and good, until out of season we planned what in season we executed, and gradually became, as we believed, competent to handle car, roads, and ourselves in any emergency, in a manner satisfying to our complacency.

We had been abroad, we knew the lure of the Old World and, travelling there, had felt the annoyance and handicap of being bound to fixed itineraries, and of hurrying past hundreds of things, that, by their attractions seemed to beckon to us through the car windows, but which were not such as to justify the interminable loss of time involved in the use of local trains, and so had to be regretfully resigned; we had driven a little over there and knew the fascination of the splendid roads, so, naturally were attracted to accounts of motor trips in Europe, and while not believing such a pleasure within the possibility of chance for us, we nevertheless read everything that could be found upon the subject. Without exception big cars were used in these books and descriptions, and in nearly every case the foreign chauffeur was at the wheel.

Just when the idea took form that possibly we

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two, in a runabout, could tour Europe, we do not know; it was of such gradual growth and came so slowly that when we first were conscious of it, we had acquired a world of information, and knew fairly accurately what was required.

A rainy Sunday and a Michelin Guide seem to have been the things that fixed our determination to enter upon the undertaking.

Then no thought of writing an account of our trip existed, but later, as the days — untroubled, delightful, healthful days — flew by, and all went well, as necessary expenses proved not excessive and happiness and profit seemed so great, we thought of the many small car owners, who, for want of first-hand information as an impetus, were losing what the summer was bringing to us, and we determined to give them the benefit of our experience; simply, and with no attempt at literary style, to show them how easily, cheaply and comfortably the trip can be taken, and by a plain, unadorned tale to convince those who hesitate, that a tour of Europe can be made with only a small car and within the expenditures of the usual trip abroad.

That we saw much well worth seeing, yet not usually seen, and in an intimate way not usually experienced; that the inconvenience, worry and annoy-

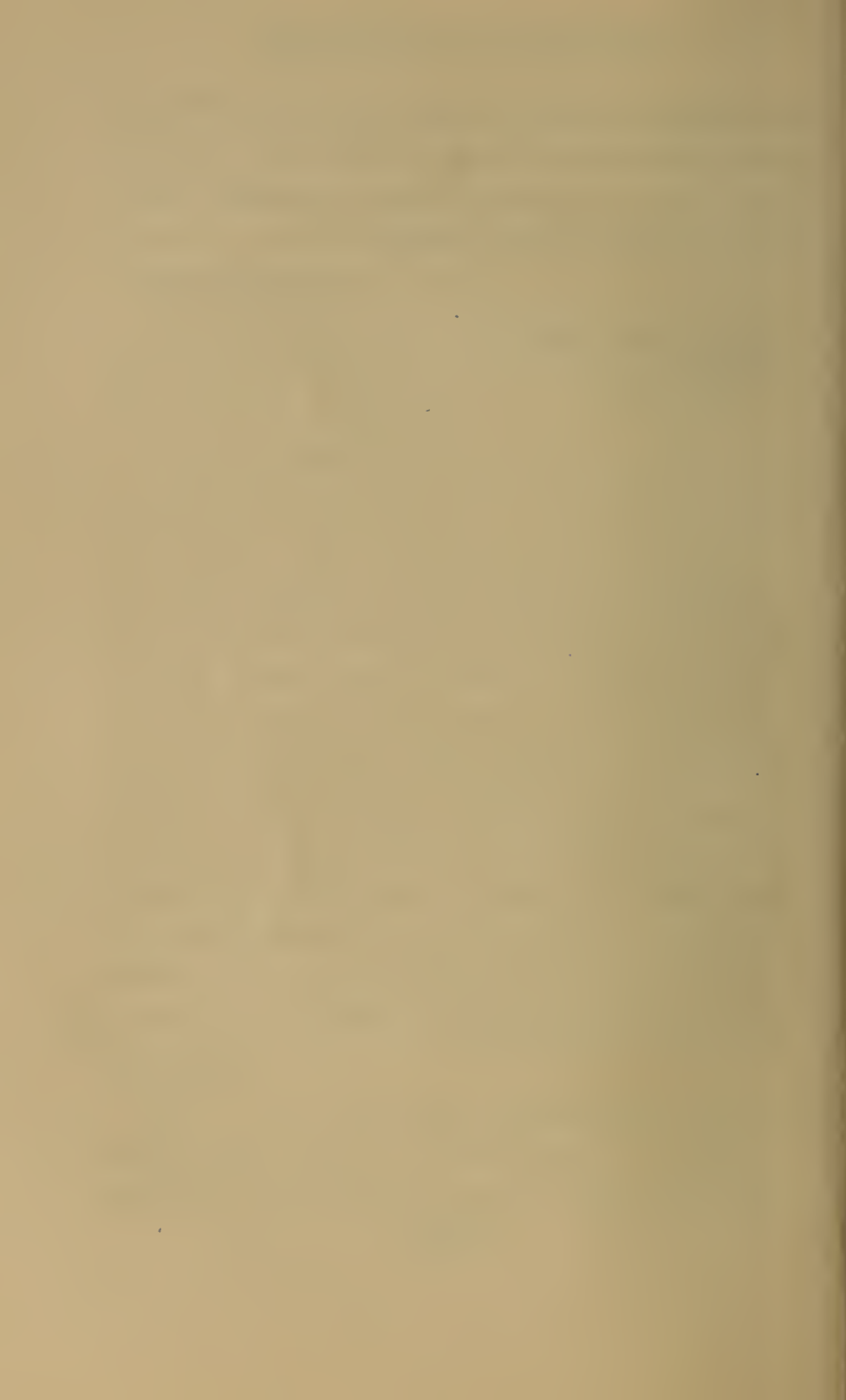
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ance incident to railway travel were eliminated, and that a feeling of adventurous exploration and discovery were ever present and often justified, we believe, that, these pages will disclose.

THE AUTHORS.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

June, 1911.



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CHAPTER I

THE START

IT is not difficult, if one possesses unlimited means, to take one's car and travel abroad; but for the small car owner, with a moderate income, real problems exist. To determine where to go, what to see, and how to get the most out of every dollar, requires careful consideration.

We soon determined not to undertake the British Isles; we had in former visits seen much of them. Travelling there seems less foreign and costs more than on the Continent, and our time was limited.

Investigation convinced us that for our purposes Havre was the most available point at which to land the machine, as several lines of freightboats stop there, whose rates are much lower than those of the speedier passenger vessels. After more or less correspondence with other companies, we made an arrangement with the American Express Company covering the packing, transportation of the car, and

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passing it through the customs from Chicago to Havre and back.

The steamship rules require cars to be crated in well-constructed, weather-proof boxes and packed in such manner that they can be up-ended or turned over if necessary without injuring the car, and, as these boxes can only be constructed by persons familiar with the requirements and necessities, any shipping arrangements made should include this service.

We delivered our car to the American Express Company in Chicago, about July 1, and gave ourselves no further concern for it; it was to be in Havre by July 27, the date of our arrival, and we were assured that, barring accident, it would be there. We preferred to sail on the *Lusitania*, disembarking at Fishguard, thence crossing England and the Channel from Southampton to Havre, as in this way we could save from two to three days, and time was valuable.

The night of July 25 found us at Fishguard and let us drop a word of warning, a first "Don't." Do not arrange for the Fishguard landing. We were late in arriving (steamships always are), and reached London at three o'clock in the morning, where the station hotel at which we had expected to get a room was full, so that we were obliged, at that hour, to

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search for a place to stay. Had we gone on to Liverpool we should have had a good night's rest and been in London in plenty of time to have taken the boat from Southampton for Havre and much better prepared than we were for that awful crossing.

At the station in London we were assured that a wire had been sent reserving a cabin on the Channel boat for us, but on our arrival, discovered that every stateroom had been reserved for two weeks, and that while "Madame" could be given a berth in a small room with nine other ladies, "Monsieur" must sleep on the deck, whereupon Madame, with visions of a rough passage and too close quarters with nine seasick women, elected to stay on deck also.

We scurried — the word is accurately used — after a steward, and by tipping and much persuasion finally secured two steamer chairs, a number of blankets and pillows, and a protected corner of the deck, with the understanding that as soon as we put to sea, the lights would be extinguished; and there we made a night of it.

In spite of discomfort, we did sleep some, and were sleeping at seven in the morning when we entered the harbor at Havre, where, as we watched the light brighten over the high cliffs of the city, we could but wonder if our little car was waiting for us and

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what length of time it would take to clear her for action.

We had nothing to declare at the customs, and were soon following an old porter with our trunk and suitcase on a wheelbarrow to the Hotel Admiralty, selected because of its nearness to the dock. We were assigned the room which Victor Hugo occupied on his visit to Havre, served a breakfast of rolls and chocolate, and then started for the office of the American Express Company, through queer, crooked streets, where parrots shrieked, and sailors from the ends of the earth loitered and jested, for old Havre de Grâce is an important port and carries one-fifth of the commerce of France. We arrived before the doors were open and spent a half-hour looking at the beautiful private yachts in the slip near by, which we were afterward told had been practically abandoned by their owners for the superior charms of the automobile. We followed the clerk who opened up and were explaining with some difficulty what we wanted, when a rosy-cheeked boy of fifteen or sixteen stepped up and asked in English, in a business-like way, if we were the owners of the little car which had arrived yesterday on the *Boulogne*. He informed us that it was at the garage unpacked and ready, with the exception of putting

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in the water, oil, and gasoline, about which they desired instructions, and offered to go at once with us so that these things might be done; on the way he gave us much general information, among other things saying that ours was the smallest car ever received by the Express Company.

At the garage we found it, washed, polished, bearing proudly its French numbers, and surrounded by the same curious crowd that would be present at the unpacking of a French car on this side. The quick detachable tires were much admired; the idea seemed new over there, and was seized upon throughout France as a good one and most practical, and after seeing the labor involved in the removal of their tires, from fixed rims, loaded with stay bolts, we do not wonder.

A taxi was called, the auto trunk and Madame sent to the hotel, that she might transfer to it, and to the large suit-case, such things as we could not get along without. The boy glibly translated Monsieur's instructions, and soon the car was ready; with one turn of the crank it started as sweetly as it had the last time, four thousand miles away in Illinois, and out on the crowded street, the boy working the exhaust whistle overtime, it went.

Maps were to be purchased, all of the series of the

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Cartes Taride which covered our itinerary in France and Switzerland, the French driving license must be *viséed*, by the German Consul, to be good in Germany, the Express Company settled with, and it was noon before we knew where the time had gone.

The boy was to meet and put us on the right road at two o'clock, meanwhile the little car waited in front of the hotel, the auto trunk and suit-case tightly strapped on the deck. In the car's regular equipment, this deck had held the gasoline tank, but we had had it put under the seat, thus leaving plenty of room for the baggage. Our steamer trunk, now packed with the things we did not need until our return voyage, was sent to the Express Company to be stored; and it remained only to take luncheon, pay the bill, don duster and goggles, and we were ready for the start.

The boy appeared promptly, we climbed in and he seated himself on the floor of the car with his feet on the running-board and announced that he was ready. The hotel force called "*Bon Voyage*," the boy sounded the horn, we made a careful turn in the narrow street, slowly worked our way to the Post-office, there to mail letters announcing our departure, and were off.

Naturally we had had some doubts and anxieties,

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but the car seemed undaunted, the boy questioned not, the whistle wailed constantly, and the day was fair; so, as we left Havre, we felt a return of confidence and a belief in the success of our venture.

CHAPTER II

HAVRE TO ROUEN

THE apple-cheeked boy left us at the edge of Havre, pointing out our road, and we started off alone, feeling very much as Columbus must have when the last gulls left him and skimmed back to the Spanish waters. It was all so new to us! Even the car was hardly more than well tested, not yet proved; nevertheless, each trying to seem perfectly at ease, we rolled on through Harfleur, our first town, then through St. Romain, thence to La Remuée, where we went astray and had our first inquiries to make and our first retracing to do, fortunately not far; then on to Lillebonne, whose pretty Gothic church tempted us to get out for a short inspection. Just out of Lillebonne, which was one of the most northerly Roman cities, there are some remains of an old amphitheatre, but we did not care so much for it as for the nearby ruined tower in which William the Conqueror first laid before his nobles his scheme for the conquest of England. Part of the place is still in good preservation and other bits show

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that it was once a large fortress. The whole is now included in the grounds of a handsome modern villa, in whose big kitchen we were invited to register. We did it, though as a rule we avoid these opportunities, but this chance to see the fine tiled room, with its neat servants and shining pots and pans, was too good to be missed. Then we went on again, through a beautiful country, where the cows, all tethered out in such a way as to keep the grass eaten off evenly, amused our prodigal Western eyes, though we realize that time will force this new world to the same saving device. The many goats, the walled substantial farms, the cider orchards, planted from twenty-five to a hundred trees to the acre, of which it is said that their origin is "lost in the night of time," the fine big horses, hitched three and four tandem, the thickly thatched cottages,—these, and a hundred other things claimed our admiration, so that it was hard to go on from moment to moment.

Next came Caudebec en Caux, the artist's paradise, and again we stopped, and wandered about, leaving the car in the stony little market square, one end of which was blocked by the beautiful church of Our Lady. Both before and since we have seen beautiful churches, but none more entirely satisfying to the eye. It is so richly sculptured in every part that no

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one detail stands out; even the gallery, which spells in carved Gothic letters verses from the anthem of the Virgin, seems but a riot of lovely fancies like the rest.

There is a tiny stream, the *Rivière Ste. Gertrude*, which is overarched by age-darkened timbered houses, probably none less than five hundred years old, in many shades of brown. They bend and bulge and lean, but Heaven grant that they may stand another five hundred years, to delight and to teach humility to our wandering countrymen, whose first thought is always, in spite of honest effort to the contrary, "Why, that was before America was discovered!" Yes, when America was only an undiscovered wilderness, these houses were here much as they are now; then, as now, people pulled up water from the glancing stream in pails to the second story; children dropped chip boats onto its flood and shrill-voiced neighbors bobbed their heads above and chatted as lightly here as they do to-day. It is at Caudebec that occurs at the fall and spring equinox the *Mascaret*, or sudden tidal wave which rushes up the Seine six to ten feet above the ordinary level of the water, a sight that attracts hundreds of visitors each year.

We had not long to stay, but the town and its en-

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viros merit a week at least, and shall have it if ever we go that way again. Very near here is the turn leading to the ancient abbey of St. Wandrille, founded in 670; but, though expecting it, we missed it, and no doubt foolishly enough, did not go back, as we assured ourselves that the ruins of the Abbey of Jumièges are finer, and they must be.

We cannot see how any ruin can be more picturesquely beautiful. True, we have never seen "fair Melrose aright," and if ever we are so fortunate we may change our minds, but surely not until then. The ruins lie in the grounds of the chateau of Madame Lepel Cointet, and visitors are admitted until five o'clock. We were a little late, but either our winning smiles or the good heart of the portress led her to admit us, and we have not ceased to be grateful. The main part of this majestic and gracious ruin consists of some of the aisles and the west front with two great towers, a supporting arch, bits of the choir and many smaller fragments. The stone is a soft rosy gray, and the whole is tenderly veiled and overgrown by mosses, vines, and shimmering leaves, as if Mother Nature did all she could to soften the ravages that time and still more destructive man have made. This was a very famous abbey founded in the seventh century by St. Philibert, and maintained

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for eleven hundred years. It sheltered at one time nearly a thousand monks, and here the Dukes of Normandy and the Kings of France had right of shelter. We were shown a slab which once covered the heart of beautiful Agnes Sorel, and a stone from the tomb of Nicholas Leroux, fifty-ninth abbot of Jumièges, and one of the Tribunal that condemned Joan of Arc.

The terrible harvest of the French Revolution laid low the Abbey as it did so many other lovely things and though the natives may and do bless it, and rejoice in its fruits, to the stranger, hunting for history and beauty, even forgiveness comes hard.

The summer days were long, but by the time we reluctantly quitted the stately old ruin the shadows were lengthening and we were yet too new to the roads and the customs of the country to take any chances on being out after dark, especially without carbide, so we hurried on to slumberous little Duclair. This is a tiny town with but two interests, its half-hourly ferry, or *bac*, and its excellent Hotel de la Poste, whose proprietor well merits the silver medal accorded him by the Touring Club of France.

Our room was a model of neatness; our lavatory had running water; our dinner, on the balcony overlooking the quiet Seine, was most delicious, and on returning from a walk through the town, our solitary



‘ THERE ARE ALWAYS KINDLY, COTTEOUS PEOPLE WHO GLADLY SET ONE RIGHT ’

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candle lighted us merrily to bed, where we slept soundly, awaking in the morning refreshed and eager for another day's run.

Here is certainly the place for a few words as to the roads. They are perfect,—absolutely smooth, without stick or stone, culvert or puddle; white, and planted with trees on either hand. They are marked at every kilometre by stones indicating the class and number of the road, the town just passed, and the distance to it as well as the one to come and its distance, and the department in which it lies. Railway crossings, sharp turns, and dangerous descents are marked far in advance, and at the entrance to each town is given the speed limit to be observed within its borders. Intersections are infrequent; the many road signs are helpful and easily learned, and it is not difficult, by a little attention, to keep in the right way, while if one does go wrong, there are always near at hand kindly, courteous people who gladly set one right.

Next morning we took breakfast on the balcony again, which gave us an excellent chance to observe the great traffic that plies up and down the river, tugs with long strings of freight barges coming past every few minutes. One with the familiar name *Erie* steamed along, all unsuspecting that its low

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black hull did "certainly look good" to the two people lingering over their breakfast at the hotel in dreaming little Duclair. After perhaps an hour of loafing and one of work on the car, we started for Rouen, a short but charming ride of twenty kilometres.

The first part of the way lay between the river and the low chalk cliffs whose soft sides have been hollowed by troglodytes, or cliff dwellers — a sight we had not expected to see until we reached the Loire. These houses, dug out of the living rock, are quite interesting, but are very simple after all. The cliff makes a dry and comfortable abode, as well as an economical one, top and bottom, sides and back being furnished by nature free of charge. Sometimes windows and chimneys are put in, and horses, mules, and cows, as well as their owners, are safely sheltered. In many parts of France these cliffs are particularly prized as cellars for ripening cheese and wine, being very dry and subject to little change of temperature. About half way to Rouen we branched off to see, at the uninteresting town of St. Martin de Boscherville, the ruined Abbey of St. Georges de Boscherville, which, it is claimed, held in its palmy days five thousand worshippers. Its church, dating from 1050 to 1066, is still preserved,

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but about the place there is none of the charm of Jumièges, and we did not stay long to see it.

A little farther, and we entered the long aisles of the Forest of Roumare, which covers many acres and extends almost to Rouen.

Here we had an inspiration. Why not take the already much desired luncheon at the village of Genety, of which we had read and which lay deep-hidden within the heart of the great forest. There was some discussion about the advantages of pushing on, enjoying the forest as we went, yet reaching Rouen and a proper hotel for luncheon, but with the charms of Genety so alluringly near, it seemed folly to rush past, so we turned back to find it. Everyone has read of the delights of hunting in a beautiful forest, but let us here and now observe that it is not what one is led to expect. We hunted, beating up and down and back and forth, turning in alleys so narrow that we almost had to back up the trees to do it, getting deeper and deeper in the woods and growing hungrier every minute, but drawing no nearer to food. There were few people to ask, and they could give us no help, nor did the occasional sign board. Finally we met a man who spoke with such confidence that we felt reassured and followed his directions, along a path which brought us at length

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to a solitary cottage, where we found a diminutive old lady and asked again for the village of Genety. "*Mais, vous y êtes!*" ("But you are there") was the prompt reply. "Is this all?" "All? Well, no; there are two or three more houses a little farther on." "But is there a restaurant — can one have luncheon there?" And then the sprightly old woman, with a shrug of exhausted patience, said she had never heard of any restaurant, although she supposed that at times people must eat in the village of Genety the same as in any place else; and turning, she trotted off and into her house, leaving us not quite "alone and thirsting in a land of sand and thorns," but almost as uncomfortable as if we had been. Silently we accepted what she said, and in silence accomplished the difficult turning around, the doublings and twistings necessary before we could get to the main road again, and silently, stoically, we endured the pangs of hunger which grew more and more sharp, each resolving in silence to go on no more silly hunts for hidden places, at least when we were hungry.

Then suddenly the view of Rouen from the heights burst upon us, and made us forget all our little troubles in its beauty. This is a wide and justly famous view. Some even claim it to be one of the

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most satisfying in the world. The broad river curved lovingly around the island, and farther on the bridges, steeples, and towers of the city, all bathed in the clear sunshine, made a striking picture.

We delayed long enough to take a photograph, then ran on until the *octroi* officer stopped us to ask if we had any poultry or produce on which duty should be paid. This *octroi* is a nuisance and an absurd one as well. It exists in most of the important cities of France, and is primarily a tax on food brought in from the country. The belief seems to be that in this way the country people are made to pay toward the city revenues, but a little thought would show that it is the townspeople who really pay the tax in the increased price to them of the food. But this time it was not such an unmitigated nuisance as later often it was, for after going through the usual "Nothing to declare?" and the reply, "Nothing to declare," we asked the high and mighty looking officer where we could find luncheon, and he told us, thereby saving us time, so that very shortly after driving down the handsome quais we brought up in front of the Café Victor and there had an excellent meal, tasting for the first time the merlans with which afterwards we became familiar. Merlans are little fish, perhaps twice as big as a sardine, which are fried, about

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six or seven of them being strung on a skewer through the gills, and served delicately brown and piping hot. They would be delicious if they contained more meat and were not all bones, eyes, tails, and skewers. Perhaps we are over particular, but if so it is a later growth; that day there was no protest — even the skewers had a narrow escape.

The little car was an object of great interest to the diners and passers-by, and when we left the table it seemed too bad to take away a thing that was so much enjoyed by so many people.

While eating luncheon, we had debated as to which hotel to choose, and since the only pictures that memory brought to us from our reading of Rouen were those of the Cathedral and the Grosse Horloge, or big clock, we decided to stay as near to them as possible; and the Hotel du Nord, a short block from the former, and next door but one to the latter, proved just the place we wanted.

The swarming street was not more than ten feet wide, and we felt that nothing but a miracle would enable us to drive down it, turn at right angles almost under the clock belfry spanning the street, and get into the courtyard of the hotel without killing or maiming somebody. But finally it was achieved, and we were safe in our big quiet room.

CHAPTER III

ROUEN AND BEAUVAIS

YESTERDAY'S first homage to the Normandy cider, which is said to be bad for the teeth and which, to our certain knowledge, is bad for some other things, had left its undesirable effects, so we rested and slept an hour or two before going out to see the sights, the first of which was naturally the tower of the Great Clock. This was built in 1389, has a large sculptured dial on each side, and is rich in every part with curious carvings. Next came the Palace of Justice, the exquisite church of St. Maclou, the place of the execution of Joan of Arc, and the old Hotel Bourgtheroulde. This is a large and handsome building begun near the end of the fifteenth century, which though now a bank, seems really at times to have been an hotel in our understanding of the word, but if much is definitely known of its history, the books and guides keep the secret well. Its principal point of interest is the wonderfully carved panels in its court, representing the meeting of

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Henry VIII and Francis I at the Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1520.

An early traveller calls Rouen "an ugly, stinking, close, and ill-built town," and possibly it was, but to-day it is greatly modernized, almost too much so to suit us, we thought. But after dinner we went out for another walk, and this time found the really picturesque labyrinths of the old quarter, and wandered till dark in the narrow streets, where the ancient houses, like old cronies, lean toward one another as if sociably recalling the days of their youth. Who knows that from these very windows people did not look out upon the Maid as she was led to her imprisonment? Perhaps these dark streets had their share in the hubbub which made it necessary for William the Conqueror, coming here after his injury at Mantes, to be removed to St. Gervais, farther out, where it was more quiet; perhaps down these winding ways his faithful servant, Herlwin, took his body after his death, on the ninth of September, 1087, on its way to burial in the abbey at Caen, which he had founded, little dreaming that there, as it was being lowered into the grave his body was to "burst, filling the sacred edifice with corruption!"

Rouen is said to be the richest of all French cities in mediæval history, and to the stranger, it offers

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much food for thought. Next morning we went to see the mile and a half of fine quais, the marvellous cathedral in which a tablet records the baptism here of Robert Cavelier, dear to Illinoisans under his title of La Salle; the church of St. Ouen, the town hall, the Palace of Justice again, which is almost as fine as the town halls of Belgium, and the tower in which Joan of Arc was tried and condemned. Thence we went back once more to the old market square, where a slab marks the place of Joan of Arc's execution in 1431.

Here, so impregnated with history is the air of the old city, that even in the orderly quiet of the twentieth century it was not difficult to reconstruct that whole dreadful day. Our own leonine yet gentle-hearted Mark Twain has given us the scene in a few words, and we quote from him: "When the fires rose about her, and she begged for a cross for her dying lips to kiss, it was not a friend, but an enemy — not a Frenchman, but an alien, not a comrade in arms, but an English soldier, that answered that pathetic prayer. He broke a stick across his knee, bound the pieces together in the form of the symbol she so loved, and gave it to her; and his gentle deed is not forgotten, nor will be." One is reminded of Browning's,

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“ ’T was a thief gave the last kind words to Christ;
He took the kindness and forgave the theft.”

After leaving here we returned to our hotel and mailed back to Duclair the key of our room which we had carelessly carried with us the day before, rolled the car out on the narrow street again, and started on, realizing that we had done but scant justice to the old Norman capital, yet feeling already the call of the unknown, and responding gladly to its enticing voice. Our first stop was to be at Les Andelys, or more accurately, at Petit Andely, for there are the ruins of Richard Coeur de Lion’s famous Chateau Gaillard, or “Saucy Castle,”—his “daughter of one year.”

It is an imposing ruin, having one main tower, or part of a tower still and vestiges of great out works, and we felt that we could realize the sense of triumph with which the Lion Heart must have flung his defiance to the Archbishop who had forbidden his building it; and to Philippe Auguste, who was trying to get the country away from him. It was a marvel of strength, with many towers and three circles of strong walls, and was built in the days before Normandy was part of French territory and subject to the Kings of France, to defend the important traffic of the Seine;



RICHARD THE LION HEART'S " DAUGHTER OF ONE YEAR "

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" THE GREEN ISLAND IN THE SHINY, WINDING RIVER AND THE
LITTLE TOWN CUDDLED UP TO ITS TINY CHURCH "

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a traffic still vastly important, though many people do not realize it or know that the river is navigable beyond Paris and that it carries a heavy volume of trade.

We left the car in a street of the village, where two women sewing inside of an open window volunteered to watch it. Having passed their place, we had to back up, making in the close-walled street so much uproar that it seemed a shame to invade their peace with such snortings and then to ask them to keep charge over the monster that had made the disturbance.

The day was perfect, and when we reached the top of the hill after a sharp climb, the gray broken ruin seemed in some way like a feeble old dog keeping jealous watch over the bone which he was no longer able to hold or defend. We took pictures and loitered a while, delighting in the loveliness of the scene, the green island in the shining, winding river, the clean-cut roads running in all directions, and the little town cuddled up to its tiny church, all silent and apparently forgetful of the fierce days when the siege of this gaunt castle had laid the country waste for miles and brought suffering and death to thousands, many of them doubtless the ancestors of these placid villagers. Finally we came down, thanked

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the needlewomen for their kindness, bought the unfailing post cards, and went on our way rejoicing, realizing afresh the great charm of that historic interest which calls Americans to Europe in crowds and from which they get full returns for the millions of good dollars with which annually they keep the machinery of the Old World going.

The air was balmy in our faces, the sky blue above us, and almost before we knew it we had reached Gisors, a most picturesque old red-tiled city with a ruined castle dating from 1097, which was so interesting that we climbed up to inspect it.

There were originally twelve towers, of which little can now be seen; one, however, the Prisoners' Tower, still stands and contains three stories, in the lowest of which are rude carvings in the stone, made by Poulain, for twenty-two years a prisoner here under Louis XI. There are still to be seen the shallow finger and foot holds which he dug that he might climb up nearer to his one small window to breathe a better air and catch a glimpse of the light. The carvings are largely of religious subjects, and are mostly in those places where a flitting sunbeam fell from time to time. Poor soul, twenty-two years! How he must have watched for those golden moments; how he must have treasured up the very leaves, if

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sometimes they fell through the narrow opening, as they do to-day.

A lively old dame was the custodian, and she showed us nimbly up and down with a sputtering candle. The old ramparts are now laid out in charming, shady promenades, much enjoyed by ancient gossips and rollicking boys and girls, to whom the account of Henry II's meeting with Louis VII in these crumbling halls in 1175 for the conference which led to their crusade would be as so much Choctaw if they were ever to hear of it, which they never will.

From Gisors to Beauvais is only about twenty miles, and we covered them quickly and stopped at the Hotel de France et d'Angleterre, none too good, but evidently the best in that not very savory or attractive town.

In our youth we learned that thrilling poem in which the spider says: "The way into my parlor is up a winding stair," but this hotel far outdoes that other establishment, for here the way into our bedroom was up four winding stairs and down at least three, and when Madame went to take her bath before going to bed she told the solemn boy who conducted her that she would certainly either need a chart to get back by or else have to ring for him. In the end she did meet him loitering about the hall,

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and was glad to see a familiar face, after such a journey. Whether or not he had waited all that time for her, we never knew.

It was, indeed, a family hotel, though not quite as we understand the term. The master and mistress, several small children, the servants, numberless cats and dogs, and a fat woolly puppy seemed always playing or quarrelling in the court, the dogs even coming to the guests at their tables to beg for a share of the food.

In the morning we found we had acquired a flat tire over night. It was a great nuisance to pump, and yet was evidently going to be a frequent necessity, so after toiling for fifteen minutes we left the car to itself and went off to see the sights, lamenting that we had no engine pump and that we could not get a Michelin Air Bottle in Beauvais. We found the queer old streets more dirty, if not more interesting, than those of Rouen. There is a large tapestry factory here, only two years younger than the Gobelin works of Paris, which turn out some very beautiful things, so delicate that four and a half inches is a day's work for a good workman.

The Hôtel de Ville we did not fancy, nor yet the statue in front of it of Jeanne Hachette, who, in 1472, during the struggle with the English, took from

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them, with her own hands, a banner which to this day hangs in the town hall and is greatly prized. The event is annually celebrated on the Sunday nearest St. Peter's Day. And here, though we did not dream of it, within a stone's throw of the statue, stood Luck holding out her hands to us, for when we turned, a flaming red and white garage sign caught our eyes, and though the Michelin guide did not say that they kept them we thought it might be worth while to ask here for a bottle of compressed air. These bottles, which cost about sixteen dollars, are a great help. They will fill six or eight tires and require but two or three minutes for each, and can be exchanged at almost any town of size in France for sixty cents. We went over to the place, and in the gorgeous shop, decorated with mirrors and paintings, found a curly-haired young proprietor who had everything we wanted, even to a good, light cylinder oil, the name of which we noted for future use. It would take time to fasten the bottle securely on the running board, so while it was being done we went off, much relieved in mind, and happily oblivious of the absurd juxtaposition of ideas and mixing up of centuries, to see the cathedral.

Only its choir and transepts have ever been or now ever will be built, but these are strikingly

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and unusually beautiful. They are very high and very purely Gothic. The figures are: two hundred and twenty-five feet to the ridge, the vaulting one hundred and fifty-seven feet above the ground, the windows fifty feet in height, but one gets more realization of its grandeur from Ruskin, who says: "There are few rocks, even among the Alps, that have a clear, vertical fall as high as the choir of Beauvais." The saying is that the choir of Beauvais, the nave of Amiens, the portal of Rheims, and the Towers of Chartres would, together, make the finest church in the world; and we, having seen three of these four, can well believe it. There is a huge astronomical clock in the cathedral, but it seemed a paltry thing in that hallowed place, and we did not stay to see it perform, but went back to the garage, stopping on the way at a clean little shop to buy a luncheon to eat *en route*.

It was raining when we returned to the hotel, from which we had intended to go on immediately; so, as the tables looked tempting, each with a big *brioche* and a dish of tiny very red strawberries on a bed of green leaves, we stayed until after luncheon. This bounteous meal is to the French the *déjeuner* or second breakfast, and one is perfectly ready for it by noon, after having had a first breakfast of hard

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rolls and wretched black coffee, which is supposed to be mitigated and made possible by the addition of large quantities of boiled milk! Later we learned to ask for *une passoire*, a strainer, and so were able to get rid of the sickening scum, which without it would slip into the cups and cling to the spoons in spite of us.

The *brioche*s, by the way, are a delusion. They look like delectable cushions of cake, but really they are greasy and absolutely tasteless.

There is one thing, though, that is always good in these parts and through all France, and that is the cheeses — little cream ones that melt in the mouth; luscious Brie or Roquefort and creamy Camembert, the like of which one never gets on this side of the water.

CHAPTER IV

BEAUVAIS TO HEIDELBERG

AFTER luncheon, though it still rained, we started on, hoping that it would stop; instead, however, it increased, and about the time that we picked up another sabot nail some ten miles out of town it came down sharply, to the scarcely hidden delight of the carters who passed while we were working in the mud. We were not long, however, and reached Compiègne in plenty of time to see it before the closing hour. There is little of interest in the town, and we went at once to the palace.

A big, bleak-looking structure it is, whose only attractive feature is the double colonnade, one hundred and fifty feet long, in front of the façade. It has been occupied by several rulers since it was built under Louis XV, and here at one time Napoleon and Marie Louise lived, and here he built for her an iron trellised walk, three-quarters of a mile long, from the terrace to the forest, to remind her of her favorite walk at Schönbrunn, near Vienna. Most of this is gone now, and though the palace is furnished and is

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shown, it is remarkable only for its monotony and the number of its fine clocks, one in each of the many rooms. The only things that really gripped our interest were the little chair and the little, little harp of that "poor babe of France," the King of Rome.

When we entered the chateau, we picked up an honest-looking boy from the number who were always in evidence, and installed him in the car, to keep watch over our books, maps, the Beauvais luncheon box, and other numerous belongings and when we came out we found him gravely occupying the seat and anxious that we should count everything to see that all were there. We assured him that we were confident of it, gave him a good tip, and offered him a ride, but he could not accept, as he had night work which would begin at five and it was almost that time. So we left him and rolled off to Pierrefonds, through another beautiful forest, that of Compiègne. It is fifty-nine miles in circumference, contains thirty-six thousand two hundred and seventy acres, and is criss-crossed by over three hundred and fifty roads in all directions, and under other circumstances our short ride must have been a delightful one, but once more the clouds, which had somewhat scattered since our puncture, were piling up blackly

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about us and we knew that the minutes were numbered in which we could loiter if we did not wish to be rained on again, so we hurried along, and just as the towers of Pierrefonds came into view, with a hiss, slowly the same tire went flat again! There was no time or place to mend it, so we bumped carefully the few remaining blocks and into the shelter of the Hotel des Etrangers, where, before long, our fears were justified and the rain came down in sheets.

While Madame unpacked, Monsieur put in a new inner tube and sought vainly in a tub of water to find the hole in the other one that was so tiny but so effective. The magnificent view from our window of the chateau did not altogether make up for the wretched dinner, the painfully unmodern toilet conveniences, the one feeble candle, the rain, chill, and damp, and the sense of lying powerless in the hand of misfortune, which a superabundance of tire trouble brings to even the stoutest hearts.

We were both rapidly developing severe colds, and we went to bed with the family stock decidedly below par. The next day was Sunday, and though there is nothing in Pierrefonds to see but the castle, which we did in less than two hours, we decided to stay over all day, as it was still raining at intervals;

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the same tire was flat again, and we were anxious to get all the tubes repaired and give the colds a chance to mend.

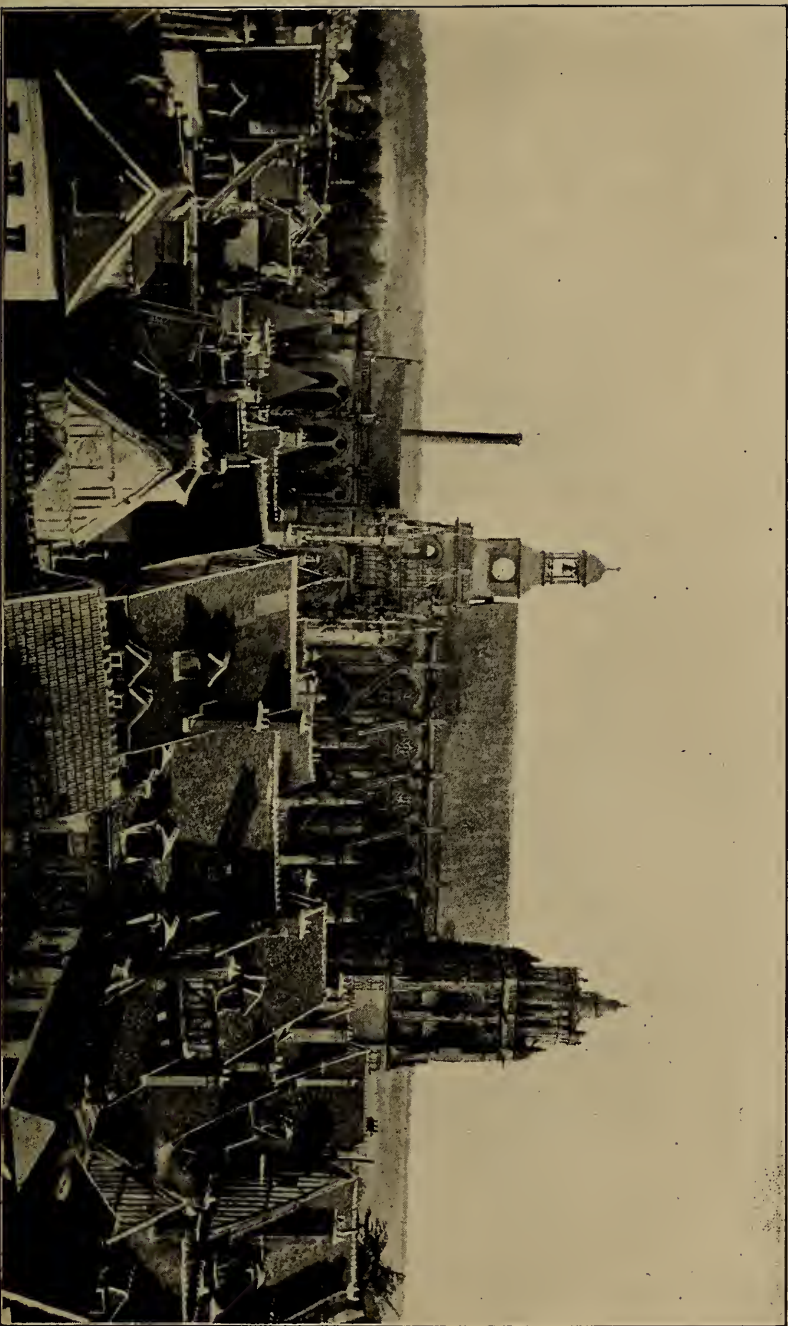
The chateau, built in 1390 to 1404, was one of the finest of its period, and though it suffered from war and pillage, it has since been restored by Viollet le Duc, so that now one sees it in all its former glory. There are eight huge loop-holed towers, fifteen to twenty feet thick and one hundred and twelve feet high, rising one at each corner and one in the middle of each wall, and the machicolations, moat, portcullis, and drawbridge leave nothing to be desired, save only the feeling of age, reality, and history, which time alone can give, for it is practically new — so complete has been its restoration. After seeing the castle, we found an auto and bicycle man who came and helped us, fixing up our tubes successfully, though it took him until after luncheon.

Sunday afternoon is a *fête* day in Pierrefonds, and we sat on a bench by the lake and watched the people eating, rowing, chattering, and taking their pleasure after their week of hard work. One party we enjoyed especially, they seemed to be having such a good time; there were several girls and men, one a red-trousered soldier, and they danced in a little pa-

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vilion by the water's edge. The music we could hear but did not see whence it came. It was evidently a small band, and the dances were short and very fast, so that the red legs pranced nimbly up and down in a circle getting vigorous exercise. There was a funeral also, and some sort of service in a neighboring church, from which little girls returned with wreaths of paper leaves on their heads; two, evidently winners in some contest, proudly carrying their prizes, which appeared to be books of views.

Everybody was happy, good-natured, and kindly, and when, at last reassured as to our tires, we took a stroll and came upon a pretty villa sporting a physician's comforting sign to the effect that "the Doctor is of the Paris Faculty; the Doctor speaks English," our spirits rose again to almost their usual level. A good night's rest and an awakening to the consciousness of brilliant sunshine improved matters still more, and we started gayly to follow the repairman's lucid instructions to "go straight out to a four corners where five roads meet, and then take the third one." This mathematical advice proved correct, and led us in a short time to Noyon — a queer old town, as stony as Pharaoh's heart and about as interesting to-day. It was once an important place, however, under the Frankish kings. Here Chilpéric



" A PICTURESQUE OLD RED-TILED CITY "

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was buried in 721; here Charlemagne was crowned king of the Franks in 768, and here Hugh Capet was elected king in 987, while many years later it became notable again in 1509 as the birthplace of Calvin, the reformer. It has a beautiful cathedral of the Transition style, but it did not hold us long, and we went on to the majestic hill-crowning ruin of Coucy le Château. Concerning such places, surely no one was ever better fitted to speak than Viollet le Duc, who says: "We counsel those who love to live sometimes in the past to visit the Donjon of Coucy, for nothing so well paints feudalism in its power and its warlike life as this admirable ruin. Compared with this giant, the largest towers known appear mere spindles." This tower is a giant, indeed — two hundred and ten feet high, one hundred feet in diameter, and with walls in some places thirty-four feet thick; no wonder that the great remodeller tells us that it is "the finest specimen in Europe of mediæval military architecture." It covered an area of ten thousand square yards and was built in five years, from 1225 to 1230, by Enguerrand III, who felt that it might be handy to have, if ever the moment arrived when he could snatch the crown from Louis IX. This chance never came, and Enguerrand died while on a crusade. The story goes that he was

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deeply in love with the Dame de Fayal, who so fervently returned his passion that when he felt himself dying, he bade his squire have his heart embalmed in spices, placed in a silver reliquary inscribed with the words, "Thine till death and after," and take it to his lady love. But the lady's husband, intercepting the message, took the morsel, had it carefully cooked and served it to his wife, who devoured it gratefully enough, but died with horror when he informed her that she had eaten her lover's heart.

Enguerrand's family motto was a striking one in its proud humility: "*Roi ne suys, ne prince ne duc, ne comte aussi; je suys le sire de Coucy.*" ("No king am I, no prince, no duke, or even count: I am the Lord of Coucy.")

We could not help but like the hoary old ruin better than shining Pierrefonds, which, by-the-way, is in the main built on the plans of this older structure. Perhaps the fact that Coucy is more remote and less frequented, has something to do with its charm. Besides ourselves there were only a few quiet native tourists, an intelligent guide, great masses of enfolding, protective greenery, one or two fleecy clouds, and the clear sunlight over all. It made a picture not soon to be forgotten even if we should never

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look at the photographs that we bought of the gentle old lady at the gate, who had been doing her Monday's washing and who spared us some water for the machine.

Once more we went on and made no further stops for sight-seeing until we came to Soissons. This is a considerable town commercially, and made famous by its haricot beans — those good green string beans which the French cooks fry so deliciously and which we have so often enjoyed. But to the tourist it contains little of interest, and after driving a while through the streets and admiring the graceful towers of St. Jean des Vignes, the principal part now standing of the abbey in which Thomas À Becket lived for nine years, we continued our way. A few miles from town we stopped and ate our Beauvais luncheon of a queer veal and ham pie, several buns, and cakes of various kinds; not at all a sumptuous feast, but enough, and we were refreshed and ran on without mishap to Rheims, whose great cathedral towers served to guide us for miles before we could catch a glimpse of the city itself.

We drove at once to the Hotel Continental, which, though Baedeker does not mention it, was both good and reasonable. We had a large second-story room with a dressing-room off of it for one dollar and

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twenty cents a day, the use of a covered brick garage free, and meals for one dollar and forty cents each per day, all good and with red or white wine included. In what large city in this country would four dollars a day secure for two persons so much comfort?

By this time Madame's cold had developed alarmingly, till she could hardly breathe or speak, which threatened to be serious, for a cold generally robs her of all voice during about three days, and as Monsieur does not speak French, and no one in the hotel knew a word of English, it behooved us to be careful. In the evening we took a long walk and saw the beautiful cathedral whose noble façade is adorned with five hundred and thirty statues. It is one of the most glorious in Europe, but, as is so often the case with these old churches, it was undergoing repairs and much of its beauty was hidden by unsightly scaffolding. We saw also the park, the Arch of Mars, a Roman ruin at least as old as the fourth century, several monuments, the Hôtel de Ville, and some quaint old houses, the finest called the House of the Musicians, and elaborately carved.

Rheims is a great manufacturing center and has a long and brilliant history. Since the beginning of the Capetan dynasty it has been the place of coronation of the French kings, all but six being crowned

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here, three of whom were never crowned at all. The town has an especial memory to us of the middle west, for here in 1619, was born Colbert, Louis XIV's famous minister, for whom the Mississippi was originally named. It is a prosperous and wealthy city, great sums being annually paid to its wine dealers, for this is the heart of the greatest champagne-making district of the world.

The car needed a little attention, so in the morning we decided to put it into a public garage which we had discovered the evening before, and after a short ride, Madame, being more dead than alive, went up to the room to lie down while Monsieur took the car away, confident of being able to make its needs known. Not more than twenty minutes had passed, and Madame had just fallen into a gasping slumber, when she was awakened by a knock and the excited voice of Monsieur urging, "Get up and dress; I have a man here!" She staggered into her dress and was downstairs in a moment, to find a very debonair and courteous gentleman from the garage, who desired to know what it was that Monsieur wished done to the motor. Now, Madame's French is a great pleasure to her, and has been useful many times, but when one is almost prostrated with a cold, to be suddenly awakened from sleep and required to tell a handsome

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young stranger that he is to grease the universal joint, clean the oil indicators, fill the reservoir with very light oil, put in fifteen or twenty litres of gasoline, and wash the machine, but on no account and by no means to meddle with the carburetor — it is trying. He was a very polished gentleman, and he must have been an intelligent one, for in the end all was arranged, and later faithfully executed, to Monsieur's satisfaction. Once more in the room, the question could not be withheld: "How did you ever make him know that he was to come here with you; what could you say?" "Well," Monsieur reluctantly replied, "I said, '*Vous allez avec moi, ma femme parle.*'" It was worth it all. Madame has never begrudged that lost sleep; surely such an effort deserved indeed that "*ma femme*" should "*parle*," even if circumstances were against her.

In the afternoon we took a carriage drive for three hours for the sum of one dollar and twenty cents, exclusive of the tip, which we were glad to make a good one, as our Jehu was particularly obliging. We went to the church of St. Rémy, where Clovis was baptized on Christmas Day, 496, saw again the old houses and the cathedral, went to the Crédit Lyonnais for some necessary funds, and then to another little hole-in-the-wall bank to get these exchanged into German money,

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and lastly to the famous champagne caves of the Veuve Pommery Company, where it was said twelve million bottles of wine were ripening. These cellars, whose temperature is between forty and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, are over ten miles long, hollowed out of the cliffs, and visitors go there in great numbers to see the process by which the wine is made, which is very complicated as well as interesting.

In the morning we left for Verdun at about half-past ten, after having had a lunch put up for us at the hotel which we ate as we rode along. We had talked of stopping at Ste. Mènehould, at whose posting station, No. 8 Avenue Victor Hugo, Louis XVI, on his attempted flight from France, in June 1791, had the misfortune to be recognized by "Old Dragoon Drouet" when only about fifty miles from the frontier. Who can help feeling sorry for that well-intentioned young couple, called by circumstances to a task too high for them? It has always seemed to us one of the smallest and most unfortunate slips between cup and thirsting lips of which history tells. But we did not stop, as by the time we reached there it was raining hard; instead, with only a long look at the house, now an insignificant *gendarmerie*, we went directly on, more than a little damp and chilly behind our glass front, and with the side curtains on, and

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were glad when we finally reached Verdun, and drew up before the rather dingy-looking hostelry of the Bold Cock. Here, to reach the room they offered us, we had to go up and up and up, a thing that Americans abroad, remembering the utter lack of fire escapes and not being reassured by the fact that many of these hotels have stood for hundreds of years, hate to do (a prejudice, by the way, never understood or sympathized in by the European hotel keeper). When we promptly objected, we were given instead a room in the Annex, directly over the stable in which the car stood sociably enough between the good steed whose name, Bayard, was printed over his stall, and the tub in which the hotel maid was vigorously washing the salad for dinner! It was not late in the afternoon, and we took a walk about the town and through the pretty promenade of the dike, where old and young were enjoying the once more flickering sunshine.

Verdun, though still entirely French, began to show plainly its nearness to the frontier, for there was a strong fortress and a large garrison of soldiers, of whom the streets were full. Though not large, the geographical position of the city has made it always an important place. Here in 843 was drawn up the treaty which divided Charlemagne's posses-

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sions among his three grandsons — a very noteworthy document, the first in which the French language is known to have been used.

The town has been the scene of many conflicts and has had a varied and still a rather dull history. One page of it is, however, worth mentioning. In 1792 the Prussians took Verdun, after bombarding it only a few hours, and the inhabitants, recognizing the uselessness of further hostilities, gave them as cordial a reception as they could; among other courtesies, extended, a number of young girls offered them some of the *dragées*, a sort of candy for which the town was famous then, as it is to-day. Later the French retook the place and three of these girls were put to death for what they had done. It is a true and a terrible story, and we could not help wondering if such fires are still waiting for a breath to stir them to fierce life, in the hearts of these seemingly kindly people.

The *dragées*, of course, we purchased. They were a sort of hard-coated bird's egg candy, but where ours have an almond inside, these contained different sorts of softer candy or finely chopped nuts. They were good, as French candy goes, but that is the faintest kind of "faint praise." If they have any really delicious candy there, it is imported from England or

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America, for the French bon-bon, as we imagine it, is like the storks of Nuremberg — very rarely seen.

Our stay in Verdun was short, but the memory of it proved lasting, for there in the Annex above the barn Monsieur acquired the fleas from which he was never quite free again until he reached Havre weeks and weeks later. It does not seem as if we ought to find too much fault with a hotel where the bill for two of us for dinner, wine, bed, breakfast, and garage was only two dollars and thirty cents, but we were unreasonable enough to wish that instead of the Bold Cock we had tried the Three Moors or the Little St. Martin.

By half-past eight in the morning we were off again. The clouds were no longer quite so threatening, but before we had gone five miles we had to stop to clean the spark plugs as they did not seem to be firing well, and when, within another five miles, we had to mend a puncture, we began to feel that the luck was certainly against us. It was only forty kilometres to Mars la Tour, where we passed the customs before going into Germany. The formalities were not alarming; on leaving France the customs officer merely noted the date of our departure on our French receipt; at the German office a rotund little

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man arose bowing, from his luncheon, took our money, gave us a receipt, fastened a new number on the rear of the car, and let us go inside of five minutes. At Mars la Tour there was a large monument commemorative of the sixteen thousand French soldiers who fell in the battle of Rézonville, August 16, 1870. Two days later the neighboring field of Gravelotte took its bloody toll, the total number of dead on these two days being estimated at over sixty-five thousand men. The region for miles hereabouts was dotted with grave stones, and little pitiful mounds, and though the prospect seemed fair enough we were glad to be getting out of this country of recent and horrible memories.

In Metz we only stopped for our mail and to buy a box of luncheon, which later we ate in the shadow of another monument by the roadside.

It was but a few miles across the German line before the change became noticeable in many ways other than the language. The fields were better cultivated, less brilliantly red with poppies among the wheat, the roads were not so good, and the people less agreeable about the autos, to which they were plainly not so accustomed. Whereas in France, at one sharp whistle they would instantly leave a way, often the whole way, if they were on foot almost

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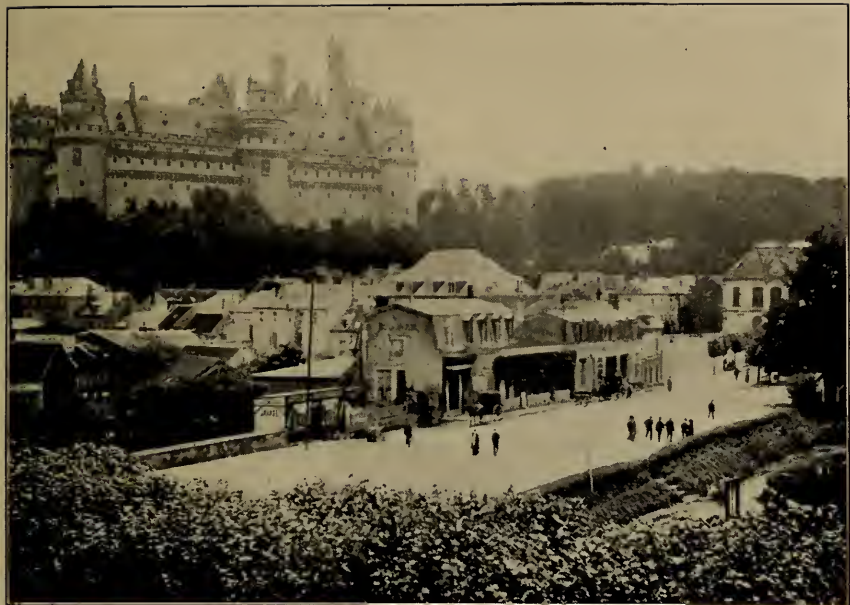
climbing the trees in their haste to escape intact — here they yielded slowly and grudgingly.

Men, women, children, cows, and dogs were working in the fields, or on the roads, often carrying or pulling appallingly heavy loads. And here we first observed what for weeks afterwards we noticed — the great number of crippled and deformed persons. Without doubt this hard work of the mothers, coupled with the poverty, remoteness and ignorance, which leave a large per cent of births to the care of ignorant midwives, must be responsible to some extent for so deplorable a state of things.

Little boys, middle-aged men, and tottering gray-beards, wearing wire goggles to protect their eyes from the flying particles, were breaking up the piles of stone with which the roadsides were dotted and which, when small enough, were applied to the roads, making, after a time, an almost perfect surface.

The villages were poor and very dirty, mostly with solid stone walls and pavements, and were full of reeking piles of manure, quarrelsome, screaming children, barking dogs, and hissing geese.

As we went farther east we climbed and descended more noticeable slopes, the road twisting in exquisite curves, through a country increasingly timbered and increasingly desolate. It was more like the remoter



" THE MAGNIFICENT VIEW FROM OUR WINDOW "

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" MORE LIKE AN ELABORATE TOY THAN A REAL CITY "

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stretches of the Michigan woods, than like one's idea of cheerful over-populated Germany.

All day the sky was a swiftly changing picture, one moment piled high with billowy white clouds, again thick and ominous, as if a few more miles would plunge us into a heavy storm, and then in a moment all swept clear and blue by the fresh balsamic wind, with the bright sun shining serenely over long reaches of hills and valleys to an enticing far horizon.

We passed in quick succession lumber camps, charcoal burners' huts and hideous villages until, just as the sun was dropping behind the hills we came to a sudden halt in the main street of Hauptstuhl, with the rear tire flat again. This time the clouds were looming black behind us and we jumped out and went to work, hardly taking time for the customary grumbling.

As usual, a crowd of children gathered around us, silently examining every inch of the car and every tool that we laid down. Among the group a crippled woman, in a tricycle, watched with dull, hopeless eyes all that we did. We tried to draw her into conversation, but she seemed shy or sullen and we could get nothing from her. Perhaps our rapid car, our quick, purposeful movements, our interested

faces, and our broader life, were in such painful contrast to all that her world held that she had no heart to chat with us, and who could blame her? Many a time since we have thought how level and wearisome must be the path over which her tricycle must carry her — how few the rifts will be in the low-hanging clouds that must shut in her life. Though the impression has been lasting, our stop was unusually brief; while Monsieur pushed the tool bag into the hood, Madame made her customary final tour about the car to hunt for mislaid tools, and we sprang in and were out of sight before the little crowd had scattered. We raced the rain then, and beat it, reaching Kaiserslautern, dirty and tired, but satisfied with the day's run, the longest we had made so far, of one hundred and twenty-five miles, of which much more than half had been covered since noon.

Kaiserslautern, though of fifty-four thousand inhabitants, proved a very unattractive industrial town, and after the conditions which we had observed all day and even in the streets of the city itself, we were by no means prepared for the English-speaking hotel people, the waiters in correct dress suits, and the big luxurious room with shaded reading lamps beside the beds, which we found at the Hotel Schwan. We were too tired for more than dinner

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and a short walk, and went to bed if not literally with them, at least as early as the leggy cranes below our windows.

In the morning before starting out at ten o'clock we walked through the town and bought six of the excellent Mittelbach road maps, our French Tarides being no longer useful, and when we became accustomed to these German maps we found them if anything superior to the others which we had previously considered perfect.

The run of seventy-six kilometres to Heidelberg was lovely, about half of it through the Diemersteiner forest, now beside a babbling river, now in full view of the ruined stronghold of some old robber baron, but always up among the hills and over perfect roads, the car's rapid motion fanning into our lungs the invigorating odor of the pines. It seems prosaic to confess that in such delightful circumstances we should have had to study the guide-book, not for dates and details of heroic adventures, but for a good place in which to lunch, yet truth forces us to admit that so it was, and on reaching Dürkheim an air-cure station, or Luft Kur Ort, we ran into the grounds of the Hotel Park, where we had an excellent meal and were glad to get it.

This was a charming place, but the clouds were

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coming near again, and we went on rapidly to Mannheim, where, as we were vainly trying to find our way out of town, the rain overtook us and we had to pull to one side of a busy street and put up the top and curtains. The shower did not last long, and before we reached Heidelberg the sun was out and the roads almost dry again.

CHAPTER V

HEIDELBERG TO ROTHENBURG

HEIDELBERG is full of hotels, and we knew nothing of any of them, but went to the Schrieder and found it good, and reasonable in price. For the first time now a charge was made for the garage, a custom as general in Germany as it is exceptional in France.

It was still early and we went for a walk through the city whose interest, aside from the castle, centres, of course, in the famous University, the different halls, and departments of which were pointed out to us by a guide. We enjoyed the old and the new prisons; in which students seem delightedly to suffer a voluntary and blissful detention, but the spirit of the jest we failed entirely to catch; also, we saw numerous men whose badly disfigured faces told of the renowned student duels and of the wounds, which, it is said, are torn open and filled with red wine to make the scars more permanent, and again we admit that to us it seemed more silly than heroic or amusing. The mere tourist gets no idea of the real worth and

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dignity of this venerable seat of learning, but goes away after seeing the little that is shown, feeling as if he had been fed upon stones when there was plenty of good bread to be had.

That evening the hotel was full of Americans, almost all "personally conducted," one party numbering twenty, and one thirty-five. They all seemed to be having a good time and to enjoy their entire freedom from responsibility, but we liked so well conducting ourselves that we did not envy them.

In the morning we drove up to the beautiful castle, the largest ruin in Germany. The oldest portions date from the fourteenth century and it was the residence of the Elector Palatine, but from 1689 to 1693 the French had possession of it and by fire and gunpowder reduced it to its present condition. It is magnificently situated on a height overlooking the Neckar and the Rhine valleys.

The great wine tun constructed in 1751 is in the castle. It is certainly huge, we were told that it would hold three hundred thousand bottles of wine. One is reminded of Mark Twain, whose books on European travel should be graven on the hearts of all American tourists. He says of this tun: "It is a wine cask as big as a cottage and some traditions say that it holds eighteen hundred thousand bottles and

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other traditions say it holds eighteen hundred million barrels. I think it is likely that one of these statements is a mistake, and the other a lie. However, the mere matter of capacity is a thing of no sort of consequence, since the cask is empty, and indeed, has always been empty, history says. An empty cask the size of a cathedral would excite but little emotion in me." The gardens of the castle are enchanting, rich with moss and vines and trees of many varieties, and from many lands, among them one lone California redwood, but the attraction of the place is greatly lessened by the perfunctory manner of the people who show it. Our guide was a second Miss Blimber, and had been so long bored to death with her own tedious repetitions of its history, that she went far towards spoiling it for us and we were glad to drop our tip into her lifeless fingers and escape.

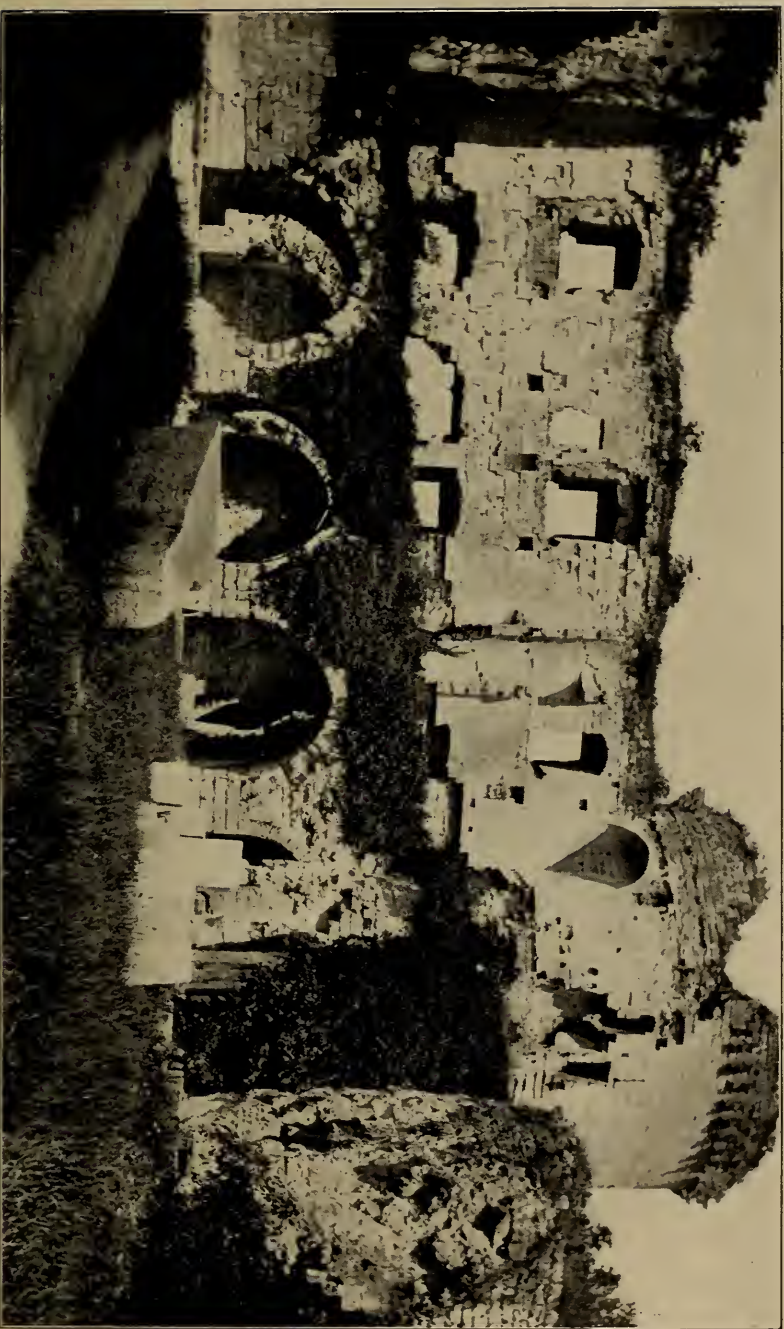
It is, of course, shocking not to be or profess to be enraptured with all these old places of which one hears so much, but we say frankly that we did not care at all for Heidelberg. The only thing except the castle that we enjoyed there was the passing of troops of soldiers in the dim mistiness of the morning. There were many of these cavalcades and where they went or for what purpose we did not know; it was the

ABROAD IN A RUNABOUT

manner of their marching that fascinated us. Some had bands of military music that stirred the blood in even our foreign veins, some went in a silence, made only deeper by the regular clank and shift of their equipments and harness, while others moved to the measure of a weird low chanting that seemed to emanate from and appeal to something untamed and primitive in the human heart.

Germany is apt to have rainy summers, or at least, many showery days, and by the time we had returned from the castle the skies opened again and it rained in perfect torrents. We were determined, however, to get away from Heidelberg, to some place that had a real life of its own and did not depend upon and exist for the great American dollar, so after lunch, the rain stopping somewhat, we started for Rothenburg on the Tauber by way of Würzburg, a long detour necessitated by the roads as marked on our charts. It was too wet to make rapid running pleasant, so we did not plan to get to Würzburg that night, but decided to go until we were tired and then to stop at whatever little village might be convenient. The road lay at first beside the Neckar and on a fair day must be very pretty, though in the rain it was far from attractive.

About ten miles out of town we came to a place



“ WE COUNSEL THOSE WHO LOVE TO LIVE SOMETIMES IN THE PAST TO VISIT THE DONJON OF COUCY ”

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where the road menders obliged us to go around through the fields for half a mile, as they were putting the top dressing on the roads, and had spread it all the way across — a thing unheard of in France, where only one side of the way is finished at a time, thus allowing for the autos; but this was only another proof that autoing is not so general in Germany as it is in France, where the rights and comforts of the motorist are more considered.

We pulled along for a while and then saw a sudden sharp rise, which, because of the mud, we knew would be impossible to climb without chains, so we stopped in the rain to jack up the car and put them on, trying at the same time to keep clean enough to be received later in a reputable hotel. The situation was not particularly pleasant, nor was it made more so when, presently, a German car with four passengers drew in behind us and the owner got out and roundly berated us for blocking his way. We assured him in the most forcible, if not the most courteous, German at our command, that we were not doing it as a hygienic precaution and that we would get out of his way as soon as possible. He fumed about a while, commenting most unfavorably on our chains, and then said that if we would stand to one side he would pull past us. Experience with Illinois mud

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had made us wise, and we told him that he could not make the slippery climb. But he scorned us and started up. For a minute all went well, and then he stuck fast. The men and boys, who had by this time gathered, did all they could to push him free, but in the end a team had to be found and hitched on and he was dragged to the top, where he was able to go alone. The owner of the team waited hopefully, but we disappointed him and by the aid of our chains climbed the greasy slope and on to the highway again.

Gradually the road ascended to about fifteen hundred feet and wound through the beautiful forests of the Odenwald, where the silence of ages seemed to reign. The tall straight trunks of the firs rose far above us and now occasionally pale gleams of sunshine sifted on to the deep beds of moss or pine needles, and insensibly our ruffled spirits were calmed by the peace of the scene. Finally as we were pulling up to the highest point, a rise of about seven hundred and fifty feet in six miles, we came on a doe and her fawn standing in a little glade, evidently wondering what strange noise it could be that had stirred their quiet. At the top we waited to cool the engine and to enjoy the view, while we settled on a place in which to spend the night. The nearest town of any size on the map was Amorbach, and the invaluable

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Karl spoke of it as having an ancient abbey, a mill, and other places worthy of notice, so we decided to stop there, for the climb over the castle, the weather, and the mud had tired us, until we were more than ordinarily ready to rest. So presently we started again, and this time definitely for Amorbach and the Hotel zur Post.

In a few miles we reached the village and found the hotel — a clean-looking building whose yellow front was decorated with frescoes of garlands and baskets of flowers, where we were welcomed by a charming young girl, the sister of the proprietor. When we asked if any one spoke English, the girl replied in German that she did, a little; possibly she did, but if so it was so very little that the unaided ear could not detect it, but she smiled an obliging reply to all our questions, and we got on beautifully. The auto they told us to stable in the main entrance hall of the hotel, but we insisted on some other shelter, as it seemed a shame to put such a muddy, grease-dripping thing in that immaculate place.

The hotel, though a hundred years old, had recently been remodelled, and we had electric lights and running water in our big bedroom, which overlooked the public square of the quaintest, most Noah's ark-like town imaginable. While we washed up we ex-

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amed from the windows the old Rathaus, or town hall, in whose weatherworn timbering we discovered the letters "MCCCCLIV." The town was all of solid stone or cement, and had an old-world and out-of-the-world atmosphere that seemed too unreal, too good to be true; and, when on the Fräulein's asking what country we were from, we told her, and inquiring the cause of her amazement, learned that we were the first Americans who had ever been in the hotel, we did think that we had found a fresh sensation at last. The news of our nationality spread quickly over the house, and every one was delighted and no one could do enough for us. It was only half-past four, so we took a stroll and saw the old Benedictine Abbey, now the property of the Prince of Leiningen, and given up to the old and indigent retainers of his house.

Better even than the Abbey, which dated from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was the Abbey mill, which we entered and whose miller showed us the water wheel turning under the flow of a swiftly running brook; the great millstones, the big beams, and the flour in bags ready to be carried away. For all we could see, things were going on here much as they must have since the erection of the mill, which was recorded on its door post as having occurred in

HEIDELBERG TO ROTHENBURG

1448. It was exceedingly picturesque, with sharp gabled ends, one toward the square, the other so closely overhung by trees that its beautiful Gothic arches, originally intended for windows, could with difficulty be seen.

We wandered about till we were hungry and then went in hoping to be told that dinner was served, but as no one appeared we finally found our Fräulein and asked, only to learn that the regular *table d'hôte* dinner was at noon, and in the evening the meals were ordered *à la carte*. We inquired what she would advise us to take, and she suggested doe's meat, which sounded so good that we disregarded her wondering eyes and requested two orders of it, also macaroni, potatoes, and a German pancake for dessert.

It was fully half an hour before the food arrived, but when it did we saw why the girl had hesitated over our order. There was a huge platter of slices of venison that melted in the mouth, a pile of macaroni as white as snow, baskets made of fried potato shreds and filled with spinach, a plate of white and one of brown bread, two foaming steins of beer, the big pancake, and a dish of strained honey that glowed like liquid amber. It looked enough for half a dozen. If it is true that cooks love to have the dishes appreciated which they prepare, then the one who

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made ready our dinner at the Hotel zur Post must have gone to bed that night happy.

No wonder, as we sat in the window, loitering over our dinner, watching in the twilight the peaceful life of the village, and listening to the soft murmur of its busy brook running unseen through channels under the stones, that we smiled in satisfaction at the thought of old Heidelberg, noisy and teeming with its artificial life, its obsequious waiters, and bustling tourists.

After dinner the Fräulein offered to show us the park belonging to the Prince of Leiningen, and we went with her in the after-glow of the sunset and under the faint starlight, listening now to her tales of the olden days in Amorbach and now to her questions about the great new world, so strange to her, so familiar and so dear to us.

For all our wandering it was not late when we went to our beds, nor long thereafter till we were deep in quiet sleep. Later we were awakened by a sound of music and going to the window saw two drunken men arm in arm, singing in the brilliant moonlight of the square. They were troling forth with a right good will, if with little melody, the notes and the German rendering of the words of Blanche Ring's "Hip-I-Addy-I-Ay," and every little while

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they interrupted themselves to cry out in accents of the greatest commiseration and with gestures befitting the tragic stage, "Oh, the poor Swiss! Oh, the poor dwarf, the poor dwarf!" Once in a while some other song would attract them for a moment, but in the end it was always the rollicking music-hall ditty and the sorrowful apostrophy, "Oh, the poor dwarf, the poor, poor Swiss," that held their attention. It was more like a scene in a theatre, than real life, and we watched until our shivers sent us to bed again, there to listen until they wandered on down some side street, their music growing fainter in the distance, until it mingled at last with our dreaming and was gone.

The next day was Sunday and we were so well content, so much in love with Amorbach, that we stayed on, walking in the quaint streets, taking pictures of the sagging, bulging houses, and playing with the pretty dachshund puppies belonging to a neighbor. Finally Monsieur went to look over the car while Madame went to "God's Service," as the proprietor called it, in the much restored and very rococo abbey church, there to gather what she could of a lengthy sermon on the beauty and the duty of gratitude.

In the afternoon we took the machine and went for about five miles, past wayside shrines, and beside

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the purling Amorbach, through a delectable country to a larger and more strikingly quaint old town of nearly four thousand inhabitants, called Miltenberg.

Both places were captivating, the difference being that between the village and the city,—for such, though small, Miltenberg undoubtedly considered itself. This Sunday proved to be a *fête* day; some sort of military memorial celebration was going on and the whole place was gay with fluttering flags, uniformed musicians from the now scattered brass bands and gayly dressed vociferous people. We left the car by the river front, and joining the crowd walked from end to end of the town, enraptured. After some hours we went back to Amorbach for the night and next morning started on our roundabout way to Rothenburg.

The weather was ideal, and we were so sure of not going wrong on the road, which we had covered twice the day before, that we gave ourselves up entirely to the delights of the moment and never knew that we had missed the turn for Miltenberg until we were fully five miles out of our way, and had to go back almost to Amorbach to pick it up.

It was some eighty kilometres to Würzburg, and we enjoyed every foot of the way. For miles we went beside the Main—a meandering, leisurely

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river, with here and there a busy town or a ruined castle on its banks, to stimulate the imagination and diversify the scene. The whole day was bright and balmy, but the earlier hours of the morning were especially delightful, for then a low mist hung over river, woods, and hills, which gradually lifted as the sun's rays shot through it, until finally it floated away in gray streamers that almost swept our faces as they passed.

The run was uneventful, but full of trifles that were keenly interesting. Once we met two boys tending a great flock of geese, and, getting out, induced them to call their birds together so that we could take a picture of them. Often we went slowly to admire the cornflowers, the old Emperor's favorites, which grew in the fields, as did the poppies also, though these latter we noticed again were by no means so thick as they had been in France, where many times whole acres were red with their gorgeous blossoms. Constantly we met the peasants whose bowed backs and tired, hopeless faces made us wonder, with Edwin Markham,

“How will it be with kingdoms and with kings —
With those who shaped him to the thing he is —
When this dumb terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?”

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Nowhere in America, save in the slums of great cities, is such utter, miserable poverty to be seen, and even there it seems to sit with a less crushing weight; yet, though we could not account for the change, now almost every one greeted us with a nod and a pleasant word; often we waved a hand to the people toiling in the fields, and generally they waved back, the women always responding more quickly than the men.

There is a peculiar thing, and one which we noticed for weeks, in France as well as in Germany, which is, that if we inquired the way in passing of a group, it was almost invariably a woman who first grasped the question, and first and most briefly gave us the needed answer.

We were stopped often to pay bridge and town entrance tolls of a few pennies, sometimes we turned on the power just for sheer gladness of heart and ran past the collectors without contributing. Once when we were particularly remote and alone we skirted a field and suddenly saw in it a familiar figure — a bright McCormick Harvester. Here, as all through Germany, we came frequently upon posts on which stood the word "Haltestelle!" and then a picture which we took to be a road scraper. We never acquired any authentic information on this im-



" ALWAYS UP AMONG THE HILLS AND OVER PERFECT ROADS "

HEIDELBERG TO ROTHENBURG

portant subject, but decided to our own satisfaction that these were the places where the road menders were supposed to find and leave the road scrapers. Others may know better, and may smile at our theory, especially as the fact is, that we saw very few scrapers and these never in use on the roads, and never by any chance, waiting at the halting places. We hope that we were wrong and that it is only in America, the land of the destructive and untrained highway commissioner, that so barbarous and ill-adapted a device as an iron scraper is ever used on a road. We certainly went over no roads abroad which had known their ravages, while at home these are all too common, as every one who has ever motored through the rural districts knows to his sorrow.

We stopped for water for the car at a hydrant in the square of a little walled city called Ochsenfurt, directly in front of its old Rathaus, founded in 1488. As it chanced, its large clock indicated three minutes before twelve, and something especially portentous about it made us watch for developments. At the hour, with each stroke of its gong, two men's heads bowed from windows, another larger head popped from a door higher up and opened its mouth twelve times, and two red bulls rushed out and vigorously butted their heads together with every

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stroke, all of which, although we did not understand the symbolism, was very entertaining. When the spectacle was over a scrap of a girl came up and seemed politely bent on presenting us with two cards, which finally, by the aid of a bystander, we discovered were toll tickets, as we had, this time innocently enough, slipped into town without paying.

Beyond Ochsenfurt we ate the luncheon which had been put up for us in the hotel that morning and then went on with no more stops until Rothenburg, with its many odd-shaped towers came into view, looking more like an elaborate toy than a real city and one of the best preserved of the many mediæval relics in which Germany abounds and which make it such a treasure-trove to us from this side of the water.

CHAPTER VI

ROTHENBURG — NUREMBERG — AUGSBURG

TO describe these towns is like going back to the very middle of the Middle Ages, for in them and in this section of Germany, if anywhere, is the aspect of the past preserved.

Rothenburg on the Tauber one must say, as there are other Rothenburgs, is the best preserved entire mediæval city in Europe, with the possible exception of the old Cité of Carcassonne.

We reached Rothenburg and the Hotel zum Eisenhut about half-past two, and soon went out to explore the city. We felt sure of having read of walking around on the walls of the old town as one does at Chester, and this we started out to do. It was easy enough to find the walls, even to find a gate, or many gates, but we could see no way to get up; still we hunted, trailing along a path inside of the wall till we brought up, after fifteen minutes' walking in somebody's not very clean back yard. Here we took a fresh start, and by the outside of the wall found ourselves in another fifteen minutes back

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at the original starting place. This was not very profitable, so we began by a new and winding route, first stopping to take a picture of the gate — a process delayed by the fact that a slatternly nursemaid was determined that she and her charge should be in the centre of the picture. This last start seemed very hopeful, and continued so until another fifteen minutes and a sharp turn to the right brought us once more in the dirty back yard. Though ready now to give up the walls, we nevertheless had to move away from the piles of filth in the little enclosure and this time decided to see some of the sights and try a new direction. First we saw the Jakobs Kirche, the Von Kochert house, a very ancient patrician home now used for a parsonage, then the house of a baker which has a tasteful oriel window, and then suddenly, lo! the Klingenthor, with a tiny stairway at one side leading to the top of the wall.

Up we went, and sure enough, there stretched before us the long, narrow promenade of almost the entire circuit of the walls. And very interesting it proved, well worth the long hunt. The old rafters are still there, the old loop holes and machicolations for dropping boiling lead and oil, and, best of all, in spite of an occasional tourist or busy

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artist, the very breath of a vanished time seemed to float over everything on the westering sunbeams. Occasionally the walls skirted so closely the yards and houses that we could see in and note the huge blackened beams and the low walls, or the dark brick courtyards, whose unsanitary condition, one would think, must have depopulated Rothenburg ages ago.

Later, after dinner, we had an ice and cake in an old house built in 1559, whose upper floors are used as work room and exhibition gallery by some artists, and whose lower floor and beautiful court serve as *café*.

In the morning we went through the Rathaus, enjoying especially the hall and the story of the Masterdrink, where every Whitmonday is given by the townspeople the play "Der Meistertrunk," which commemorates the saving of the town by one of its burgomasters in 1631. The story goes that when Tilly had taken the place and threatened to burn it, or, as some say, to behead the town council, he offered to hold his hand if some one could be produced who at one draught could empty a three and a half litre measure (over three quarts) of wine. This old burgomaster agreed to make the attempt, and, as our guide proudly told us, "he did his city no shame."

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Naturally, it is not impossible to find miniature tankards in the stores to buy and carry away as souvenirs.

The Rathaus is very attractive without and within, but what pleased us most was the view from the top of its tower, one hundred and ninety-three steps up, of the smiling Tauber valley. One thing connected with this tower will haunt us on wild winter nights, and that is the thought of the fire watch, with the vacant look of a Western sheep herder in his face, who stays up there for twelve hours consecutively, looking in every direction for the beginnings of a fire, which in those practically non-combustible houses surely cannot occur more than once in a lifetime. There are two of these men, who divide the time, and whether they watch or not, at least they must be on the alert, for every seven minutes a record has to be made on some sort of an electrical clock. It must be almost more than human nature can bear not to pull the bell rope sometimes in sheer longing to break the monotony.

Below in another building there is a queer mechanical clock, but we did not wait to see its figures go through their little parts, but started off at half-past ten for a run of about fifty miles, almost due east to Nuremberg.

We had a pleasant run and arriving about three

ROTHENBURG — NUREMBERG

o'clock went to the Golden Eagle, found it to be a comfortable house in a quiet but convenient street and one which entertains always a great number of Americans. By the way, what a menagerie one would have, who could gather together the Golden Eagles, the Red Lions, the Black Horses, the Bold Cocks, and White Lambs, the Swans and the Red Hens in which the hotel world of Europe abounds! Surely he would have to hire the frequent Wild Man to take charge of it!

It did not take us long to get settled, and then we went directly to the Post and to the office of Cook's representative, Schenker & Company, for our tickets to the Passion Play.

No one has caught the spirit of this once rich imperial city better than Longfellow, and our stay there beat to the measure of his verse:

“Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of
art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks that
round them throng;
Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and courtyards, sang in thought
his careless lay;
Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret
from the soil,
The nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil.”

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For Nuremberg is fundamentally and noticeably a city of the people. Other places flaunt their royal residences, their knights' halls or crown jewels, but Nuremberg's glory rests on honest toil, such as the eleven years' work of Peter Vischer, and his five sons, seen in the magnificent bronze sarcophagus which holds the bones of St. Sebald, or the exquisite *pix* in the St. Lawrence Church by Adam Kraft, who with his two assistants was five years carving it. It is hard to conceive of marble being so beautifully and intricately wrought as this *pix* is. Fancy an ivory-colored tower sixty-five feet high, growing more slender toward the top, till it droops over as gently as a fading lily and takes the form of a glorified shepherd's crook or bishop's staff, the whole so wrought with figures, statues, and arabesques as to be more like lace than marble, and you will wonder that thrice five years of work ever sufficed to make it.

Then there were jolly old Hans Sachs, cobbler and poet; Albrecht Dürer, the artist; Veit Stoss, worker in wood; Pirkheimer, the great humanist; Behaim, who made the first globe, and the man who invented watches, known for many years because of their shape as "Nuremberg eggs." All these were men who *did* something, not men who merely *were* something, and their energy was in their less



" IT WAS EXCEEDINGLY PICTURESQUE, WITH SHARP GABLED ENDS "

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" THE PEACEFUL LIFE OF THE VILLAGE "

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noted fellow-citizens as well, who took so bold a part in the league of the cities, and who made good their old boast, "Nuremberg's hand goes through every land," as, indeed, in a manner it does to-day, for the Faber lead pencils and the myriad Nuremberg toys are in world-wide use.

Later we took a long drive, seeing the fountains, statues, and old houses, as well as the Rathaus, with its horrible dungeons and torture chambers, one of which had a most suggestive opening, where hidden listeners could take down and if necessary distort the words which fell from the lips of the victims in their agony. Next day we went in the morning through the castle, the oldest parts of which date from the eleventh century. The first thing of interest shown in it is the well, which was sunk during thirty years to the depth of three hundred and thirty-eight feet, through solid rock, save seven tiers of stone blocks at the top. A girl lowered candles into it and with a mirror reflected the light on the water below, which is pure and good. Two subterranean passages lead from the well; one now blocked up, to a graveyard beyond the walls, and the second to the Rathaus.

The other and still more interesting part of the castle, said to be founded on a Roman construction

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of the fourth century, is the tower of the torture chamber. This contains a grisly collection of old instruments of torture—pincers to be heated and used for tearing off bits of flesh; racks, boots, thumb screws, a cradle studded with spikes in which to rock the victims, and a great number of things, whose use the mind of the present day, unaided, can scarcely conceive.

One thing, the Iron Virgin, always attracts an interested and horrified group. It is a more than life-size, mould-like figure of a woman, which opens down the front, and on the inside of which are long sharp spikes as far down as the heart, two just fitted to pierce the eyes. The condemned person was thrust inside and the mould closed upon him, until the executioners were satisfied that he must be dead, when a trap door was opened in the floor and the body allowed to fall into the stream below, where a water wheel, set with knives, soon mutilated it past recognition.

It is about as terrible a thing as could well have been invented, but in this chamber of horrors there was one other thing which, though not so scenic, seemed to us more dreadful, because it must have been slower in bringing death. This was a saw-horse of heavy boards, five or six feet high, and per-

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haps three feet long, sharpened like a sort of ridge pole. Astride of this the naked victim was placed and weights were hung to his feet, so that in the end, after unspeakable suffering, he was split up the middle.

The great Germanic Museum is too good to miss, but too large to describe; it is in an old Carthusian monastery to which recent additions in a corresponding style have been made, and the whole with its contents forms one of the finest museums in Germany. It contains anything and everything, from articles of the Stone Age to exhibits of modern bookbinding.

Nuremberg is interesting, but we could not stay forever, so pulled out on the second morning. Out of town about six miles, as we stopped to ask the road a big American car passed us. They inquired our destination and when we replied "Augsburg," called back, "Follow us." We replied, "All right," and started to do so, but a team turning around blocked the way, and by the time we had passed it they were out of sight. It had been about eleven o'clock when we left, and we arrived at Augsburg at half-past four. The day was ideal, and we travelled slowly, going out of our way to include Pappenheim, of whose beauties we had read. We took the turn

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a mile too soon, however, and went over three miles of really bad hill and forest road — the worst we had found in Germany — in our efforts to get there. We had thought that we would stay a day if the hotel proved good, but it did not, and the ruins of the ancient castle not seeming attractive either, we pushed on, through charming scenery of swelling hills and well-tilled fields, to Augsburg and the Hotel of the White Lamb.

Again we found that we had made a wise choice, for aside from excellent meals, we had for six marks a room fully thirty feet square, and twenty feet high, with big windows, three beds, a large round table, five mirrors, a wardrobe, a shaving table, a sofa, several chairs, and yet plenty of empty space. The hotel people were delighted to receive us and the little car again stood in state in the main hall, where in America would be the office, the elevator, and the Buttons.

We went for a long walk both before and after dinner, seeing the entrancingly picturesque Jakober Strasse, many pretty fountains for which the town is famous, the egg market, the Butcher's House, the fashionable hotel of the Three Moors, and many queer old houses and streets, all interesting and none

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the less pleasing because we seemed to be the only tourists in sight.

We realize how open to criticism this sounds, and how absurd, but both on this trip and previously we have observed the regulation tourist, and especially the conducted party, and we have been sorry for them, individually and collectively. If Americans could only realize how very easy travel is made for them in Europe, they would not go in these parties, but would use the money they pay to be conducted in conducting themselves, reasonably and rationally, and would come home understanding better what they had seen and better satisfied with their experience.

Next morning we went again through the fascinating Jakober Strasse, of which some one says, "It is a vision of old world Germany!"

After that we put some time in in the Fuggerei, which is the most interesting feature of the town, to our minds. It is a section of the city given by Jakob Fugger, The Rich, a weaver, in 1519, to be a permanent home for poor families. It is closed at night by its own gates and contains fifty-three small houses, each as neat as a pin, the whole laid out in streets and looking like the cottage system of some sanitarium.

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Quite at a distance from this is the large Fugger house, once a residence of the family, and adorned with frescoes from the history of Augsburg. These Fuggers were so immensely wealthy, from the profits of their weaving industries, that the Emperor Charles V, having been shown the treasures of France, said, "I have a weaver in Augsburg, named Fugger, who could pay spot cash for all this."

The Rathaus is not keenly interesting, though it has many curiously carved wooden stoves and a Golden Hall, which is said to be one of the finest in Germany. We went through with a courteous old German, who allied himself to us, saying that so, it would only cost him twenty-five pfennigs, and if he went alone it would be fifty, while our expenses would be fifty in any case. The cathedral is, frankly, a bore, and so was the custodian, who insisted on showing us every stick and stone in it till we rebelled.

✓ Augsburg is captivating, and we enjoyed it thoroughly — its conservative, self-sufficient air, its crowds of peasants in Tyrolean costume, and everything about it except this cathedral.

These costumes are well worth seeing. The women wear short black skirts, black shawls on their heads, and white neck handkerchiefs, with brightly

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flowered borders. Their waists button up the front with flat silver buttons, and they are almost all fat, especially through their hips, though they do not, like the women in Brittany, wind themselves with ropes of hay to make themselves look large and as if they would be able to bear many children. The men's dress is equally queer, but they are almost all well built and it is becoming. Their coats and trousers are short, of black or green velvet, with many silver buttons, and they wear green suspenders, embroidered with white flowers, and very much in evidence, and gray woollen stockings trimmed with green. The stockings are really more like leg wristlets, and cover only the calf of the leg, leaving ankles and knees bare; their feet evidently are without covering, save for high Romeo shoes. This habit is crowned by a hat of gray, green, or black felt, with an absurd feather or bunch of chamois beard stuck in the middle of the back, and many carry packs or alpine stocks and appear to be making long trips. In fact, all through Germany we met numbers of both men and women, of all grades and classes, walking. Evidently pedestrian tours are a general summer custom. The men seemed to enjoy it, but the women looked invariably warm and tired.

CHAPTER VII

MUNICH AND OBERAMMERGAU

IT is about forty-five miles from Augsburg to Munich, where we arrived at four in the afternoon. Before leaving Augsburg, and in fact ever since entering Germany, we had puzzled over the interminable lists of hotels in popular Americanized Munich. The town was simply thronged with tourists, and we felt that we might have difficulty to get in anywhere, and ought to have wired for accommodations days ago. However, we finally decided to try the Grand Hotel Grünwald, it being moderate in price and conveniently located near the Hauptbahnhof, or main railway station, and we had no reason to regret the choice.

The place was not only full — it was rather what the English call “full up”; so much so that they could not give us a room, only promise us one for six o'clock. When we remember this hotel to-day, it is not to recall its excellent meals or the reasonable price of its bill, made out to the “highly well-born Herr Hand,” but its elderly head waiter, whose

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delicately-cut face and old-school manners made him worth a great deal to the management, which we hope is properly appreciative. At the Grünwald, we observed a very pleasing custom which we met there for the first time, and this is the practice of its proprietor of making once during each dinner, a formal, stately progress through the dining-rooms, bowing to the guests, chatting a moment with one and another, and in a gracious, courteous manner making each feel that his needs were being cared for, and his comfort considered. The head waiter's kindly interest in having us enjoy Munich led us to go that evening to an excellent vaudeville in the Deutsches Theater — a genuine beer-hall where every one ate, drank, or smoked at small tables and an American hat-juggling team did so good a turn that we applauded till the boys singled us out and smiled their recognition.

The next morning, in a drizzling rain, we went to see the mechanical clock in the new Rathaus tower. It is, perhaps, a childish thing, but a crowd is always there waiting at noon for the fifteen minutes in which the figures go through their dances and their tournament.

This over, we went to the new Pinakothek, and enjoyed it, though we felt that it did not at all

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compare with the corresponding gallery of modern paintings at Paris, the Luxembourg. The Glyptothek and Old Pinakothek, the one of old sculptures, the other of old paintings, we did not see, for, frankly, the classic in art and music is lost upon us.

In the afternoon we visited the Hofbräuhaus, which is considered one of the sights of Munich. It is a great beer hall in connection with the former Court Brewery, one of the oldest and most famous in Bavaria. The beer at Munich is said to be the best in the world, and the reason for this is twofold: first, that brewing is there better understood and more carefully performed, under government supervision, than in any other city; and second, because, as their best output the breweries make a beer so light and sensitive that fifty miles of railroad travel breaks it, and hence for export a heavier beer is needed, one necessarily more strong and bitter. Leaving the Hofbräuhaus we saw, after a long hunt, one of the few old bits left in Munich, the Court of the Mint, established in 1558, which was used for a tilting yard.

The next day was Sunday, and it rained hard in the morning, but cleared toward noon, when we went to see the guards changed at the Residenz and in the afternoon we took a long walk in the parks along the

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Isar, saw the German Museum, the Maximilianeum and other fine buidings, as well as the big airship *Parsival*, making its majestic flight over the city.

Monday was Assumption Day, and as Munich is strongly Catholic, everything was closed, so we put in the morning on the auto. Nothing serious needed to be done, but when the time came for a departing turn of the crank to make sure that all was in good order for an early start next day, it would not go at all, and no amount of laboring could make it work. It is said that "To labor is to pray," but sometimes it is quite the reverse, and it was not prayer that was ascending from the garage when, at one-thirty, we finally gave it up and went in for dinner. Later we found a Benz garage where, though it was a holiday, they sent home with us Adolph, a mechanician who had driven in that morning from Vienna. It did not take him long to find out that we had simply flooded the engine with oil in our effort to observe the motor company's warning that oil was the cheapest repair possible. He let out enough to allow it to start again, and assured us that it would be all right after fifty miles, which we found to be true, when we left in the morning for the village of the Passion Play.

Munich, though the third city in size in Germany,

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is to us, mortally stupid, being for the traveller principally a great music and art centre.

Possibly it is bad form to admit it, but we know little of and care less for these things, and long ago we decided, while travelling, to put our time and strength in on things that we do understand and do enjoy, and furthermore to be honest and self-reliant enough to own up to having deliberately omitted many things which doubtless plenty of tourists see and love, but which many more see and claim to appreciate, though really they have been bored to exhaustion all the time.

In 1800 Munich had but forty thousand inhabitants, and its importance dates only from the last century. Almost everything old has been torn down, and it is to-day as modern, as bare of all that is picturesque or historically interesting, as Chicago.

But dead though it may be to its past, it is very much alive and up-to-date and keeps going not only "all day on Sunday and six days a week," but every night and all night long. Men, women, and children loaf, visit, and drink from midnight till dawn without ever suspecting that those hours were made for sleep, while, day and night, the motors run, as we believe, more madly here than in any other city on earth. They take the corners on two wheels, and

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they never honk for the crossings; rather, they never cease honking. They start from the Hauptbahnhof on the honk and never stop or lessen speed till they grind the brakes and bring up with a jerk at their destinations.

These peculiarities may or may not be merits, depending on the point of view, as may also be the fact that they have women polishers in the garages, women at the street-car switches, and women auto cab-drivers. But it is a fact that they have one of the finest street-car systems in the world. There are regular and frequent stopping-places with numbered metal sign-boards with arrows pointing directions and telling the places of interest on the way and the destination of each car stopping at that station, and each car is numbered to correspond with the sign-boards, so that even the stranger can hardly go astray.

We left Munich Tuesday at half-past nine in the morning, after having hurriedly done the numerous errands which yesterday's holiday had made impossible. It rained when we started and sprinkled on and off all the way to Oberammergau, but the roads were fine, and after a time the Alps came into sight and the scenery was beautiful, in a gentle smiling fashion, which led us happily on, watching kilo-

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metre after kilometre to see the hills slide into place and the clouds illumine or shadow them, while on their huge sides patches of snow became more and more frequent as we ascended gradually into the enchanting Bavarian Highlands.

We lunched at Murnau with a room full of others, mostly autoists, and all going in the same direction. Indeed, a little way from Munich, sign-boards had begun to point, with the encouraging words, "Nach Oberammergau." Big machines passed us constantly, but we knew that we had plenty of time and trundled comfortably on, arriving about half-past one after a good run, the last bit of which was up the Ettal hill — a long ascent, which made us stop at a kindly old peasant's house to ask for water for the car. Arrived in the pretty straggling town, we went to the house for which tickets had been sold us, and there found that we as well as the tickets had been sold, for though we had paid for next to the best accommodations, we had been assigned to a tiny cottage on the outskirts of the town, whose only charms were that it was almost under the shadow of the Kofel peak and that our room was spotlessly clean. It had two hard beds, a carven crucifix, and coat-of-arms of the family, many religious pictures, and multitudes of flies of a distressing appearance, but so lifeless and



" A STRIKINGLY QUAIN T OLD TOWN "

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uninterested that we killed them easily with the whisk-broom.

A walk to the town and to the canvas garage, where we paid one dollar and fifty cents a night to leave the car in an unlocked sort of stall, which had already been three times flooded during the season, brought us back to our room full of that particularly trying feeling of having been "done," and when, within half an hour, the heavens opened and the rain came down in torrents, we were more disgusted than ever.

We stood in the doorway and watched one leaden cloud after another scrape itself over the rough edge of the Kofel and let fall its heavy load of moisture, till the stream ran high, and we felt that it would be days before even these good roads would be able to hold an auto up above the hubs. An appetizing dinner in the neighboring Hotel Osterbichl put a better heart into us and afterwards we bought an authorized edition of the play and went home to read it, fascinated, till our eyes ached from the strain of using only one candle; then after a little more fly-killing we went to bed, to listen to the rushing of the swollen Ammer and to hope for the best for the morrow.

And how soon it came! And how bright it was! How the sun laughed through the fringes of the

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vanished clouds, and how sweetly the sound of the bells filled the valley, calling the players to the early service, which helps to sustain them and to fill them with the spirit, which more than all else makes the great play what it is.

Frau S. was late in bringing breakfast to our room, and it was poor and scanty when it came. Butter, rolls, honey, coffee, and water, and only a small amount of each, but we made the best of it and hurried off, over the sodden streets, along the river, to the barn-like structure, where before eight o'clock the crowds filed in and took their seats till not a vacant place could be seen of all the forty-two hundred.

There was no crowding, no commotion; in all the throng a strangely subdued spirit seemed to prevail; every nation under heaven was represented, but all pored over books of one meaning, and all, believers and unbelieving, were hushed in respect for the work and the faith of the players, and the story of the Passion of a carpenter's son who years ago grew up in a humble village like this, and who knew so to live and to die, that he has been the central figure for all the centuries that have followed.

Before going into detail as to the play it may be well to recapitulate in a few words something

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of the circumstances which in the past led up to its performance and which to-day surround it. Briefly, it is the story of the life of Christ, and is of the nature of the old miracle plays. Opinions differ as to whether or not the play was given here before 1634, but in any case in that year, the fear of the plague which was all about them and had recently appeared in the town, caused the villagers to make a vow to Heaven, that if they should be spared they would present every ten years a dramatized version of the Passion Tragedy. From the hour of the registering of the vow, the pestilence ceased, and the promise has been kept ever since, save in 1770, when an edict had been published prohibiting all manner of religious plays. In 1680 the date was changed, anticipating the performance, due four years later, to the even decennials, a practice which has since been continued. Perhaps the matter will be a little simplified if we explain first the peculiar name of the village, which means: Ober — Upper; Ammer — the name of the river; Gau — district.

None but Oberammergauers are allowed the honor of being in the play, but of the seventeen hundred people, every one save the married women is given some work in connection with it, either one of the sixty-five speaking parts, or a character in one of the

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crowds, in several of which there are almost eight hundred actors, or else is connected with the play in some outside capacity, either orchestra, ticket bureau, fire guard, or emergency hospital; in some way each participates, and this is in a literal sense a performance of the vow. The married women do no less than the others toward the success of the play which they often see but once during the whole season, for the reason that they are so constantly occupied with the duties necessitated by the entertainment of the thousands who flock here and for whom, obviously, the hotels are inadequate. There are four hundred houses which receive guests, and though the meals may not always be just what one would like, still they are the best that the peasants can give, the food more varied and better than their own humble fare, the rooms often being used only for the months of the play. When that summer is over, they close these rooms, nail up the windows and retire to the low Stuben in which they were born, and where they lived contentedly, until the recurrence of Passion year necessitates the use of what seem to them quite sumptuous guest rooms. The prices for entertainment were last summer from twelve to twenty marks, bed and board, but of this it is possible that Cook received the lion's share.

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On July 7, 1907, the customary vote of the village was taken as to whether or not the play should be given,— a mere formality, of course,— and from that time on preparations were in order, and a committee was elected to assign the different parts. Their decision was made public October 12, 1909, and it is said that while all acquiesced as courteously as possible, many of the men who were found too old to perform the parts that they had previously taken were heart-broken at having them filled by younger men, though of course they realized the necessity. The first rehearsal was held in December, 1909, and each participant was required to sign a contract, binding himself to the faithful performance of his duties in rehearsal and presentation. On May 7 was given the first complete dress rehearsal, to which every one in the valley was made welcome, and on May 13 the first music rehearsal.

The players each receive in payment for the performances, which last all day, always twice a week, and sometimes as many as five times, when the crowd has been too great to be accommodated with a less number of days, and which continue during five months, a reward proportionate to the difficulty and importance of their parts. The figures for 1910 are not yet available, but it is likely that they do not

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differ materially from those of 1900, except that during this past summer an unquestionably greater amount was taken in, as the crowds were unparalleled. The children received for their parts fifty marks each (twelve dollars and a half) as payment for the total season's work and the other players proportionate sums, up to one thousand five hundred marks, which sum was given to the Christus, and to Caiaphas, and perhaps also to the leader of the orchestra, the leader of the chorus, the stage manager, the prologuist, and the first tenor. No other remuneration is received, and none is given for the numberless rehearsals which cover still another period of five months. It was disparagingly said of Herr Lang, the Christ, that he sold his signature on post cards, and so he did — for two and a half cents each, and gave all the money to charity. We understood that after the performance ten years ago he was given a trip to Rome as a reward and refreshment after his labors, and that the same was to be done again this year, which we certainly hope was the case, for he must have needed it. From the money gained in 1900, over and above the expenses, which included repairs on the theatre, necessary costumes, printing, administration, arrangements for the rehearsal theatre, and other things, three hundred

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and six thousand six hundred and sixty marks were divided among the seven hundred and fifty-eight persons who took part in the play, while the remainder went to charity, to the schools, to improvement of agriculture, to improvements in the village, to the payment of municipal debts, to keeping up the theatre, and the practice theatre, and to poor postmen, shepherds, and Oberammergauers who were doing their obligatory army service, these latter receiving from twenty to one hundred marks each.

The play is given in a large iron auditorium, seating forty-two hundred people, and covered, save for a podium for the chorus left open to permit a view of the mountains, which form a background and add greatly to the beauty and realistic effect of the performance. Of course, during the centuries, the play has gone through many changes. Its present text was written by the village priest, and has been used since 1850, since which time the presentation has been growing constantly in popular knowledge and favor. It is now in the form of an introductory piece and seventeen acts, each preceded by one or two tableaux. There is also a short concluding act. The tableaux foreshadow, by scenes from the Old and the New Testaments, the act that is to follow, and there is a chorus of thirty-five and a prologuist

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✓ to explain and supplement the acting. No paint or powder, or false hair is permitted to be used, and this, in a broad daylight performance, is of course very trying. It is said that when Joseph Meyer was playing the part of Christ, a special permit was obtained by the villagers, allowing him to retain his long hair during the time of his military service. The costumes used in the play represent a value of more than eighty thousand marks, and are of great beauty of texture, as well as grace of line and harmony of color. They were designed by Ludwig Lang, director of the school of wood-carving, and cut and made from his diagrams and drawings by his sister Josepha, who was assisted in sewing them by the women of the village. Some of the materials were brought purposely from the Orient for this year's performance; the cost for the new costumes, which were over six hundred in number, was twenty thousand marks for the material alone. The representation lasts from eight o'clock in the morning till six in the afternoon, with an intermission from twelve to two, and the prices range from two marks, in the poorest seats, to twenty in the boxes. Necessarily the participants in the play are many of them of the humblest walks in life; there are blacksmiths, tailors, wood-carvers, cobblers, coopers, carpenters,

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bakers, farmers, hotel-keepers, laborers, wood-choppers, and cleaners of roads. The schoolmaster is the music conductor, Anton Lang, a potter, is the Christus, and the beloved disciple is Alfred Bierling, the village plumber. The tableaux which precede the seventeen acts are indescribably beautiful, and the posing of large numbers of people, done sometimes in a few seconds, has probably never been equalled in beauty or in steadiness; even in children and a little donkey which figures in one tableaux, remaining absolutely rigid during the time that the curtain is up, and this not a short time, either. It is not only ardent believers and impressionable but inexperienced beholders who admire and wonder at the art of the play, but people who really are judges of such matters. Patti, after seeing it, said, "The Wagner Trilogie in Munich did not compare with this Passion Play. I have seen much, but I have never seen anything that approached this." Otis Skinner, who saw the play last summer, says, "I would not have missed it for anything. I have rarely seen such acting as that of those peasants and have never seen such stage management."

It is said that the play has been ruined and commercialized by the introduction of the modern spirit and the greed for money, but the only indication

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we saw of this was one for which we were grateful. Some Chicago man, who had found the wooden benches of the theatre uncomfortable, suggested to the villagers that they make and rent cushions, for a mark each, but the cautious peasants hesitated, saying, "Suppose the people should carry them away?" "Then make a cushion that costs less than one mark, rent it for one mark, and require a deposit of two marks, and you can hope they will carry them off," and this was done.

But to return to the actual description of the play. As the hour approached for it to begin, every one settled himself and prepared to listen, seeming to desire as much as possible to efface himself, and as little as possible to annoy his neighbor; without a request every hat was removed, and strangers smiled and tried to arrange for one another's comfort like old friends, all seeming to enjoy and participate in the general good feeling. Finally, and not more than two or three minutes late, three cannon shots were heard, and their reverberations had hardly died away among the hills before, to a burst of music from the unseen orchestra, the chorus walked in with stately steps, and fell instantly into position, while the leader, Jakob Rutz, a blacksmith, opened the play, intoning in a deep and mellow voice the words:

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“Bow ye down in holy wonder,
Race by God’s curse oppressed.”

It was only a few lines, and then heavy draperies were lifted and the first tableau was before us — the Expulsion from Eden. With the falling of the curtain came another short prologue and then another tableau, the Adoration of the Cross, and then after a few lines more of song, the chorus filed slowly out and the play proper began, with Christ’s entry into Jerusalem. The succeeding acts are, Act II, The Designs of the Council; Act III, The Farewell of Christ to His Mother in Bethany; Act IV, Christ’s last entry into Jerusalem; Act V, The Last Supper; Act VI, The Traitor; Act VII, Jesus on the Mount of Olives (here occurs the intermission for luncheon); Act VIII, Jesus before Annas; Act IX, Jesus before Caiaphas; Act X, the Despair of Judas; Act XI, Christ before Pilate; Act XII, Christ before Herod; Act XIII, The Scourging and the Crown of Thorns; Act XIV, the Condemnation; Act XV, The Viadolorosa; Act XVI, Christ on Golgotha; Act XVII, Jesus in the Tomb; Act XVIII, The Ascension.

The music throughout the play is intricate and stately, though written by one of the peasants. It is of the character of oratorio music. The dialogue,

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also written by a native, is of course in German, but librettos are published in many languages, and every word is so clearly enunciated, that even those who do not know German can follow without difficulty.

It is almost impossible to describe the play as a whole and its effect on the great audience. For the first few moments there was a sort of waiting, a coolness and a critical attitude, but from the instant that the five hundred actors poured in a glow of color on the stage shouting, "All hail to Thee, Thou Son of David," and Christ appeared riding on the foal of an ass, the crowd, as one man, leaned forward and drank in the gorgeous spectacle; and by the third act, when Christ bade farewell to his mother in Bethany, there was hardly a dry eye in the house, and the deep sobs of the multitude made a fitting accompaniment for the exquisitely chosen actions and words. It hardly needed the Mother's cry, "Oh, God! Give me strength that my heart may not break!" to make our own hearts ache for the gracious, sorrowful Mary. It was a wonderful sight — ignorant peasants holding by their marvellous acting a great audience from the ends of the earth in tears, men and women alike sobbing and unashamed, almost unconscious of it.

After the rest at noon, every one was in his seat punctually and the play went forward as if there

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had been no interruption, the story flowing evenly on, to the bitter agony on Calvary. No slightest objectionable thing of any sort occurred. The sunlight fell softly on the big stage on which again and again hundreds of people were assembled, the shadows floated over the hillsides beyond, now and then twittering birds darted into the auditorium and wheeled over the heads of the people, and for those hours, if never before or after, the beautiful old story seemed very real and full of unutterable dignity and pathos. We really seemed to be a part of the jostling crowd, pitying or menacing, to shudder for a moment, at the dread words, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but for yourselves and your children, for behold the days are coming when they shall say, 'Blessed are the barren and the wombs that never bear, and the paps that never gave suck. They shall cry to the mountains, fall on us, and to the hills, cover us, for if they do this in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?' " and later we were choked with the swelling of our hearts at the cry, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." During the period on the Cross, many cried again, but, to tell the truth, most seemed too greatly interested, not to say curious, as to the means which made these minutes of suspension there possible, to

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spare the time for tears. During nineteen long minutes, the Christus hung on the great rude cross, held there by a sort of steel jacket which fastened securely over hooks in the wood, but all so well hidden that no one in the audience not previously informed had any idea as to what device was used. The strain was said to be so great that daily after Lang was taken down he was massaged and rubbed with oils to restore circulation and prevent lameness.

As the play drew to an end we instinctively dreaded some painful anticlimax, some offensive bit in the last tableaux of the Ascension, but we need not have been uneasy; those who arranged the whole magnificent presentation up to this final point understood far better than we what to do or not to do, and it rolled on smoothly to the very end. When the curtain went down for the last time, there was a silence through the great audience room; not a hand was raised in applause, hardly a long breath was drawn, and then slowly, after a long minute of waiting, the people, moving as if in a trance, poured, still in silence, out through the doors, and went upon their way.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS

AFTER the play, for a time, the village was in an uproar — men and women, autos and horses crowding the crooked streets, so many of them Americans and so nearly all in a hurry to catch train or conveyance to avoid spending another night in the town, that it seemed quite like home and full of the strenuosity that is the breath of life to most of us. But soon those desiring to leave did so and the others scattered to shops and houses, while we went all over town, even to the electric-light works, to see if we could buy some dry cells, for our batteries were running dangerously low. We had been informed in Munich that at the garage here we could get anything we wanted, but this was a mistake. The electric light man had no batteries, but assured us he would wire for them to Munich and that they would arrive before eight o'clock in the morning; but at eight in the morning they had not arrived, nor yet at nine, so we went on without them, intending to supply at Füssen, near the east-

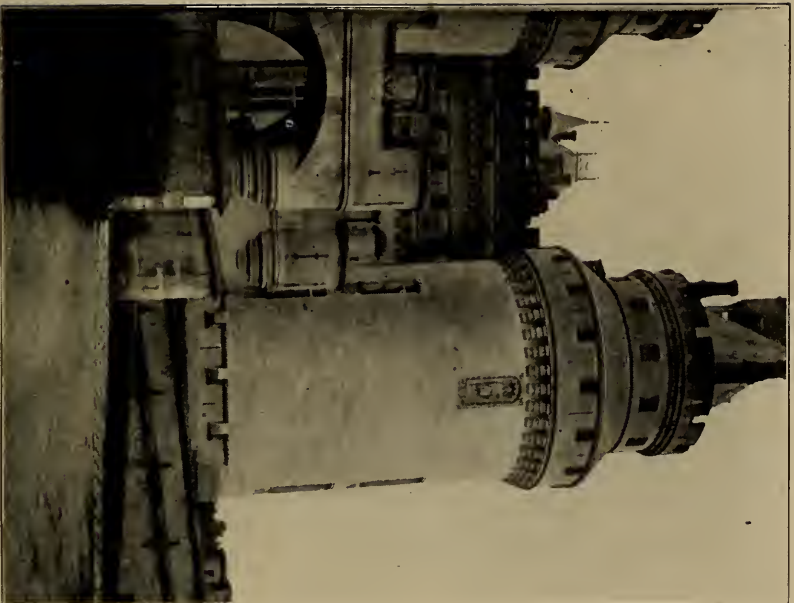
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ern end of Lake Constance, where we were to spend the night.

The clean, toy-like hamlets slipped past us in quick succession, the sun shone brightly overhead and all went to perfection, save that it was increasingly difficult to start, each time that for any reason we stopped and that something had gone a little wrong somewhere, so that if we slowed up much the engine died entirely. As to the magneto, that has never been of any use for starting; we never have been able to get under way with it, so considerable cranking was necessary.

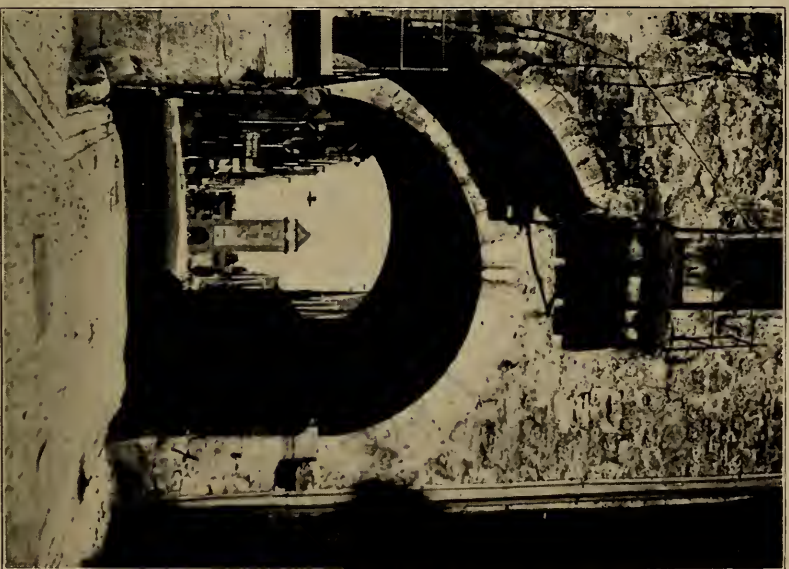
But these things, while a little ominous, were of no moment when once we got to going, for then we went like a bird, up and down the long curves and gentle hills, skimming past the trudging peasants whose kindly "Grüß Gott" reached us now and again, but less frequently after we left the valley.

At Munich and in Oberammergau we had been warned over and over that between the latter place and Füssen lay the worst hill in Europe, up which even the largest cars only carried one or two besides the chauffeur and that with our little car, only about sixteen European horse-power, we were apt to have trouble. The hill, they told us, was thirty-two per cent grade and lay between Baier-



"NOW ONE SEES IT IN ALL ITS FORMER GLORY"

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"WITH A TINY STAIRWAY AT ONE SIDE LEADING
TO THE TOP OF THE WALL"

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soyern and Rottenbuch, so when we got to the former town we filled with cold water and, metaphorically, girded up our loins.

At a very little distance from Baiersoyern a sign warned us of the approach of a dangerous descent, which, when we reached it, proved the worst we had ever met; it was not so much a decline as a plunge into a gorge. The bottom reached, we found a level stretch of perhaps a hundred yards, and drawn up in the middle of it two big German cars, the passengers out and the chauffeurs grooming their motors for the coming effort. Beyond the level came a bridge and then the road curved so sharply to the left that we could see nothing of the hill.

From a distance came the sound of an unseen car whose struggle it had been that kept the others waiting, and even as we listened, its explosions came more and more slowly, testifying to the difficulty of the climb, and then suddenly ceased as it evidently rolled over the crest. At once Madame and all the passengers of the other cars commenced their walk up the hill, and the chauffeur of the forward machine cranked up and jumped to the seat. The car sprang ahead under full power, filling the valley with its roaring, and passed out of sight. While Monsieur and the remaining chauffeur waited, the lat-

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ter inspected our car, evidently estimating its chances of negotiating the hill, and clearly feeling little confidence in its ability to do so. Soon, however, the noise of the preceding car ceased, and after another moment of waiting the second started. It was a powerful car and the chauffeur a good driver who evidently understood what was before him. The big empty machine rounded the curve at a higher speed than we should have dared to undertake with our lighter one. It seemed a long time before it reached the top — then came the turn of the little runabout. For the only time that day the engine started with a single turn of the crank; the car moved off as easily as if no difficult test were awaiting it. By the time it reached the bridge it was on the high, the throttle was open, and the rapidity of the explosions from the exhaust showed how fast it was gaining speed, when the sharp curve pulled it down to the intermediate; a little farther, and it was in the low; the little car was having no difficulty yet, but suddenly beyond the end of this curve a second and a sharper rise appeared. It was like climbing the sloping cellar door as a start toward scaling the side of the house, and Madame afterward declared that from where she stood, almost at the top, she saw the car rear itself and assume a greater slant. About

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twenty-five feet from the top the hill made one more effort toward the perpendicular, and for a second the auto hesitated, then like a frightened cat it sank its claws in and with a final effort pulled itself up and over, on to the level ground at the summit. By the time Madame reached the car the others were gathered about it, every one pleased and congratulatory, praising the "pretty little car" and rejoicing with us in its success.

The world is made up of unexpected things, but it is not likely that we shall ever feel greater pride in any accomplishment than we did at the moment after making that climb, or that we will ever forget our keen pleasure in having successfully conquered "the worst hill in Europe" (if such indeed it was). We felt as if we had made the little car as we walked around it, listening to the admiration and the generous praise of our chance acquaintances, who because of their interest in our success seemed like old friends.

Without a word we then and there unfurled the little silken Stars and Stripes which we had bought that morning in Oberammergau and proudly tied it to the upright of the glass front, where it fluttered gayly until we took it off at Havre when the car was crated for its return trip. This custom of flying one's country's flag is general in Europe, and we

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liked it so well that we were glad to adopt it, especially now that that hard climb was successfully accomplished. There are Americans we know whose blood never runs the faster and whose spirits never rise at the call of a mere waving bit of red, white, and blue, but we cannot understand it. It is, in very truth, the "emblem of the land we love," and even this now faded, ravelled scrap is to us "a grand old flag, though torn to a rag," and twenty times its cost would not tempt us to part with it. Many a time it has hung limp and dripping with rain, and many a time farther south its tough little staff bent before the howling mistral; twice its hem was flapped out and had to be resewn; many a time it evoked curious questions from strangers, but never once were we without it or other than proud of it, and there were times when it brought a smile to lips and a gleam to eyes that recognized and loved it as we did and do.

We waited a few minutes to let the other cars get well away, and then after plenty of trouble in starting went on towards Füssen.

Some of the roads near here were forbidden to motors,—a not infrequent state of affairs in Germany—so we had to go a round-about way and to ask often for directions. Each time we slowed up the engine stopped, and each time it proved harder

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to start again, so that when, beyond Steingaden, we saw a big Packard car ditched, Madame was ungracious enough to say, "Oh, if we stop to help them we'll have an awful time to start again," but of course we could not go by two fellow country women and their haggard chauffeur with their beautiful machine up to the front hubs in mire, its fender bent, and its glass front and lamps shattered to a thousand pieces.

We passed them a few paces, then got out and went back to see if we could help, if not more actively, at least by the comfort of our presence and our sympathy. Many peasants were standing about while some had brought planks and with a big ox team were making ready to pull the car out backward onto the road again. Meanwhile the owner and her daughter told us how it all had happened.

They had been going along at a merry clip when they saw coming toward them a man on a wagon driving a team. They had blown their horn, and the girl on the front seat with the chauffeur had also wound lustily on a Klaxton, and they supposed that the man would turn out in good season. But he was asleep and it was not until the last minute that the honking woke him, then in a panic he jumped down and ran on the near side to his horses' heads. There was but one way to avoid killing him, as the auto

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was going too fast to be stopped entirely and the chauffeur had boldly chosen, at the risk of their own lives, to ditch the car. That it and its occupants had gotten off so lightly was sheer good luck, for it had been under high speed and the ditch was a foot and a half deep, at the least. The wagon driver, indignant that he had been endangered, instead of being thankful that he had been spared the result of his own folly, had gone grumbling on, but willing helpers had come from the village, and before long the great oxen drew the car back into the road as easily as if it had been a child's toy cart.

Every one was surprised to see how little serious damage had been done, and after the chauffeur had made sure that he could get under way again, we told them all good-bye and prepared to lead off, they preferring to follow slowly for the fifteen or twenty miles to Füssen. But we could not start! The last tiny spark was gone from our batteries, and no amount of urging could get another flash.

Then it was their turn to help. The chauffeur took out his storage battery and gave us the necessary spark and we were able to run all right until we were obliged to stop again or go slowly, for, in the disordered state of our carburetor, to go slowly was to stop entirely, as we have said. It was a dis-

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agreeable predicament enough, but there was nothing to do but to go on and trust to luck, and this we did, the big car promising to follow slowly and to give us another spark if we should need it. The ladies were still nervous after their accident and insisted on running so slowly that we were soon out of sight.

Like a more famous rider "come out of the west," we "stopped not for break" and "stayed not for stone," for five or six miles, comforting ourselves with the knowledge that help was following if we should want it at any time. And then there broke upon our eyes an unexpected fork in the road, both branches leading to Füssen. Which way should we go? Which way would they choose? There was no possibility of stopping or of slowing up to decide or to leave a token to guide them as to the course we had taken, so on we went, trusting that they would see our tracks and follow them. Shiny lakes and turreted castles flashed by us almost unseen, so anxiously were we watching for any obstacle which would oblige us to slacken speed.

At last we reached the city, leaned over the side, and called to a group of boys for one of them to jump in and guide us to the hotel. He had evidently done the like before, and understanding,

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quickly hopped in, directed us around a corner or two, and we pulled up at the Gasthof sum Hirsch and were welcomed by its English-speaking proprietor, Herr Schneider, who assigned us a large, delightful room, while the little car which had so bravely scaled the hill, was ignominiously trundled by green-aproned porters into the hotel garage.

After luncheon we went out to ransack the town for dry cells, only to find that neither at the electric-light works nor the blacksmith shop nor at the factory nor anywhere else could such a thing be obtained. We found, however, a most agreeable and intelligent young man, the head of the lighting plant, Carl Six, and it was finally agreed, by dint of many smiles and bows on his part, and much execrable German on ours, that he would wire to Munich for a storage battery for us and have it charged and ready in the morning.

The name Füssen was formerly Fauzen, from the Latin Fauces Alpium,—the jaws of the Alps, for the town lies at the foot of the Fern Pass, a route which, leading through the Tyrol to Italy, was anciently of importance. We were not long in deciding that it is one of the most picturesque places to be found. It has only forty-five hundred inhabitants, but contains a castle of the fourteenth and fifteenth

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centuries, a suppressed Benedictine abbey, an old towered town wall, a rushing, greenish-blue river, the Lech, and all about it lie the clean-cut, snow-clad peaks, or the soft shadowy forms of the more distant mountains.

In the church of St. Magnus is shown the staff of its patron who was one of the first Christian missionaries to Germany. He used this stick not only as a support in walking, but to drive out snakes, insects and rats, and long after his death its miraculous power was still so strong that once Oberammergau, sending for it to exterminate field mice, had to wait its turn, as the stick was in use elsewhere.

We were too tired properly and systematically to do the sights of Füssen, but sauntered about, enjoying it generally and storing up treasure for "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

In the morning the accumulator still delaying, we went in a 'bus out to the old Guelphic castle, formerly Schwanstein, now Hohenschwangau — the upper swan's haunt. The castle has had a long but rather inglorious history, having been, in 1832, some years after its destruction by the Tyrolese, sold to Maximilian II, then Crown Prince of Bavaria, for one hundred dollars. He entirely rebuilt it and it became the favorite residence of Ludwig II until

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in 1869 when he began the beautiful castle of Neuschwanstein, higher up on a spur of the Berzenkopf, on the site of the old castle of Vorder-Hohenschwangau. This modern structure is wonderfully situated. It has fine views of four blue lakes, the loitering Lech, some pretty formal gardens, the lovely waterfall and rocky gorge of the Pöllat, the Marienbrücke, and far and near, in all directions, the glittering snows of the everlasting hills. These Bavarian Highlands are entrancing, less majestic, of course, than the Alps to which they lead, but allowing that sense of distance and aspiration which too closely circling stupendous hills entirely preclude. There is here no shut-in feeling, and one is not reminded of the long dread winter with the darkness and monotony which it must bring to the dwellers in the deep Alpine valleys. Rather, one feels delight in the free fresh winds, the brilliant sunlight, and the broad rolling country, and one lifts the eyes to the hilltops with a pleasure in their beauty and a happy interest in what must lie beyond them.

The castle of Neuschwanstein is planned somewhat after the Wartburg, but is much larger. The rooms are gorgeously frescoed with scenes from "Tannhäuser," "Parsifal," "Lohengrin," and other famous old legends and operas. The first floor is

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given up to offices and attendants' rooms, the second is unfinished, the third contains the king's private suite, and the fourth the minstrels' hall and throne room. In these richly decorated but cold and uncomfortable rooms, with the shrieking of the wind among the many turrets and pinnacles of the castle, and the sighing of the pines in the gorge, with the roar of the often swollen cataract in his ears, and with no friends to share his lonely grandeur, it is no wonder that poor Ludwig II became crazed and finally took his life, and though this did not occur here, on June 13, the anniversary of the event, both of the castles are always closed to visitors.

He loved Wagner's music passionately and did all he could to advance it. He was inordinately fond of swans, because of their connection with the opera of "Lohengrin," which he required to be presented by the court troupe with himself the only spectator; he even played the part of Lohengrin himself and had a swan-shaped boat in which he floated on moonlight nights on the lakes nearby. The castle is maintained to-day just as he left it, and is full of swans — swans in gold, swans in silver, swans in carved wood, swans in tapestry, swans in china, swans in glass, swans in the frescoes — it is enough to have driven a man mad even if he had had

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no vicious quitch in the blood, as Ludwig had, to make the matter easier.

Neuschwanstein is an imposing castle (and, alas, still unpaid for), but it is very fanciful and we liked better the sturdy tower of William the Conqueror at Lillebonne, and the Saucy Daughter of Richard the Lion Heart at Petit Andely. There is something strong, if savage, in them; something not so romantic as this lone eyrie of the "moonlight king," but more like the ordinary sunlight of wholesome, everyday life. Poor fellow, his castles and his timely aid to Wagner will serve to keep green his memory in the great world, while the hearts of his own people, which were always loving and loyal, will continue so.

On the way back to Füssen we were regaled by the loud-voiced description by a fat Herr Papa of a hunt in which he had recently ridden, in which the poor stag had manifestly run the gantlet, as there were hunters at each end of a fenced-in course, as well as in the middle. During the hunt, as he jovially bellowed to his neighbor across the aisle of the clattering 'bus, "everything possible was done for the comfort of the hunters."

At Füssen, on our return, we found no news of the accumulator, but the next morning it arrived and Carl Six with it, and for two hours we all three worked installing it and adjusting the carburetor.

CHAPTER IX

LAKE CONSTANCE

WITH the car in order again, we had an early luncheon and started for some point on Lake Constance, not as yet fully decided. A little way out of town we passed the most curious shrine of all we saw on our journey. It was a great wooden cross, nailed to a barn, and on it were fastened not only a drooping figure of the Christ, but several large spikes, a long spear, a sponge, a crown of thorns, and other emblems of the terrible story. The whole made a gruesome thing enough looming up in its bareness in the dirt of that desolate barnyard.

We finally concluded to stop at Lindau, at the extreme eastern end of Lake Constance, but by some mistake took the wrong roads and had much ado to keep from crossing the Austrian frontier, which we were anxious to avoid because of the very high duty on the auto and the difficulty and loss of time in getting the money back if we should return to Germany through some customs place so small that

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the supply of cash kept on hand by the officials might not be sufficient to refund the full amount paid.

But the afternoon was still so sunny when we reached Lindau, and the roads so good, and we so light of heart, that we could not bear to stop, and decided, just after we had crossed the toll bridge into Lindau, to recross it, much to the amusement of the resplendent collector, and a trifle to the profit of the city, and go on to Friedrichshafen, where are the dockyards of Count Zeppelin's great airships. There the same conditions led us on to Meersburg and thence again to Überlingen, where, tired but content, we pulled up at the Bad (Bath) Hotel.

The scenery along this northern shore of Lake Constance is very winsome, in every way more like Italy than Germany. The lake, as we followed for miles along its border, was one sheet of glorious shifting color in the sunset. Vines were looped from tree to tree, and merry peasants sang on their way home from their work. Among them a sense of general happiness prevailed, very different from that which we had noticed before when going at the early evening hour through the more northerly German villages; here, though the laborers shuffled through the deep dust of the roads with the imple-



" MEMORIES HAUNT THY POINTED GABLES "

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" QUAINT OLD TOWN OF TOIL AND TRAFFIC "

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ments of their toil on their shoulders, it was not with such a dog-tired, hopeless look. They did not drag wearily on alone, too apathetic and indifferent to care for company, but chattered in groups, whistling and calling cheerily to one another.

All along, the shores were dotted with pretty gardens, vine-covered cottages and villages whose ancient castles and scattering houses sloped to the water's edge, and seemed asleep and unaware that centuries were rolling by, leaving them unchanged, save by their crumbling into more and more charming ruin and decay.

At first we were shown a room at the rear of the hotel, and when we declined to consider it, were told that everything else was taken but the rooms in the watch tower. The watch tower sounded unusual, but vastly more attractive than the shabby room opening on a stony street lined with a few dust-laden trees, so we asked to be shown thither, and the porter, though obviously disapproving, conducted us through the hotel and its gardens over narrow hedge-bordered paths to the edge of the lake, and then up and up to a large, many-windowed room at the very top of the old round-tower, and there we stayed, entranced with the view, until hunger persuaded us to go down to dinner in the big dining-room, where we

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were clearly the only "English" present, for such by the foreign hotel-keeper and servant one is generally assumed to be; and we may add that at this, if one's patriotism can endure it, it is better to let the matter stand, for the English in Europe are more dreaded, more revered, than the Americans and in consequence get better service and are less often subjected to imposition. After dinner we sat in the pretty electric-lighted gardens enjoying a band concert, and later went to our room, and revelled in the full moonlight, which, flooding the woods, the lake, the lightly tilting boats, and the distant Alps, made of it all a fairyland.

Just as we were beginning to think of sleep, the hotel management sent a raft out into the water and shot off some colored fireworks. These, while furnishing a very mild excitement, were evidently greatly appreciated by the sedate family groups below, and made our one candle unnecessary, as we found it novel and amusing to undress by sudden flares of red and green, quick showers of golden rain, and vanishing glows of blue and purple fires. Hardly waiting for the last of the music, we fell asleep, to dream of our perfect one hundred and fifty kilometre run from Füssen and the happy weeks of motoring yet before us.

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In the early morning we were awakened, as we thought, by the noise of a steamer below our windows, but on getting up a moment later to watch it, could see no rippling wake nor any least trace of smoke in the faint blue of the sky. Too sleepy to wonder much about it, we slipped back to our beds, nor ever dreamed until the proprietor told us later in the morning that the noise we had heard was made by Count Zeppelin's airship which had circled over our unsuspecting watch-tower.

When we went to breakfast we counted the steps which our dislike of that rearward-looking room had entailed upon us, and there were in all one hundred and twenty — seventy-five to descend the tower, and forty-five to get from its base down the terraces to the level of the hotel. But it was worth it; a rope banister dangled invitingly to pull one's self along by in getting up; and to look out of our windows and drop crumbs to the darting fishes below was too wholly fascinating an occupation to leave room for lazy regrets.

Überlingen boasts a mineral spring, fine lake baths, some remains of an old fortress, and a mediæval council hall, but we did not exert ourselves to see them, rather sauntered about and filled ourselves with the quiet beauty of the scene. Madame de

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clared that it reminded her of some lines which she learned in her early youth, and which are really so applicable that we venture to insert them here:

“Girt round by rugged mountains,
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
Float gently to and fro,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below.”

At eleven o'clock we went on, reluctantly, yet with high hopes, to the Falls of the Rhine at Neuhausen. But alas for the high hopes! Almost at the very first we missed the road, and lost ourselves, having to retrace perhaps five miles before we came to the right turn again. Then we had a genuine hunt for the stupid little town of Thaingen, where, just before crossing the Swiss frontier, we were to get back our deposit of one hundred and fifty-seven marks on the car.

Finally we found the village and even the customs house and the customs officer, but only to be blandly informed that he had not money enough in his strong box to pay us. He was at first quite unconcerned about it, and assured us that in a few days he

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might have more, but when he saw how seriously incommoded we were he set his wits to work and thought up a town about a dozen miles away where he was confident that we could get our money. We had already been lost most of the time that morning and the prospect looked good for being even more lost before we could find this unheard-of town of Gaillingen, and yet obviously to Gaillingen we must go, so we asked the now interested official if he could not send one of the crowd of boys, as usual standing about, to point out to us the way. He at once agreed, but when it came time to start, not one urchin could pluck up courage to get into the machine. Matters seemed at a standstill, when suddenly, a well-built young man of probably nineteen stepped up and offered to go with us beyond the windings and blind turns and put us on the right road. We were glad to accept, and off we went, he sitting on the floor of the car and waving his hat a trifle sheepishly at the companions he had deserted. Questioning soon elicited the fact that he had never ridden in an auto before, and that he was almost delirious with delight. It was very fortunate that we had him with us, for he was thoroughly familiar with the way, whose windings, forks, and few and misleading sign-posts would have made it a very confusing one, had we been alone.

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We put on extra speed for his sake and he hung over the edge all excitement until we reached the main road to the town; there he looked so sorry that his ride was over that we offered to take him farther, and in the end he went all the way to the door of the customs house in Gaillingen, sometimes openly lording it over the foot passengers, whom we met, and again scanning our faces with eyes as big as saucers when Madame told him of the shining opportunities waiting for him if he would go to America.

This was such a favorite occupation with Madame that Monsieur declared her to be "the Great American Booster." Perhaps she was, but her auditors seemed to enjoy her disquisitions, the only sad part being when all too often they would say, "I would go and be so glad to, if I could ever get enough ahead to pay for the passage."

Our guide accepted gratefully the tip which we were equally glad to give, and started off to retrace contentedly on foot the ten or twelve miles that he had covered, at what must have seemed to him a whirlwind speed, while we knocked at the door of the customs office, only to learn that the man in charge would not be back for nearly an hour, as the place was closed on Sundays until two in the after-

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noon. This was a blow, but our looks of misery led the compassionate bearer of these bad tidings to go and hunt up the official and presently they were both there, and very much at our service, though it was only a few minutes nearer to two than it had been when we first arrived.

And then followed a struggle, for though weight, horse-power, size, and general marks and points tallied perfectly with the written description of the car which we had been given our first day on entering Germany, a little lead seal which was described as hanging to the front axle was missing. In vain we labored to convince the man that even without the seal it was the selfsame car on which the deposit had been made: "Oh, no; if so, where is the seal?" The truth was that the paper had been carelessly made out and the seal had never been put on, and this we explained in fluent English and in horrible German, and though it was quite plain that he wished to believe us, still he could not understand how, without the seal described, this could still be the right car. A car with a leaden seal had apparently been admitted into Germany, and had paid its rightful deposit, and here a car without a leaden seal was trying to get possession of the money. Now,

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a car *with* a leaden seal and a car *without* a leaden seal were obviously two different cars, and as the one described in the customs receipt was declared to have a leaden seal, why, then this car which had no leaden seal could not, in the very nature of things, be the same one. And so on, over and over, courteously, regretfully, but none the less persistently, till we decided that we might have to give it up and go on without the money. We interrupted our labors with him, while we pumped up a leaking tire, oddly enough the only one since the day we entered Germany, and while doing this Monsieur had a sudden idea, which was to have him compare the motor number with that in the license, and by this testimony even his faithful thickheadedness was partly persuaded, and when Madame urged him to consider that we had had no dinner, and that we should not get any until we had crossed the border, he finally relented, and, still greatly puzzled, gave us our money and let us go. We did not make any unnecessary delay for fear that he would change his mind, but hurried across the covered wooden bridge and into Switzerland, leaving him still uncertain whether he had not given the money to the wrong man, whether some day a man whose car had a leaden seal

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would not come past and demand again the money paid to the man whose car had no leaden seal. It is no wonder that the "Lieb Vaterland magst ruhig sein," if all her official sons are as staunchly law-respecting as this one, and we believe that, in the main, they are.

CHAPTER X

FALLS OF THE RHINE — ZÜRICH — LUCERNE

IN again we climbed and ran on through Schaffhausen to Neuhausen and the Hotel Bellevue. After dinner we strolled across the bridge and went up to Castle Laufen. This building, with a sort of *papier-maché* appearance, claims to be founded on the ruins of a very old fortress. Its one use and purpose now is to shelter a collection of music boxes, probably the most varied in the world. There are musical chairs, hat racks, jewel boxes, tables, clocks, and water bottles, and the whole air tinkles to melodies ranging from "Tannhäuser" to the "Merry Widow."

The castle is the entrance to the best view of the falls, and naturally catches a world of tourists, and no doubt a mint of money. There are three stations from which to observe the cataract, each lower and nearer to the water than the one above. The last one, called the Fischez, is an iron platform which overhangs the whirling abyss, and although Madame rented and put on a long rubber cape, when she stepped out on the platform a sudden spout of foam

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flung itself over her, so that shortly we retired to the upper pavilion to dry her skirt in the sunshine and to enjoy the ravishing contrasts of color, the swirling blues and greens and glistening white, the dancing rainbows in the flying spray, the more distant quiet reaches of the river, and the dark masses of the woods and hills beyond. In the very midst of the downpour there is a rock with a tiny kiosk on its summit, to which people are rowed by two skilful boatmen, who also row them across to the other side, if desired, but we preferred to walk, and did so leisurely and restfully.

These falls are the largest in central Europe, the actual drop being about sixty feet and the width above the fall three hundred and seventy-five feet. They are enthralling, but have, of course, none of the awful grandeur of Niagara.

In the evening it rained in solid sheets, whose rushing mingled with the sound of the cataract, till we were glad to retire to one of the several comfortable reading-rooms for which this hotel deserves a credit mark, there to read Bret Harte's California tales and to catch up some long neglected correspondence. About nine o'clock the rain ceased and the falls were illuminated, and though rather theatrical, the effect of the rockets, colored fires, and

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searchlights was very pretty, and as every guest must pay for the illumination, whether he sees it or not, we looked interestedly enough till the last golden spark vanished and all had fallen again into mysterious sound and darkness; then we went to our rest.

In the morning it still threatened rain; in fact, it was through a sprinkle and a very wet and chilly world that we pulled out at ten o'clock for Zürich.

Just as we were working our way slowly down the crowded street in Schaffhausen, we saw a car coming and recognized it as the American one we had seen at Nuremberg, and again at Oberammergau. A wave of the hand, and a hearty "Are you all right?" from the big car, and a "Fine, thank you," from the little one, and our brief acquaintance was over, but only those who have been for weeks in far places and without their countrymen can know how those few kindly words warmed the cockles of our hearts and made the rainy run to Zürich brighter for the two in the little car.

By the time we had covered the fifty-four kilometres, and reached the city, we were willing to stop, so we accosted a fine-looking young man, and Madame, in her best German, asked him if he could direct us to the St. Gotthard Hotel. He raised his hat, and with a beaming smile, in his native tongue

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and ours, gave us the desired information. This is an experience that no one who speaks any foreign language ever yet escaped while in Europe. It is not pleasant to the one who asks the question, but he who replies and all the observant friends enjoy it greatly, so much so, in fact, that it seems to stick in their recollection, Madame declares, when vastly more important things are forgotten. It is not necessary to urge this point; a cloud of unseen witnesses can vouch for the truth of the statement.

A good luncheon in the restaurant of the hotel warmed us up, but we felt it wise to wait until the next day and give the rain a chance to blow over.

This is not even the faintest attempt at a guide book, so we shall not tell of the Concert Hall, the Polytechnic, the Library, the Swiss National Museum, nor any of the many things for which the city is justly famous, for the reader can look them up in the guide book quite as well as we can, and will know fully as much about them as we do, for we may as well admit that we did not visit one of them — merely joined the damp crowd in the streets and strolled up and down, getting at least a sense of the one most important and characteristic feature of the city — its commercial and financial life. Zürich is not beautiful, though attractively situated on Lake

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Zürich and on both sides of the Limmat, and said to have finer promenades than any other city in Switzerland; but it is very much alive, and though proud of its past, it is still more proud of its present and of the increasing volume of business which flows through it, for the city is logically the gateway between the north and the south — a fact its shrewd tri-lingual business men are not inclined to forget or neglect. There are a great number of resident and transient English and Americans, and we heard more excellent English there than in any city of like size which we have ever visited in Europe, or perhaps we ought to say outside of Switzerland, for this is so truly the international playground that everywhere — Lucerne, Geneva, and Interlaken,— it has been found profitable to learn the language spoken by so great a number of the players. We planned to get an early start the next morning, but in the end it was half-past ten or later before we got away. We had left the auto in a garage on the lake front, quite a distance from the hotel, to be washed, polished, and ready by eight o'clock, but when Monsieur got there he found the men were just starting on it and because it looked so badly after its muddy run of the day before, felt that he must let them finish it.

When they finally pronounced it done, and he



"JOLLY OLD HANS SACHS"

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started out to return by the way he had taken both days to reach the garage, he found the streets for blocks so filled with the vegetable market that a policeman warned him off. Of his German, Monsieur understood not one word, but his gestures were plain, so he turned aside and in trying to get back by another route lost himself hopelessly in the narrow, winding streets. For a while he wandered up one way and down another, always trying to keep in the general direction of the hotel and believing that instinct would finally bring him out right. But after a while, how long he never has told, he resigned all hope of getting back unaided, and remembering that the hotel was near the railroad station, took to hailing the passers-by and inquiring politely, "Can you tell me, *où est le Bahnhof?*" It must have been worth a good deal to hear him, and Madame will never get over it to think that she did not, but at any rate, no city could have been so well selected for such a conglomerate question, for both German and French are familiar to most people in Zürich, and as we have said, English is also well known, and in an unexpectedly short time, he saw the Bahnhof and drew up before the hotel door, where in a minute Madame overtook him, for in despair of his coming she had gone out for a walk and, as luck would have

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it, had heard his honk when he crossed a nearby street and had followed him, not being near enough in the crowds to call out to him.

After he arrived it took but a few minutes to get the baggage on, settle the bill, do the tipping, and get away and out of town with the help of the map, on to the road to Lucerne. The rain had ceased, though the clouds still hid every vestige of the mountains, and after a stiff climb out of town we were able to stop and get a lovely view of it, seeing how the river divides it into the Grosse Stadt on the right and the Kleine Stadt on the left, while an unimportant stream, the Sihl, joins itself to the Limmat below the city.

The smoke from the tall chimneys of the many factories streamed out like fluttering banners, waving us a farewell or beckoning us to return and do the city the justice of a more thorough inspection. But the High Alps called to us, and we went on to Lucerne, where, because we knew the town well of old, and because the clouds blotted out Rigi and Pilatus, and began to look more threatening, we stopped only for our mail and a picnic lunch, and directly went on over the Brünig Pass to Interlaken.

CHAPTER XI

THE ALPS TO LAKE GENEVA

AT Zürich that morning they had thoroughly oiled and greased the car, tightened the bolts and examined everything, preparatory for our first real mountain climbing, but as we left Lucerne, it must be confessed, we had some doubts as to what our experience on the Brünig would be.

The road was level and good to Hergiswil, where we were required to stop and register the car. A small card was given us with the time of registration stamped on it, which was to be surrendered at Brünig, where we could not leave the control until two hours had expired.

At first the road followed the bank of Lake Lucerne, winding along beneath the beetling cliffs. The grade was slight and we could have made fast time, except for the fact that the curves made it impossible to see more than a hundred feet in advance and that the road was very narrow. We ate our lunch as we jogged along and tried to will away the threatening clouds and impending thunder

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storm. At Giswil the real climb commenced. Here we stopped to replenish our water supply and as we waited two trains loaded with tourists, who seemed to be in a large majority our countrymen, started up the cog road. The passengers were deeply interested in the little car flying the American flag, and we repaid their interest with commiseration. To be obliged to climb the pass through tunnels, under a shower of cinders, with never a stop for an extended view of the beauties disclosed, seemed to us, from the comfortable seat of our open roadster, a hardship. We followed soon and in less than a mile we were working under full power on the second, in another mile a sprinkle of rain warned us to put up the top and curtains, and we were hardly on our way again before it came down in torrents. We labored on, the grade becoming greater with each mile; it soon ceased to be a pleasure excursion and became a test of engine and power and of the driver's ability to hold the road. Up, up we went, the view shut off on every side by the walls of rain and the road running rivers and becoming slippery and dangerous as we pushed on. We had fretted some at the time limitation of two hours, but this was forgotten now in our desire to reach the top. At last the rain commenced to stop, and as we pulled into Brünig it

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ceased entirely and the sun came out, and when we reached the control, we looked at the station clock and discovered that we had made the trip in three minutes less than the specified time and that the trains which had left when we did were just arriving.

We went directly on to Interlaken and in a quarter of a mile started to coast, and except for braking purposes, did not use the engine again until we reached the valley. To Corn Belt motorists the descent of that mountain seemed a considerable undertaking. A time or two we stopped to admire the snow-capped peaks or to step to the side of the narrow road and look down thousands of feet to the verdant valleys and the rivers which like blue ribbons curved below us. Time and again we met herds of goats and were amused at their wild flights up seemingly inaccessible cliffs, at the sight of the car. They were the only animals, other than man, which we saw in Europe afraid of the autos, and their efforts to get away made us thankful that they were not beasts of burden. About half-way down, a sullen grind accompanied by most disquieting knocks commenced to come, apparently from the rear of the hood, and since a good many things were located there that would be injured if they became dry or loose, again and again we stopped to examine, but nothing ap-

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peared to be wrong, though still we heard the unaccountable new noise. But the roadside was no place for a thorough examination and we decided to take the risk and go on to Interlaken and the Hotel du Pont and the next day to find the trouble and correct it.

Past the station at the head of Lake Brienz, down the long Höheweg, by the Casino Garden, and across the river, to the familiar hotel we went, with the contentment that comes of feeling that the way is known, and then we stopped before the door, to be welcomed by old Fritz, the same porter who led us there on our first visit, and to have assigned to us the same room, to be greeted by the old, old landlady in cap and black silk gown, who was there before, and by her son, the manager, a man of sixty-five, yet dutiful and respectful to his mother as a boy of twenty.

He was filled with regret that he could not remember us as we did him, but seemed greatly relieved at our suggestion that we had been to only one hotel in Interlaken, while he had entertained many guests in these three years. The river which bordered the garden hurried by as rapidly as before, and there had been no changes, though we went about like home-comers rejoicing over every familiar thing. In

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a strange land, a spot that tells of other days, faces that one has known before and things that one has seen give one a feeling of content, especially after a ride like ours over the Brünig.

The next day we put in between loitering about the town and working on the car, hunting first for the knock and grind which had so alarmed us the evening before, and which turned out to be nothing worse than a loose glass front. We put a new universal joint sleeve on, stuffed it well with grease, and put everything in fine shape again for the run to Geneva, which we proposed to make on the following day.

All this was not very diligent sight-seeing, and we knew it, but we had explored this region thoroughly before, from the depths of the Beatus Caves to the heights of Mürren and the Eiger Glacier, so we felt free to loaf and invite our souls, if changing an universal joint sleeve can be called loafing or if stuffing the sleeve with heavy yellow grease can be called inviting the soul. At any rate, we spent the day in a manner highly satisfactory and we knew, when we started out next morning, that if anything went wrong with the car, it would be through unavoidable circumstance and not from any lack of care on our part.

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It was but little after eight when we started, with cordial good wishes from every one in the hotel, and began our run for some point on Lake Geneva, not as yet determined; a delightful feeling of freedom this, by the way, of being able to stop when and where we wished, not at some previously chosen spot for which tickets had been bought and which must be our goal regardless of our wishes and our state of weariness or freshness when that destination was reached. The morning air was like wine, the roads beyond description, and the little car chugged out its gratitude for the care given it and we went on for miles through a world that seemed all our own.

Before very long, however, we became aware of an auto in front of us, and, because it was a small one, and the man who drove it was bareheaded, and went at a reasonable, sensible speed, we decided him to be an American. A young fellow on a bicycle clung to the fender of his car, thereby getting a free ride, which finally resulted badly when he fell from his bike and one wheel of the auto ran over his arm, without, however, doing more than bruising it. We saw the accident and going more slowly soon observed that the other car was waiting for us. When we came up its driver was be-

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side us in a moment, saying that he was a Mr. S —— of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and had seen our flag and could not resist the temptation to chat with us a few minutes if we could spare the time. We were equally glad, of course, and a half-hour soon slipped away, while we exchanged cards and experiences by the roadside, to the amusement of the natives, who smiled at our chatter and our idleness, the while they trudged past us on their diligent occupations. At length, however, Mr. S—— climbed into his car and started on for Thun and we too cranked up, and with a parting wave and honk we bade one another farewell, not all unlike the familiar “ships that pass in the night and speak to each other in passing.”

Mr. S—— drove a Hudson, a roadster of practically the same size and power as our car. He had landed in England and after spending some time there had made his way through Holland and Germany to Switzerland and was expecting to return through northern France to Havre. He had covered about the same distance that we had, with as little trouble and as much enjoyment. He spoke some German and was full of enthusiasm and confidence in the practicability of the small car as a means of touring the Continent. His was the only small car from

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this side of the water which we met or heard of while abroad, and he said that ours was the only one which had come to his attention.

As we went on, the scenery grew more and more rugged, and we grudged every mile and every snowy peak that dropped behind us.

In the eleven kilometres between Hohenegg and Rougemont we were amazed to see how abruptly the language changed from German to French, and almost at once, too, the manners of the people became more courteous and obliging, though the change in their appearance was slower in making itself apparent. At Les Mosses, ninety-five kilometres from Interlaken, we crossed the pass at an elevation of fourteen hundred and forty-eight metres (Interlaken is only five hundred and seventy) and found that we had to resort more than once to our new and as yet unpatented water-carrying device. This was an ordinary rubber hot-water bag which up to to-day had not done enough good to pay for its passage but which on these long climbs did yeoman service. We filled the radiator from it at the frequent mountain springs and then carried in it an additional supply sufficient to last until the next water was reached. This tendency of the radiator to get so very hot worried and puzzled us, and continued to do so on the

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stiff climbs, until we reached the Pyrenees, when we found it explained, or at any rate suddenly, once and for all, relieved, as shall be told in due course and in the proper place.

The view of the Dent du Midi from the Col des Mosses is superb. This high ridge is not only a pass and as hard a one as the Brünig, but is the watershed dividing the tributaries of the Rhine from those of the Rhone. Perhaps, like rivers, languages have their watersheds; in any event, we climbed the heights among a German people and coasted smoothly into sunlit valleys and a gentler speech on the other side of the ridge.

For miles we rode without seeing a human being, absolutely alone in a world of azure skies, deep gorges, rainbow-lighted cascades and wraith-like peaks, with no sound to break the solemn silence of these great heights and distances but the throbbing of the engine and the occasional tinkle of sweet-toned cow-bells from some unseen herd, browsing on a slope nearby; and knowing that we had crossed the Rubicon, for that day we rested and revelled in the unearthly beauty of the scene.

From Les Mosses to Aigle is only nineteen kilometres, but the descent is ten hundred and thirty-eight metres, or about two hundred and eighty-five

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feet to the mile, which makes it easy to credit the mild statement of the guide book which says of the climb from Aigle up to the Pass that it includes "some rude hills." It is only a little distance from Aigle to Montreux, and almost at once we plunged into the very midst of fashionable tourist life, for Lake Geneva is always popular, and from Montreux to Lausanne is practically one all-the-year-round resort.

CHAPTER XII

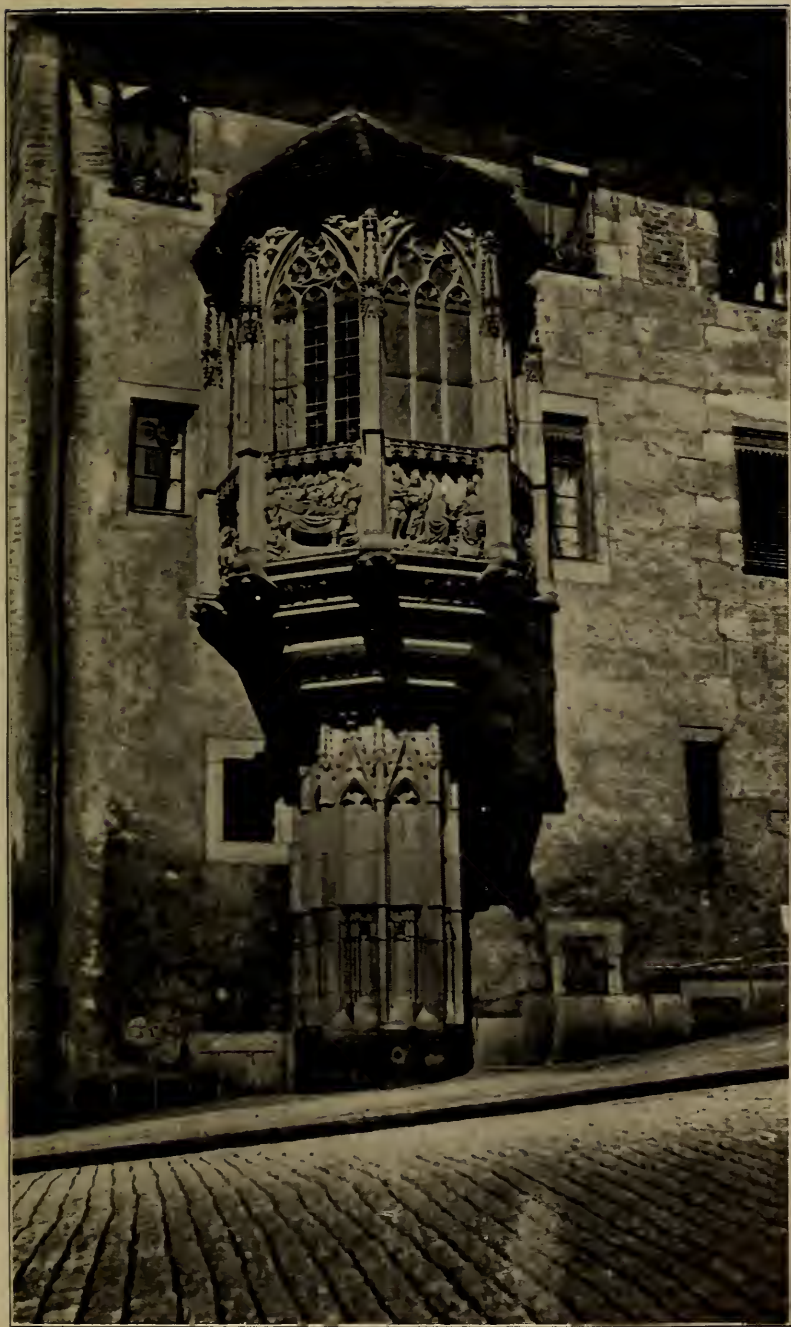
LAKE GENEVA AND LYONS

WHO could stop at Montreux, attractive though it is, with Chillon unvisited and calling from only three kilometres away? We went directly on by the lake, over a road, dusty from much travel, until suddenly the square old castle rose from the water. It stands on an isolated rock, twenty-two yards from the bank, and the whole looks not unlike a lump of stone which has broken off from some cliff and slipped into the edge of the lake. The castle itself, is rather lacking in interest and suffers from atrociously glaring restorations. Its interior looks more like a fire engine hall in Seattle than like a fortress that was old when the Crusaders went to Jerusalem. There is little about it that makes a romantic appeal, but one must be overcritical who could feel no charm in the place, especially at this hour, for the sinking sun threw streamers of gold and crimson across the blue of the lake and the lapping wavelets made flickering ripples of light on the floor of Bonivard's dungeon.

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All the world knows that Byron's story of Bonivard is not the true one, but here at least we were disposed to be lenient, and not too nicely to discriminate between the poet's prisoner and the real Francis Bonivard, who was confined here from 1530 to 1536 and who no doubt suffered more than enough of the agony which Byron describes, though he did finally return to his home and lived there a highly respected citizen, for more than thirty years after his liberation. The date of the castle is probably some time prior to 830, but it was strengthened by Peter of Savoy in the thirteenth century, who left it, save for the restorations, in much its present condition. It has served in more recent years as a state prison and as an arsenal but now is given over to the enthusiastic admiration of tourists and the sentimental awe of crowds of schoolgirls who are in seminaries all along the north shore of the lake.

Leaving Chillon, we went on through Clarens to Vevey, where we decided that it was time to stop. The only difficulty seemed to be to find some hotel, which was not too full of fashionably dressed Americans and English, for the run had been dusty and we looked rather the worse for it, and even at best, motorists can hardly be expected to carry evening dress, yet can certainly not explain the cause of



" NUREMBERG IS INTERESTING "

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their shortcomings to other properly clad people. However, no doubt we were unnecessarily alarmed, and even here it would not have been really needed; if so, it was the first and last place that we found on our trip where we should not have felt entirely comfortable in our ordinary hotel attire.

A few minutes of wandering about brought us to the Hotel du Pont, where, as the English say, "They did us very well." It is a typical travelling man's hotel, and in Europe as in our own country, he who will follow the drummer, the *commis voyageur*, will find himself sure of good bed and board, if not of luxury or display. In the evening we walked about the town and went early to bed, where we slept as restfully as if we had been in the three or four steepled hotels, which the guide book so temptingly set before our eyes.

There is really not much to see in Vevey, and nothing to do but enjoy the mildness of the air and the beauties of nature, which are spread in a magnificent panorama in every direction as far as the eye can see, the Dent du Midi and all the peaks of Savoy stretching out in a long chain and looking, of course, much nearer than they are.

After an hour or so spent in seeing the town we started on for Geneva, realizing that there was no

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particular object in staying in Vevey, to enjoy the view, when we could feast our eyes on it at every mile of the road. And what a feast it was!

Sometimes we passed under avenues of plane or chestnut trees, beside vines heavy with the vintage. Sometimes through sleepy little towns and always over roads like petrified velvet, and with the stately procession of the mountains, keeping pace with us, the lesser peaks marshalled and dominated by the kingly, far-shining crest of Mont Blanc in the distance.

In Lausanne, a flourishing city and all uphill, which is justly proud of its fifty-six thousand people, we stopped awhile admiring its bustling streets and reading in the guide book about the places which we ought to have visited instead, but we were captivated by the road, and churches, museums, and tribunals did not sound enticing on such a day, so we soon went on again. Everything was going beautifully, save that we were growing ravenously hungry, till we were within fifteen miles of Geneva, then we suddenly felt a lurch and a wobble that indicated trouble and jumping out discovered that our rear tire was flat. At this moment from some giant's caldron below the edge of the world, huge clouds as black as pitch began to boil up and spread

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ominously over the heavens. We worked as rapidly as we could, and were just ready to put away the tools when we discovered that the other rear tire was flat also. No wonder the car had swayed! Once more we took out our tools and began, with one eye on our work and the other on the piled-up clouds, and just as it was all done found that there had been a leak in the inner tube and that it was all to do over again! While we waited for the patch to dry, a friendly old man came trudging past and stopped to discuss with us the relative merits of the auto and the horse, considered from the point of view of those who desire to arrive somewhere. He stayed quite a time and then, cheerily assuring us that he was a born weather-prophet, and that a deluge was approaching, he lifted his battered hat and went on his way.

The patch was dried at last, the tube was fitted in and filled, the tools repacked, the final inspection made to avoid leaving things, and we were off and reached the city and the Hotel Monopole before the deluge, which our old friend had prophesied, made its appearance; indeed, if it came at all it did not so much as spatter the streets of Geneva.

It was fully three o'clock when we were settled in our room, in the modest but well-located hotel, so

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we merely had lunch and gave up the afternoon to seeing the town in a general way, enjoying its beautiful shops and fine quais and watching the clear swift water and the graceful swans which floated like lilies on its breast. We put in some time next morning with the auto, which was in a public garage, and later did a little necessary shopping. At the garage a young man, a mechanic and chauffeur employed there, begged us to take him with us to care for the car, offering to go for thirty-six dollars a month and out of that to board himself; but we were too well content alone, and though, of course, he could have saved us, at times, no little work and annoyance, we had no need of his four languages nor any place to carry him, and we did not take him, anxious though he was to have us do so.

We let the few actual sights of the city go and in the afternoon drove about and went out to the pleasant Parc des Eaux Vives. We walked again in the evening on the quais, saw the Duke of Brunswick's mausoleum and talked of going to the Kursaal entertainment, but returned, and wrote and retired early instead.

In the morning we left by ten o'clock for Lyons. We had to pass, at Bellegarde, the frontier and here again the customs man was much perplexed and dis-

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tressed by the absence of that trifling leaden seal, but he finally gave us our money and let us go.

The run is about ninety miles and there are some lovely views and some steep grades. We were in no hurry, and made a long stop for luncheon at Nantua, and so it was four o'clock when, under heavy clouds, we ran into Lyons and to the Hotel des Étrangers, thinking to try for once, the last hostelry given in the book, and we may add that the experiment did not particularly recommend itself to us. It began to rain in the evening and literally poured for the greater part of the thirty-six hours, so that we saw very little of the city. However, this was not too serious a loss, for Lyons has less than almost any other city of like size in France to offer to the tourist. It is to-day much what old John Hughes tells us that it was when he visited it in 1819 — a “town of mud and money,” and while we do not say with him that “from the specimen which we had, too minute a survey of it can hardly be edifying to any one but a scavenger,” still we felt that if we must be kept in anywhere by the rain, we should prefer it to occur here, rather than elsewhere.

Lyons is one of the oldest French cities, dating to a Greek foundation in 560 B. C., and is to-day a place of four hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, and

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the third town in size in France, and it is said that one-half the silk of the world passes through its warehouses. Here Cinq Mars and De Thou were beheaded, and here some of the most grisly horrors of 1794 took place. All this and more we knew, but with the best of good intentions, we really could not accomplish much sight-seeing, and of the little that we saw, it is no handsome public square nor the thronging miles of quais, no great building, but a simple sculpture of the Rhone and the Saône, which here unite, that has remained in our recollection. The Rhone is represented as a strong swimmer, every line of whose body is ease and power, and the Saône as a woman, lightly supported by his strength, swimming with him, yet with more of grace and leisure, less of energy in her motions; both figures are clean cut and arrowy and convey a sense of rushing strength, and the whole conception is full of force and beauty.

All through the night it rained and when in the morning we started, it was with heavy clouds about us, and now and then a blur of mist which was gone again in a moment, but which was far from reassuring, with a long mountain run of one hundred and thirty-nine kilometres between us and Le Puy.

CHAPTER XIII

LE PUY AND THE CEVENNES

THE first few miles of our route lay through the suburbs of Lyons, and there were many villas — no doubt the homes of wealthy manufacturers in the city. At Givors the Rhone sends off a branch to the southwest, called the Gier, and this we followed for a time. So far all had gone well and gradually the clouds had lightened until we began to have hope of a good day after all. But at Rive de Gier the sky became rapidly overcast again and the country assumed an altogether different aspect, due to the fact that here we were entering one of the largest coal fields of France, Rive de Gier alone having more than fifty coal mines, as well as glass and iron works and other factories. St. Chamond, the next town of importance, has also collieries and factories and here the sky became perfectly black. Several of the towns hereabouts are connected by a steam tram line and we had to follow the tracks for miles, through practically one solid settlement, so closely were the houses built together. They faced directly on the

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car line, and were poor and thickly inhabited. Here, if anywhere in France, there is no dying out of the race, for we saw plenty of pale, unchildlike children, though even here, there seemed to be many more men and women and all wretched, despondent, and threatening.

Perhaps here, as at Decazeville farther south, the men work in danger and under terrible conditions; in some places there the beds of coal that are being mined lie under other beds that are burning, and there is ever present the fearful heat and the danger of its generating explosive gases. We were truly sorry for them and did not doubt that there were good causes for their drawn and haggard faces and looks of resentful discontent, but we had neither time nor desire to inquire into conditions, which we could by no possibility alleviate, and were only anxious to keep going till we should come to pleasanter places.

Hardly a tree or shrub enlivened these towns, and once, looking back, we fairly shuddered — so black, near, and terrifying looked the clouds. They hung like a curtain and seemed puffed out by a wind, which toward the sides swept and tore them into long streamers, like floating *crêpe*. The streets were full of dogs, and we drove with the utmost care, for the

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evil faces of the crowds of miners who were coming from their work, did not bode any good to those who should give occasion for revenge. We made up our minds that though the storm should burst furiously over us, we would still go on, rather than spend an unnecessary hour in such a forbidding spot. At Terre Noire, the next town, iron furnaces and foundries did nothing to improve the situation, and at St. Étienne, while we knew the conditions to be the same, they were more or less out of sight and we were thankful to get into a big modern town again, with wide streets, good buildings, and the outward evidences of ordinary life. We were fully ready for luncheon too and found an excellent one just being served, which proved refreshing. In some way those mean, fierce faces and lowering clouds had gotten on our nerves, and we would have been glad for almost any sort of a change.

This is a very rich and profitable region, yielding annually over three million six hundred thousand tons of coal, as well as millions of dollars' worth of weapons, cutlery, ironmongery, silk, and ribbons, but it is a place for the pleasure-seeking motorist to pass through quickly and but once.

Five miles from St. Étienne we passed La Ricamarie, a similar, but smaller, industrial town,

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near which are coal mines, one of which has been on fire since the fifteenth century. At Le Chambon Feugerolles, it was the same story and again at Firminy, but beyond here conditions changed; the grime and misery of the wretched huddling towns gave place to peaceful valleys and wind-swept uplands, with now and then a ruined castle, or a herd of sheep and cows, and by the time Monistrol was reached the sun was trying to break from behind the clouds and it seemed like another country.

From here to Le Puy the road was very hilly and the new water carrier was much to the fore, but we did not mind — we were once more out in the open, and had plenty of time before us.

In every doorway now we noticed industrious lace-makers, for here lace and tulle had taken the place of the nails and pistols of the morning, and it seemed as if the years and generations of work in these very different materials had had their effect on the people, for these were vastly more smiling and kindly. Some five miles before reaching Le Puy, the clouds gathered themselves and broke in a moment, and five minutes later, with a shimmering rainbow, the whole storm scattered and we ran into the city in a glory of sunlight that glinted up at us from

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every puddle and from every leaf, as if to say, "What a merry chase I have lead you all day, now go in peace," and it was really the last rain that we had, and the last time that the clouds worried us on our whole trip. Occasionally we caught a shower, of course, but from now on we were to be free from the distressing feeling of anxiety about the weather, which had taken a good deal of the zest out of Germany, for us, as it would take it out of a sojourn in the Elysian Fields themselves.

We had agreed, in view of our experience in Lyons, to take the best hotel on the list this time, so inquired our way to the Hotel des Ambassadeurs and were told that it was only a little farther on in the same street. Three times we had to ask, and three times we passed the very door, before we could find any place to go in, a yawning arch with no sign, leading into a dilapidated-looking court, forming all the entrance, but once inside we found satisfactory accommodations and had later the pleasure of watching another car pass three times in front of the door before finding it.

It was splendidly clear and bright the next morning, and at breakfast we learned that it was the season of the annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Our

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Lady of France, which explained the crowds that we had remarked in the hotel and on the streets the previous evening.

The first place of interest in the town is the cathedral, which has some unique architectural features, and — we grieve to say it — an odor unequalled, probably, in the civilized world. It was full of devout pilgrims, who did not seem to need us, so we made only a short stay and went to see the Rock of Corneille.

This rock forms the summit of Mt. Anis, a volcanic mass four hundred and twenty feet high, the topmost point of the town, and is itself topped by a colossal statue of Notre Dame de France, fifty-two feet in height and made from two hundred Russian cannons taken in the Battle of Sebastopol. This figure, which holds in its arms an infant Christ, stands on a pedestal twenty feet high and may be ascended by narrow winding stairs on the inside. There are frequent resting-places and on them apertures from which sweeping views of the Cevennes, the worn old town, and even of the Gerbier de Jone, in which the Loire rises, may be had.

Near to the Rock of Corneille rises another and even more incredibly abrupt pinnacle of rock, crowned by the tiny church of St. Michel d'Aiguilhe.



" AN INCREDIBLY ABRUPT PINNACLE OF ROCK, CROWNED BY THE
TINY CHURCH OF ST. MICHEL D ' AIGUILHE " [Page 156]

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These masses of rock rise like sugar loaves, they stand up as prominently as the traditional sore thumb and fill the beholder with wonderment, bringing with them a realizing sense that the whole country hereabouts is the result of unimaginable volcanic activity. The word "Puy" means *peak*, and this section of France is full of them. We descended the many stairs from the top of the Virgin's image, and crossing a short distance between, waylaid more than once by wrinkled old lacemakers, ascended the two hundred and seventy-seven more steps to the curious ancient chapel of St. Michel which dates from 962. The entrance is adorned with strange bas-reliefs and the whole little gem of a place is odd and interesting in the extreme, though there is not much but a tiny chancel and a small nave separated by heavy low pillars, from the still smaller aisles. It was deserted save for ourselves, and we stayed quite a while, studying its archaic carvings, evidently brought here from some much older building, and marvelling at the country spread before us, trying to pick out the way by which we had come, and that by which we were to leave and wondering what weather and what fortune were to greet us beyond the great wall of the Cevennes, which we must cross before we could sleep that night, as we had

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planned, with the rushing of the mighty Rhone in our ears.

At last we tore ourselves away, and returning wandered about the town, saw its low massive Tour Pannesac, once a gateway in the thirteenth century town wall, and, in strange neighborliness, a statue of Lafayette. It brought our country vividly before us, to see this memorial to the stanch young friend of Washington who was wounded at Brandywine, and whose tomb in the cemetery of the Picpus in Paris is every year on Independence Day the scene of a solemn tribute of gratitude and is heaped with flowers by an adopted but a grateful people, who do not always and entirely forget.

It was after one o'clock when we pulled out of the stony court of the hotel and crossed the Borne on a good bridge but in full view of an old and broken one, which was so pretty that we stopped to photograph it. The scene was like the drop curtain of a theatre; and even in the picture retains much of its charm.

We were aiming for the Rhone, but where we should spend the night was left an open question, to be decided by circumstances and the pleasure of the moment. The car was running well, the sunlight was brilliant, a fresh wind blew and a charm-

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ing country lay about us, with a still more fascinating one to come, and we had not a care. The first fifty-three kilometres, to St. Agrève, were nearly perpendicular in places and on the tops of the hills it was cruelly cold, while the wind, which below we had enjoyed as fresh and bracing, now cut like a knife, so that we opened the auto trunk and took out the warmest wraps we had. Near the summit, at Pont de Mars, we paused again to ask for water for the car. We had stopped beside a miserable hut and after asking a little girl for the water, Madame chatted with the parents while Monsieur let the machine cool before filling it. The father was bringing out a fine cow from one end of the house and was evidently going to yoke it with another, which was ready and waiting in front, while the mother and little girl stood anxiously near, greatly excited over what was going forward. Our interest soon induced them to explain the situation. This, it seemed, was the first time that the younger cow had ever been hitched, and the ceremony was a great event in their colorless lives. We told them that where we lived no one worked the cows, whereat they all exclaimed, "What — they just keep them for the milk?" It was an unheard-of waste to their frugal minds, for, as the woman said, "A cow can

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do a great deal of work, though she is not really strong, and one must be content to be slow and patient with her." They told us that a good animal was worth three hundred and fifty francs, and we felt relieved to know that they had even as much as the one hundred and forty dollars, which the two cows represented, standing between them and actual want.

Very timidly, for fear of hurting Madame's feelings, they asked where we were from, saying that she did not speak exactly as they did, but by no means implying that her method was not greatly superior to their own. When Madame told them that we were from the United States, all interest in the cows was forgotten, and they accepted the coin Madame gave them and bade us farewell as if the simple statement had thrown them into a trance.

The tops of the Cevennes yield excellent pasture, so we are sure that the gentle, old-ivory colored cows will fare fully as well as the master and mistress, whom their labor and their product support; indeed, there is not so much to choose between the two lives, — in each a day of toil, more or less suffering if the weather is cold, the necessary food, a night of sleep, and the end thereof is peace.

The Pont de Mars marks the summit of the ridge and from there on, the way was down hill to the

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river, another fifty kilometres, and we coasted practically all of the distance.

Once or twice we came to a sudden stop to avoid the rush of tall trees which were being cut high up on the hillsides and allowed to slide down to the road, where they were pulled away to the mills, but these dangerous places were always marked by signs at each end and the lumberers were unfailingly prompt in moving the logs if they blocked the way.

The wind gradually became less keen, once in a while we glided through a hamlet, now and then we saw a sparkling waterfall, and always the hills unfolded and slipped from behind one another, the dark forests came close or drew back with puffs of balmy air in our faces, the birds wheeled below, the far clouds sailed serenely above and the little car chortled merrily on its lazy way, as if well content with the consciousness of good work done, and we rejoiced over every new vista that met our eager gaze, only lamenting to see the speedometer count off the miles of the ribbon-like roads over which we ran. It was delight unadulterated and the finest ride which we had yet had, but at last we reached the level of the Erioux and crossed and recrossed it until it joined the larger river, near La Voulte sur Rhone.

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Here, as dusk was upon us, we decided to stay for the night at the Hotel du Musée, the best in town although it did not look particularly inviting, nor did it "deceive its looks," as our good old colored maid used frequently to say. Our room, though evidently the best in the house, was in the garret, with rough hand-hewn rafters and unpainted boards, but with two windows from which we had lovely views up and down the river, the sound of whose flood, as we had promised ourselves, stole pleasantly in, mingled with the chatter of the villagers, as they flocked to the little square, to some sort of travelling show whose flaring torch lit up the inky darkness under the trees. The dinner and the toilet facilities of the hotel we are forgetting as fast as our unfortunately retentive memories will permit.

Morning found us anxious to be off; so, after feeding a friendly dog most of our soggy, sour rolls and patting the little donkey which shared our garage — or which, more truly, shared his stable with our auto — we set out for a stroll. The town has twenty-seven hundred inhabitants, but must at one time have been a more considerable place, to judge from the decaying houses and the crumbling castle which dominates all. Nowhere in the town could we get information as to this grim old edifice,

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even Baedeker merely speaks of it as "an ancient fortress."

Spanning the river was a fine new suspension bridge, to Livron, but this and the auto were the only signs of an era later than the Middle Ages. There seemed little to see and less to be learned about the town, so we rolled away by half-past nine, for what we had long felt would be a particularly interesting ride with the fascinating goal of Avignon at its end. And we were not disappointed.

CHAPTER XIV

THE RHONE AND AVIGNON

ALMOST all the way the road clung close to the river, through stony, unlovely villages, with mulberry trees in abundance, now and then, as at Rochemaure, a towering old castle loomed above us, and at Cruas an ancient fortified abbey held itself aloof on a jutting crag. At Le Tiel we crossed the river on a suspension bridge, and pounded over a rough, dusty road to Montélimar, with no more exalted motive than to get some of its world-famous nougat. Montélimar is a prosperous place of thirteen thousand people, and has an ancient castle, but its sweetmeats were what we sought and what we found, and these, with one exception, form our only distinct recollection of the place. The other is the memory of an empty stony square, and at the end of it a whitewashed hotel, from which streamed out the brilliant red, white, and blue of a big new American flag. Had it been anywhere near luncheon time that would have won us, but as it was, we bounced back over the wretched

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road, across the long bridge and to Le Tiel again, our sticky treasure safely in our pockets.

Le Tiel has also its ruined castle, and, much more in evidence, large manufactories of lime and cement, and here we began to notice the strength of the wind. It had blown the powdered lime dust until the town was as white as a leper — not one green leaf, not one human-looking man or woman could be seen. It filled the eyes, the hair, the lungs, the very air seemed unbreathable, and we were glad to hold our heads low and get beyond the town as fast as the cut-up state of the roads would permit.

At Viviers sur Rhone, eight kilometres beyond, we found the same situation, and at several places farther on. It was the very antithesis of the ride through the coal fields two days ago. So strange, so gaunt and barren a country we had seldom seen and certainly did not suppose that such a region existed in France. For miles we rode with the swift river on our left and at our right great white limestone cliffs, carved and worn by the fierce wind into weird shapes that loomed over us fantastically, like the figures of a hag-ridden dream. At times we almost felt that we too were scudding by like white wrapped, uncanny figures, driven not by the honest motor under the hood, but by the shrieking

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mistral, which blew with ever-increasing fury behind us.

All day we hardly met an auto, but it was very generally market day and hundreds of people passed between the towns going and coming with their wares and purchases. Indeed, when we arrived at Pont St. Esprit, with appetites whetted by our hours in the open air, we found the place so thronged with people, brought together by the cattle fair, that we were fain to unwrap another morsel of nougat from its silver paper and press on to Bagnols sur Cèze, where we were fully repaid for our suffering by the excellent luncheon which the Hotel du Louvre spread before us, after which stop we ran on to Avignon, and the Grand Hotel d'Avignon.

This hotel, though not so popular with tourists as the De l'Europe, is more central in its location — a fact which we have come to believe is of great importance. When one is a little tired, if off at the edge of town, one will nine times out of ten stay in to rest, rather than make the exertion of going to see things, whereas if one were near to them one would be much more likely to go, and in the interest of the places seen entirely forget the fatigue. So we pressed sternly by the “good cuisine” which Baedeker credits to the “old and established” De



" A VISION OF OLD WORLD GERMANY "

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" EACH AS NEAT AS A PIN, THE WHOLE LAID OUT IN STREETS AND
LOOKING LIKE THE COTTAGE SYSTEM OF SOME SANITARIUM "

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l'Europe and were content in the other, which was within five minutes' walk of the palace and the beautiful promenade of the Rocher des Doms.

Of course, there is but one first thing to do at Avignon and that is to visit the Papal Palace. This lofty, gloomy Gothic pile was under construction from 1316 to 1364 and was the residence of the Popes until 1377, during the period commonly known as the Babylonish Captivity and covering the reigns of seven popes, of whom Clement V was the first. Only from a distance, say from the bridge or from Villeneuve les Avignon across the river, does the palace make an imposing impression, thence its position on a cliff, almost two hundred feet above the river, gives it a dignity which, seen near at hand, it lacks. It fell to the low estate of a barrack many years ago, and as such has remained until recently; now, however, it is being cleaned and restored and will be used as a museum. It makes on the beholder the impression of being larger within than without, and is a wilderness of corridors, stairways, and rooms of all sizes, and doubtless, for all purposes, into many of which it would probably be wiser not to inquire, even if anything were to be learned about them. The renovations are bringing to light staircases hidden in the

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thickness of the walls and bits of elaborate frescoing that have been covered up with whitewash, for no one can say how many years, but still the fact is that for some unexplainable reason it seems a particularly disappointing place, singularly lacking in points on which to hang the gorgeous vestments of one's imagination. There is an approach to truth in Henry James' observation that it is "the dreariest of all historical buildings." Under some of the Popes, during the years of the Great Schism, the Papal court here became more than royal in its splendor, a magnificent stud of horses pranced through the streets, hosts of liveried retainers, courtiers, and attendants crowded the court-yards, while self-seeking bishops fawned not only on prelates, but on handsome and imperial mistresses, who exerted their evil influence over a court, the example of which made of Avignon the moral sink of all Christendom. Petrarch, in his letters, speaks with loathing of it, and says that beside it Rome, for ages steeped in vice, was a model of virtue. The Palace was largely built by James Fournier, who, as Pope Benedict XII, spent upon it vast sums from the heaps of treasure, eighteen millions in golden florins and seven millions in plate and jewels,

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piled up by his unscrupulous predecessor, John XXII, the son of a cobbler from Cahors.

But if the palace is without charm, and if the Cathedral next to it is hideous with its awkward gilt Madonna perched on top of the tower, still the adjacent park of the Rocher des Doms makes up for it all. This promenade crowns the precipice three hundred feet above the river and commands a view which at sunset has few rivals. It has been likened, and justly, to that from the Pincian Gardens. In silence we drank it all in, the stately, far-flung river, with which we had travelled and on whose banks we had stayed, the tumbled Cevennes whose gentle slopes and sharp climbs alike we had experienced, and farther away and dimmer the great Alps — we felt that we knew and loved them all. Nearer at hand are the grim old city of Villeneuve les Avignon and the broken bridge of St. Bénézet, which looks as if a giant had thought to cross to the old tower of Philippe le Bel and then at the fourth stride had changed his mind and returned whence he started. All these, with the bosky gardens through which we wandered made a picture in the sunset glow which was wide and beautiful. Our eyes were gratified and our imagination fired by the sight and the thought

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of the powerful river whose course could be traced almost from the mountains to the sea, and with the river came another force, rushing from the Alps to the ocean, a less palpable one, but none the less real, the strong wind called the *mistral*, from *magistral*, the master wind.

This wind is no ordinary breeze, but a current of cool air which whirls down from the heights of the Alps and the Cevennes, to fill the vacuum left by the rising of the super-heated air, over the semi-arid regions stretching south from Avignon to the sea. It blows by day and night, sometimes for weeks, and at times with such violence as to make the river impassable to ordinary craft. In 1845 it destroyed the suspension bridge between Beaucaire and Tarascon, and all through this country tall hedges of cypress have been planted to break its force and to prevent, if possible, the sifting of the sand and limestone dust into houses, gardens, and vineyards.

These long straight lines of trees present a strange appearance, grisly, whitish gray on one side, on the other a rich dark green; sometimes they form an almost light-proof wall thirty to fifty feet high, without which the crops would be actually blown out of the ground; the railroads are thus protected for

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miles, for the force of the wind is such that even steam must reckon with it.

But to return to the Rocher des Doms; we strolled there, blown about but fascinated, until the sun sank, a ball of fire, below a horizon promising fair weather, and then we went back to our hotel, where we had a large, handsomely furnished room with two beds, two wash stands, two carved wardrobes, and many chairs and tables, for one dollar and sixty cents a day.

During the night Monsieur woke suddenly, feeling his bed shudder under the blast of the mistral, and in a moment became conscious of a faint noise at the door. While he lay listening, it came again, and in a moment again and sounded as if the lock were being softly tried from the outside. It was as if a hand gently, and with an ill-fitting key, turned the lock partly over and then it slipped back. Several times he heard the noise, then bethought himself that, as a streak of light showed under the door from the electric bulb in the corridor, he would be able to distinguish, if there were feet near the door. Very softly he raised himself on his elbow, looked, and sure enough saw the dark shapes of two shoes huddling close. Holding his breath, he decided that he would keep watch and the moment that the key held and the lock really turned back and the door began

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to open he would jump out on the burglar, with a yell which would frighten him as he had never been frightened in his life before. With ears alert, eyes on the dark patches outside the door, and nerves strained, he held himself in readiness and presently the noise came again, this time so loudly and accompanied by such a rattling of the whole door, and a quivering of the bed, that he realized in a second that it had been only the wind buffeting the house with increasing power, and those crowding shoes — his own of course — which he had put there for the boots to shine, as he did every night, and as everybody does in the hotels in Europe. In an expansive moment, later, he told the story, and more than once since it has furnished our friends and ourselves a hearty laugh at his expense.

For the next day we decided on the excursion to the Fountain of Vaucluse, famous as the haunt of the Italian poet Petrarch, whose sonnets to his Laura are beloved of lovers the world over.

The story is confused and the truth hard to get at, but this much is clear: the poet, beguiling as best he could his exile in Avignon, at about the age of twenty-one, chanced one day to enter a church and there saw the beautiful Laura de Sade, a girl of twelve to eighteen years, or, as some say, her mother,

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Laura de Noves, wife of Hugo de Sade; at any rate, whether maid or matron, he fell in love with Laura at the first glance, and though no one can say how much they saw of one another later, it is certain that he never married her.

To comfort himself he took to writing the sonnets, many of which are purely lovely, while others contain much that is offensive to modern ears, not accustomed to so bold a hand upon the lyre.

In 1337 Petrarch retired to the fountain of Vaucluse and there lived and wrote, and a more ideal spot for an earnest student or a despairing lover nursing his bleeding heart in solitude it would be hard to find.

The fountain or spring now, as in Petrarch's time, of water clear, fresh, and sweet, has its rise in the infiltration of rainfall in the limestone plateau which extends eastward to the Durance, and which crowns a perpendicular wall of rock. At the bottom of this sheer cliff, six hundred feet in height, lies the spring; in low water, a quiet pool; in the full season, a sparkling, gushing fountain, whose twenty-six thousand gallons per second are soon gathered together and form a little stream, which thriftily turns the wheels of paper and woollen factories, and farther on, becoming of the size for christening, is known as the

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Sorgue. The spring in its basin, perhaps thirty feet wide, was still and clear when we were there, as at that season of the year the supply of water is small; and we climbed down and peered far into its shadowy cavern, trying to think how its tinkling must have set itself to the poet's liquid rhymes in the long past days when he drank of its "*chiare, fresche e dolci acque*," or scaled the nearby rocky promontory to cheer himself, in the company of his friend, the Bishop of Cavaillon, the ruins of whose chateau loom neighborly on the high bank.

At length we turned and followed the miniature cascades and windings of the newborn river, to a restaurant, where a brigandish-looking Boniface served us luncheon. A cat and two kittens shared our repast, politely sitting on the extra chair so long as we were attentive to their wants, and when we were not, jumping to our laps and claiming insistently what we had looked upon as largess. The intimate air of the little feast was enhanced when the talkative bandit, seeing that our carafe was empty, seized it, and, stooping, let it gurgle itself full in the limpid stream beside us.

Luncheon over, we rolled out from the shelter of the vale into the shrieking tumult of the mistral. At times the car seemed to cower under the fierce



" THE GASTHOF ZUM HIRSCH AND ITS ENGLISH-SPEAKING
PROPRIETOR "

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" ONE LIFTS THE EYES TO THEIR SUMMITS WITH A PLEASURE IN
THEIR BEAUTY "

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gusts, whose strength was such that our progress was slow and our ears rang for hours from its whizzing, stinging blasts.

When we reached the city again we circled its well-preserved walls, which were built between 1349 and 1368. They are continuous and have intact their battlements, their seven gates, and their thirty-nine towers. But they are low and do not look as if they were ever erected for defence, the regularity of their machicolated battlements reminded us of the chocolate-coated walls of some candy fortress in an exposition, and they left us cold, after the stout old ramparts of Rothenburg and Nuremberg, nor did they later gain by comparison with Aigues Mortes and Carcassonne, though larger in circuit than either of these.

After a short rest for cleaning up and a much appreciated long breath in the windless calm of our big room, we set out again, this time in an old trap of an omnibus for the crumbling town of Villeneuve les Avignon across the Rhone.

Just as we had crossed the long bridge, which spans the river, here divided by a considerable island, we heard a pleasant voice asking in English for a moment's use of Baedeker, and turning saw a middle-aged lady, whose smile attracted us at once. When

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we presently descended from the 'bus she did also, and followed us a step or two until we asked if she would not like to accompany us. This once busy town has now only twenty-nine hundred inhabitants, and most of those look as if they would soon be gathered to their fathers, from sheer lack of interest in remaining alive. The only things worth visiting are the fort of St. André and the Chartreuse du Val de Bénédiction, the latter founded by Innocent VI in 1356. Its decaying courts and archways now shelter gossiping old crones and ill-mannered boys, whose curiosity provided us with an undesirable cortege, which was difficult to shake off. The old fort is on a rise of ground and glowers harmlessly over at the Papal city, a very gentle reminder of more savage days. The chief remains of the ancient citadel are two great round towers and a long line of ruined wall stretching about an empty court, where the sun shone brilliantly and the mistral grew so boisterous, that we begged to carry all the small impedimenta of our new acquaintance, that she might have both hands free to keep her balancing hat from flying off, probably all the way to the sea. The view of the larger city, now of course much reduced from its former size, was magnificent, and the bridge of St. Bénézet hardly less attractive from this side than from the

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other. This famous bridge was in construction from 1177 to 1185, and stood until 1669, when fourteen of its arches and a like number of its piers were swept away.

From it French children have derived their equivalent of "London Bridge is Falling Down," but here the song is:

"Sur le pont d'Avignon,
L'on y danse, l'on y danse,
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse en rond."

On the second pier of the bridge is a little chapel dedicated to St. Bénézet, and on his day, April 14, each year a mass is celebrated here. The story goes that a simple shepherd, Benedict or Bénézet, a diminutive thereof — as the man was an undersized fellow — distressed by the many accidents which befell those crossing the river by boats, determined to rouse the Avignonese to the necessity of building a bridge. For a long time he labored in vain, even being beaten by the authorities for his persistent and annoying talk, but in the end he succeeded, interest was awakened, the bridge was built, and he was made a saint in recognition of his merits and his efforts.

Our companion, Madame de K——, for by this

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time she had given us her card, had not yet seen the palace or the promenade, so we returned to the city, where Madame volunteered to show her the sights while Monsieur gave the car a little overhauling. It was after closing hour for the palace, so they examined the old mint, went for a moment into the dimness of the empty cathedral and then up the shallow flights of stairs to the park. Once more the sun was setting, its rays making a silvery lace work of the threading branches of the noble river below. The clouds were a glory of gold and rose, and far to the east the snowy Mont Ventoux looked like some hovering, stainless spirit. The pretty park, with its clustering trees, its tiny lakes, and floating swans they hardly saw, so rapt were they in watching that splendid sunset. Not till the last fleck of pink had faded from the sky and the last gleam gone from the river did they turn away, and a violet haze was rising over the mountains and the short twilight falling, when at last they descended to the city.

Madame de K—— took dinner with us, and spent the evening until it was time for her to go to the train—for she was to take the night express to Paris. We accompanied her to the station and saw her off with real regret. She had very carefully refrained from hinting at it, but we felt that she was

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not just like every one else, and a friend has since told us of the ancient and noble Breton family from which she came, and of the no less honored family to which, by marriage, she belongs.

It was late when we went to bed that night, tired with the constant wind, and long walk, but we had had a happy, profitable day and were content.

CHAPTER XV

THE PONT DU GARD, NÎMES, AND ARLES

WE left Avignon the next morning in good season, threaded our way around the walls and across the bridge to Villeneuve les Avignon, stopped for one last look at the palace of the Popes, the broken bridge, and the old city sleeping beside the turbid Rhone, and then, taking the direction indicated by a Touring Club of France sign, started at thirty miles an hour, in the teeth of the mistral, for the Pont du Gard. The wind actually seemed to slap our faces and beat in our ears with such force as to make conversation impossible, except by shouting. One would not care to miss the mistral, but having experienced it once is enough, and we were weary of it. We have heard of women on the plains of western Kansas going insane through weariness and the nervous strain of the never-ceasing wind. We have experienced that wind ourselves for days, but any wind that we have ever felt there, was as a spring zephyr to this unabating, irresistible torrent of air which we breasted hour after hour.

THE PONT DU GARD

The ride to the Pont du Gard was through a dry, desolate country, the same as the road down the Rhone, the only life being that of the olive trees — old, gray, and gnarled, which seemed only to accentuate the barrenness of the landscape. It was still early when we reached Remoulins and followed the signs pointing the way to the bridge. Through its narrow streets, we wound, and then a sharp turn and “one of the most imposing monuments of the Romans which remains to us” was revealed.

It was too early for other travellers to have arrived, and we took a selfish delight in being able to revel alone in its beauty. For the time being it was ours to admire, to wonder over, to investigate. While called a bridge, it was, in fact, originally an aqueduct, built by Agrippa in 19 B. C., to convey to Nîmes the water of two streams, which have their sources in the neighborhood of Uzès, twenty-five miles away. It is eight hundred and eighty-eight feet long and one hundred and sixty feet high and rises in three tiers of arches, the larger six in number in the valley, the next row of eleven on a level with the river banks and the third of thirty-five carrying the aqueduct even with the hills.

It is constructed of cut stones, so perfectly set and fitted that no cement was needed or used, ex-

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cept in making the water-tight conductor along the top. At the right end, stairs have been built and we ascended to the very summit, where the view is fine and one can walk the entire distance through the canal, still covered in part by the original stone. "All this, to carry the water of a couple of springs to a little provincial city." It is said that when hundreds of years after it was built the Vandals destroyed most of the other Roman constructions in this region, they spared this bridge from a feeling of awe at its majesty and grandeur.

Wishing a picture, we arranged that Madame should remain on the bridge and by standing erect give some means of comparison by which the immense size of the structure could be estimated, Monsieur going below to snap it; but when he reached the ground and looked up, he realized the folly of the plan, as did she the moment that she stood erect, so dangerous was her position, leaning far over against the powerful pressure of the wind.

The picture taken, we lingered about on the ground marvelling at this great proof of Rome's might, until a number of bicyclists arrived and then we retraced the road to the point at which it turns off toward Nîmes. This twenty-five miles of white

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macadam was so smooth that its hard surface felt soft and almost yielding as we rolled over it.

The temptation was too great to resist and we let the car increase its speed until we seemed to be flying, when suddenly the singing of a siren behind notified us to give way and we pulled out to the right without lessening our speed and were passed by an immense car as if we had been standing still. It was going sixty miles an hour at least, and was out of sight in a moment. Its furious pace almost frightened us, and we reduced our speed, for it seemed foolish to increase it ever so little beyond the safety point when there was so much to see, so much to live for, and so much to enjoy.

Arrived at Nîmes, we stopped at the *octroi* station and inquired the way to the amphitheatre. Directly opposite it was the Hotel of the White Horse, and putting the auto in its garage, we started out to see as much as possible before noon. The arena was so near that we left it for the last and went on to the beautiful little Maison Carrée, which Baedeker double-stars and calls "one of the finest and best preserved Roman temples anywhere extant."

It is located in the heart of the city, as it was no doubt, in the centre of the Roman forum, and is so

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well preserved that it is hard to believe it other than a modern municipal building. It is eighty-two feet long, by forty feet wide and forty high, with thirty exquisite Corinthian columns of beautiful workmanship, six of which uphold a portico on the front. Fifteen steps lead up to the door. Within is a museum consisting largely of Roman statuary and articles found in or about Nîmes. These things are very interesting, and some of the delicate glass ornaments are so wonderful in coloring as to make Tiffany's best seem cheap and tawdry.

Not far from here is the Jardin de la Fontaine, a park composed mostly of water effects. The luncheon at the White Horse was good and well served by waiters who wore a uniform or livery, instead of the usual dress suit, an innovation which we trust will be adopted more generally; the ever present waiter, arrayed at all hours of the day and night in worn dress clothes and universally shabby shoes, becomes as trying to the nerves as the mistral, when experienced daily for two or three months.

We visited the amphitheatre in the afternoon and found it in a much better state of preservation than the Colosseum at Rome, though by no means so large. This one has been restored and kept in repair and is still in use for bull fights, and in the brilliant

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sunshine was a very imposing spectacle. Like the Pont du Gard, it is constructed without the use of cement or mortar. It was arranged to seat twenty-four thousand people and had one hundred and twenty-four exits. This arena was never used for wild beast fights — only for gladiatorial contests, or, by being flooded was turned occasionally into a place for naval battles. While we were there a vaudeville troupe was playing and a ramshackle stage with glittering trimmings prevented the imagination from going beyond buffoonery. We did not linger long. Nîmes was a disappointment. We had expected to be keenly interested there, but at the end of half a day were satisfied, and being untrammelled by time-tables, had only to turn the crank and start again for the unknown, the land of dreams.

From Nîmes to Beaucaire the road was fine, and the country no different from what it had been earlier in the day. It was but a short drive and the town seemed deadly dull when we stopped in the open space before the hill or rather great bluff on which the fragments of its castle stood, and left the machine while we mounted the worn stairs to its park, unkept and dry as dust.

A group of boys playing hide and seek discovered us and, undaunted, joined us, following with keen

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interest wherever we went, even peering into the dim old tower in which a tottering custodian, with breathless enthusiasm, unlocked a cupboard and disclosed to us a skull, a perfectly good skull so far as we could see, which had been discovered in the ruins, and which was all the fortress had to offer except a view of the Rhone, the distant hills, and Tarascon on the other side of the river. We spent some time enjoying the view in spite of the crowding, pushing boys, who were underfoot and very fearful of failing to see that which the foreigners found so interesting. Presently returning to the car, Monsieur noticed what he thought was a small stone imbedded in a rear tire and in trying to get it out punctured the inner tube, with the result that can be imagined. The sun was broiling hot, the boys were everywhere and absolutely starving for information as to the tools that we laid down, and the purposes for which we took them up again, and they crowded about so closely as to shut off all air and actually to handicap the work. In this painful situation we suddenly discovered the air bottle to be empty; Monsieur stripped for action, and the pump was manned. This brought up for discussion the engine pump that should have been bought before leaving home and, had not the only English-speaking person in the village arrived to discuss with Madame

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our route and our country and to draw the attention of the boys from the pumping to a more interesting matter, something might have happened to justify our incarceration in the prison, once the castle of King René, across the Rhone.

Beaucaire was at one time the seat of a great national fair similar to that of Nijni-Novgorod, but it has degenerated now into a purely local matter, a meeting place for the rustics who are amused by merry-go-rounds and the performances of mountebanks.

The tire repair accomplished, we crossed a long suspension bridge to Tarascon, and stopped on the left bank of the Rhone to view the castle. It is a sturdy fortification, and as a whole appears uninteresting, except for the fact that it was built by King René the Good; later we saw in Angers the statue of this poet, painter of miniatures, and leader in and patron of the Courts of Love. Here in this castle he held his revels. In those days as in these, an artistic temperament was not a kingly attribute and he lived to see his possessions filched from him, as he frittered his time away, in the things he loved.

Tarascon is better known as the scene of two of Daudet's stories — "Les Aventures Prodigieuses de Tartarin" and "Les Contes du Lundi"; it is hardly

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worth the trouble of a visit by rail, but as an incident in the day's run was well worth the time we gave it. As special permission was required to view the interior of the castle, we satisfied our curiosity by examining the outside and taking a picture of it, and were shortly on our way, through the shady streets, over a road which continued to be unusually fine, to Arles.

When we stopped to make our declaration at the *octroi*, we inquired for directions as to the location of the hotels. The two hostelries of this city are perhaps as well known as any in Europe; every one who goes there speaks of them. They are on the ancient forum at right angles to each other, with a narrow alley between, and into one of them is built a fragment of a Gallo-Roman portico. They are remarkable for being equally bad and no one who has stopped at either ever left town without wishing that he had tried the other instead. We went to the Hotel du Forum and found its second and third floors torn up during the installation of steam heat and other improvements, and while we spent the night there fairly comfortably we agreed to see what we could of Arles in as short a time as possible, and run out to St. Remy, where we had heard of a really good hotel, in which to spend the next night.



"THE SCENE WAS LIKE THE DROP CURTAIN OF A THEATRE"

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On our table at dinner that evening was a bill advertising a bull fight to the death, in which six Spanish bulls and twenty horses were to be used and in the morning the town was crowded with people attracted there by the event, a fact which added to our desire to get away.

We visited the Cathedral of St. Trophimus in the square, with an elaborately ornamented front, also the scanty remains of a Roman theatre, and then returned to get the car, and to settle the bill.

We found a boy of not more than twelve, well dressed and evidently of the better class, standing by the auto and admiring it. Gracefully he raised his hat at our approach and fell into conversation with Madame. "Yes, surely I am going to the bull fight. Six bulls will be killed." "Horses?" "No doubt." "Men?" "Perhaps." "Do you not pity them?" "Yes, but they are only animals. The men are brave and clever; it would be sad, indeed, should one of them be forced to die." Madame, translating, was grieved at the strong English in which, though our little gentleman did not understand, Monsieur ventured his opinion, that that was the only thing which could tempt him to see such a game. Presently the boy produced a cigarette case, and with a gallant wave of his hand, presented it to

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Monsieur, took one himself, lighted it, inhaled deeply and comfortably, and offered to show us the sights, a proposal which we accepted and soon with our guide standing on the foot board, clamoring shrilly at the crowd, we drove at a walk to the amphitheatre.

Here all was excitement, the same crowd, the same interest that one sees about the doors of a circus hours before its opening at home. We were admitted by the custodian, on satisfying him that we were about to leave the city and were there with no intention of getting a line on the bulls and thereby gaining an advantage in the betting of the afternoon.

The arena is larger than that of Nîmes, but not so well preserved. Men were sweeping and sprinkling it; numbered opera seats covered the old stone ones, a band stand was receiving its finishing touches, and everything was being prepared for the celebration, while in one corner beneath an awning a dozen or more tired, bony horses calmly nibbled their hay, little knowing the awful suffering which a few hours would bring to them.

These bull fights are a blot on France. They are all one-sided and unfair — so free from even a sporting chance that an Indian would be ashamed to engage in one, while the most brutalized white man ought to blush to admit that, even through curiosity,

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he had been a party to such an exhibition. The half-wild bulls, starved and mad for water, are permitted to drink their fill, then are driven to their death, handicapped by their water-logged condition. Toil-worn horses, too poor to grace a junk-dealer's cart, are ridden until almost exhausted, and then gored by the frantic bulls, while trained athletes, whose only business this is, and who take not half the chances of a prize fighter, are the butchers and are applauded by delighted crowds.

It sickened us — we could not stay. Under the bright rays of a summer sun one can sit in the Colosseum at Rome and picture the ancient holidays, horrible though they were, and enjoy the gratifying sense of being of a world that moves — of a wider, bigger world, with an increased civilization, but to look into the arena at Arles and picture that howling mob, to hear this mere child prattle of the slaughter, and we there in a motor car! The world of Arles has not moved; it is as crude, as heartless, as uncivilized in all but outward forms, as it was nineteen hundred years ago, and we cannot doubt, would as greedily look on, as cowardly turn the thumbs earthward while under the lust for blood, as did ever Roman soldier there, in the days that now are history.

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Hurrying away, filled with disgust at the terrible inhumanity of the thing, we worked out through the crowds to the bank of the Rhone and the Aliscamps, the Avenue of the Dead, which is older than the arena. No crowd was there, and we entered the shadows of the cypresses, glad to be away from the fever of the living Arles.

The Aliscamps is a mere memory now, and there is little of beauty to be seen. It has been gradually stripped of its ancient sarcophagi, every museum in Europe having benefited by the necessities of Arles. This place was selected as a burying ground because it was higher and drier than the surrounding country, and in the Middle Ages it was a common thing for those living far up the Rhone Valley to put in boats their dead, with a coin in their lips to pay for burial and cast the craft adrift to be borne upon the river to the Aliscamps.

After seeing this famous place, we were ready to leave Arles, which seemed to us uninteresting, degenerate, a place of crooked, roughly paved streets, poor hotels, and cruel little men. The women were noticeably handsome and of a different type than elsewhere in France — tall, with fine carriage, and classic faces, testifying to their Greek ancestry.

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So we turned toward Les Baux, dropping our boy friend near the arena, where his hopes for our good luck and pleasant afternoon were so sincere that we could only wish the like for him, on what he deemed, so plainly, a rarely delightful occasion.

CHAPTER XVI

LES BAUX, ST. REMY, THE CRAU AND THE CAMARGUE

IT was still early, and we rolled out first to the ruins of the Benedictine Abbey of Montmajeur. This commanding old edifice was begun in the sixth century, as its name indicates, on the highest point thereabouts, but was rebuilt later, and flourished until the French Revolution destroyed it. It has a large crypt and cloisters, but its most striking feature is the great machicolated tower eighty-five feet high, from whose top, watch could be kept over the flat country to the sea. It was a rich and stately place, and its ruins to-day speak in no hesitating voice of the past of its order, which at one time boasted thirty-seven thousand monasteries, and these mostly in France; an old book, the *Monasticon Gallicarum*, written in 1645, gives plates of one hundred and sixty-eight of the most famous.

But how are the mighty fallen! Now a gentle old Arlesienne conducts about the ruins wanderers from a country which was undreamed of, when the abbey was proudly entertaining good St. Francis. Over-

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head in the old tower, birds nest in the harmless machicolations which more than once may have poured down their deadly rain of boiling lead and oil; in the once sumptuous refectory, where in the olden days powerful nobles met in feast and conclave, now the sheep huddle quietly, and their soft breathing is the only sound that breaks the silence.

Leaving the ancient abbey, its empty window arches, framing bits of deep blue sky behind us as we turned to catch a parting impression, we went by the little Chapel of the Holy Cross, which did not interest us, some way, though no doubt it should have done so, for it is one of the carefully guarded national historical monuments, and must have merit in some noteworthy degree, and passed serenely on to what is surely one of the most curious places in the world, the old cliff town of Les Baux.

This ruined city is situated on a sharp spur of the Alpines, an abrupt ridge of rock, twenty miles long and in places a thousand feet in height, which runs past the north side of the stony plain of the Crau. On this promontory the ruins lie, or rather of the promontory they form a part, for where the rock itself makes the walls of the buildings and where man's work, it is, at a little distance, impossible to tell. In the days of its pride, Les Baux was a place of im-

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portance, not so much by reason of its size, for it probably never numbered more than four thousand souls, but because of the warlike prowess of its barons, and the beauty and advantageous matrimonial alliances of its ladies. Among the titles of its rulers were Counts of Cephalonia and Neophantis, Kings of Arles and Vienne, Princes of Achia, Seneschals of Piedmont, Grand Justiciaries of the Kingdom of Naples, Princes of Orange, Viscounts of Marseilles, Counts of Provence, and, even, for five years, Emperors of Constantinople.

The family seems to have risen to fame under Pons des Baux, who died in 970, and to have sunk from sight again in the fifteenth century. The place finally fell to the House of Monaco, who held it till 1789, though after its destruction in 1632, by Cardinal Richelieu, it was of little actual worth. Some writers have spoken of Les Baux as a mediæval Pompeii, but it is by no means so large or so well preserved. There are ruinous churches and houses, some having been the homes of powerful nobles; there are bits of window arches, fireplaces, inscriptions, a columbarium or place for cinerary urns, parts of castle walls, and many rocky streets and sagging stone doorways, but almost nothing that can be identified and definitely investigated. Only two things are

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still kept in repair and still used, a dim little church and the reservoir, which is one whole slope of the plateau, smoothly paved, and so arranged as to catch the rains and direct them into underground cisterns, where it is to be hoped that the water in some way purifies itself.

The excellent guide who showed us about the town, for two francs each, was a native of the place, and said that its population is now not more than two hundred in all, and that it is constantly growing less, as the girls go away to service, marry, and live in the new homes they have found. We saw a few old men tottering about with the help of canes, but it was evident that not many more years would be needed for the extinction of the once proud city.

The place has, without doubt, been occupied at times ever since the Stone Age. In 102 B. C. the people of Arles took refuge here from the ravages of the Ambrons and Teutons, and again in 480 they fled here to escape the Visigoths. In the Middle Ages it was a great rendezvous of the Troubadours, and here were held the contests of minstrelsy, and the Courts of Love, which extended the fame of the beauteous dames of Les Baux and helped to preserve the purity of the old Langue d'Oc.

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Our guide spoke feelingly of the poet, Frederic Mistral, who was born near here in 1830, and who did so much to revive the old Provençal tongue. He even sang for us some of Mistral's verses, and his soft voice murmuring the once living, but now almost forgotten language, in the deserted city, helped us to realize that the past of both had been important though now they are almost forgotten. He pointed out to us a weird view of rocks and cliffs which Mistral believed suggested to Dante the architecture of his Hell, and also a bit of carving in the vaulting of one of the churches which contained the arms of the Lords of Baux, on which figured a star, emblematic of the descent which they claimed from Balthazar, one of the three Wise Men who came from the East to Bethlehem at the time of Christ's birth.

Les Baux is fascinating, and so is the wide view from its old castle, which raises here and there a fragmentary wall or gateway above the sheer fall of the cliff. In spite of the wind which made the ascent difficult, we crouched in the shelter of the rock and gazed and gazed out over the strange country, which in the clear atmosphere was visible for miles. To north and east and west rise range after range of hills, while to the south lies the great rock-strewn plain of the Crau, with occasionally the gleam of a

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salty pool like a jewel on its breast. Nearer at hand thousands and thousands of olive trees rear their gray heads in a brave struggle with the ashy soil and the buffeting wind. These trees, which bear olives small but very nutritious and rich in oil, form almost the sole source of livelihood of the dwellers in this region. And everywhere through the weird chaos of the rocks and barren soil, the white roads unrolled themselves like ribbons shaken out by a mighty hand.

At last, the guide too, silent, we turned and went down to the garage near the hotel where we had lunched on our arrival, turned the crank of the car and descended the steep winding approach, and following the road which had been pointed out to us, ran on to St. Remy about seven miles to the north. A little before reaching there we came to two remarkably preserved Roman remains, from the City of Glanum Livii, destroyed by the Visigoths in 480; a triumphal arch and a monument with Corinthian pillars and sculptured battle scenes.

They are very fine, but the panting auto engines and the picnicking progeny of the wealthy Frenchmen, who were reclining in the shade nearby, seemed to spoil the harmony of the place, and we cut our stay short.

At St. Remy in the Hotel de Provence we were

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given the rooms in which the landlady benignly assured us Thomas A. Janvier had stayed during we do not remember how many years. If so, no doubt, that polished writer had the best of reasons for doing it, but we cannot imagine what cause, short of a penal sentence, could hold any one for more than a day in St. Remy.

It is the dullest of French towns, with nothing but a "mixed metaphor church," some wide, ill-kept streets, overarched by magnificent trees and six thousand more than ordinarily uninteresting people. Still, it was quiet and remote from Arles with its bloodthirsty hordes, so we were well content to remain for the night.

We returned to Arles the next morning, stopped for our mail, and for information at the Syndicat d'Initiative as to the route, and then pressed on about twenty-four miles to the little village of Les Saintes Maries.

To get to this queer, dead little town, one has to ride through an even more dead region called the Camargue. The Camargue and its sister region, the Crau, deserve a few words of explanation. They are both plains, left between the Rhone and the Durance, and the sea, and their origin goes back into geologic periods. The Crau is practically a waste,



THE CATTLE FAIR

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covered with stones, ranging from pebbles to those the size of a man's head.

The Camargue, while of the same foundation, has gradually overlaid its stones with alluvial deposit from the river, until now it has a sparse covering of coarse marsh grasses. The slow receding of the sea has left in both plenteous deposits of salt, sometimes in the water of little pools, again, where the water has evaporated, in the almost tropic glare of the sun, in dirty white sediment scattered amongst the scanty grass. At certain seasons of the year herds of wild cattle and horses, and flocks of flamingos and ibis range over these regions.

From the days of Strabo these peculiar plains have been a subject of great interest to observers. Arthur Young in 1789 spoke of the Crau as being "one of the most singular districts in France, for its soil, or rather want of soil, being apparently a region of sea flints." The canal built by Adam de Craponne in the sixteenth century began the great work of reclaiming them, which has since been actively carried on and now the desert of the Crau is becoming capable, in many places, of raising good crops, its mulberry and olive trees bringing in annually considerable sums.

The Camargue, in ancient times, was known as

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“the granary of the Roman Army,”—so fertile was it from the frequent overflow of the Rhone, which with its many branches, enriched it, exactly as the Nile does its delta, but in the time of Louis XIV these streams were diked in and through the mistaken policy then inaugurated, the fertile land has been reduced to a sterile, salty waste. Of recent years, however, great efforts have been made to bring the land once more into bearing, but though much has been accomplished, much more remains to be done. Grapes of a poor variety are raised, but in the main it is a land of wind-swept desolation, given over to the wiry marsh grass and the mirage.

For a long time we rode across it, glad of the occasional protection of solid lines of cypress trees, our heads bowed before the wind and feeling ourselves far indeed from fertile Illinois. And then, suddenly, we saw, faint in the distance, the stern, yet beautiful, old fortified church of Les Saintes Maries.

This is, of a truth, the very “jumping-off place,” and the whole wretched village is a monstrous growth, which seems the rightful flower of so strange a country. The whole aspect of the town and surrounding region is more like that of Morocco than France.

The village has perhaps five hundred inhabitants,

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but they seem transient and trifling, and the only things that are real are the sun, the wind, the sand, the sea, and the church, which lies silently looking out over the water, more like a gray couchant beast than a house of Christian worship. Here, after the tragedy at Jerusalem, came Mary of Bethany, Mary the mother of James, and Mary Magdalen, with Sara, their black servant, landing from a boat not propelled by oars or sails. The present church, dating from 1449, is on the site of one of which mention is made before the year one thousand.

Every year on the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth of May a great pilgrimage is held here to which the gypsies from all over Europe to the number of fifteen thousand come to worship at the burial-place of Sara, their patron saint. We ordered luncheon at the hotel near the beach, and while it was being made ready, strolled about and wondered at the blueness of the sky and that most beautiful of seas, the Mediterranean, and then bending to the wind went back to see the church. Outside it was fascinating; inside, dark and odorous, but in spite of its bareness we could realize something of the reverent awe which must fill the hearts of the gypsies who pack it at pilgrimage time, and who bow themselves in adoration before the simpering, tinsel-jewelled

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Madonna, the poorly painted picture of the angel-driven craft, and the sepulchred bones of the Sainte. It must all mean a great deal to them, for on foot, and often poor and sick and old, they come like homing birds, Italian *zingaris*, German *zigeuner*, Spanish *gitanos*, and English romanies, to this oldest Christian spot in France. When finally we started on we were pointing toward Aigues Mortes, thirty kilometres farther west, another town almost lost and forgotten in the wilderness of the Camargue.

We were to cross the Little Rhone at Silvéreal, but about a hundred yards before we reached it we were faced by a board bearing the staggering news that the bridge was undergoing repairs and was impassable. It seemed an appalling undertaking to retrace our way, in the teeth of the mistral, back to the main road from which we had branched off miles before, and we resolved to ask the workmen at the bridge if they could not suggest some other way out of the difficulty. They told us of a ferry farther down the river which they spoke of as "le bac à Sauvage," and advised us to go to that, rather than return on our route.

Their directions as to the way to get to Sauvage were far from clear, and though we started on, it was with many misgivings. Almost at once we

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left the highroad and found ourselves wandering over narrow tracks that twisted now north, now south and seemed to lead no whither and no where. Our course was much more like the zigzagging of a dog following a cold trail than like that of motorists whose afternoon was well along and who had yet a long run to make before they could find food and shelter, for we had decided not to stop short of Montpellier, being unwilling to spend the night in a town of so ominous and unsavory a cognomen as Dead Waters. By and by our road brought us to a thatched cabin, through whose wide-open door we saw people sitting at table. It seemed an intrusion to bother them for directions, but the prospect was so uncertain for ever getting anywhere, that we made bold to do it and met with the unfailing courtesy that characterizes the French peasants, in garden-like Normandy, and in these remote waste places, as well as all the way between them.

Somewhat reassured, we went on again, over ever narrower paths, where the gray-green grass and the glitter of the salt seemed more and more to be claiming the region for their own and to be more and more anxious to blot out all traces of man's work and presence there. We followed the trail, till suddenly it made a curve to the right and brought us to

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a halt in a large, busy barnyard. Where were grown the crops justifying so sizable an establishment we could not see, but there were numbers of people so diligently engaged in different sorts of work, that most of them did not even look up to wonder at us, though we had dropped among them as unexpectedly as if from the clouds.

Again we received directions, now so positively given that we began to feel that we were "getting warmer," and twenty minutes more of twists and turns brought us out on the edge of the river. The ferry was on the other side, just about to come back, but a load was ready on our side to cross and we had to wait our turn. It seemed a good time to take a picture, so Madame made ready to snap it just as Monsieur should be driving on the boat, but in her excitement she was a second too quick and we have as a result an excellent picture of the tranquil river, the long, low ferry, and — the left front wheel of the auto.

Once on the other side we hurried along till we had almost reached the highway, only to realize that we were so confused by the winding road that we could not tell whether to go to right or left. A convenient door framing several people offered timely help, and we stopped to ask; a young woman at once

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spoke up, and gesturing vigorously said, "You must turn in this way, to the right." We had felt it to be to the left, and her unconscious gestures were all that way. "Do you mean to the right?" "Yes, yes, to the right," though still pointing to the left. The others all seemed to agree with her; so, much puzzled, we went on, and at the turnpike disregarded our own instincts and her pointing finger and turned in accordance with her reiterated "*à droit, à droit,*" only to discover, in a mile or so, that we had to turn around and retrace our way and follow the road to the left, with but one deviation till we came to the city.

We were never able to explain it. Her serious face and her perfectly evident kindness and desire to help us, precluded all idea of hoax and we were at a loss to understand the peculiar occurrence; but later on, in fact, until we reached the Loire country, we met a similar state of things fully half of the times that we asked for information of the roads. Whether the people do not know their left hands from their right, we never could make out, but men, women, and children were all unreliable as to directions, though universally good at estimates of distance, and without exception anxious to do all they could for us.

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The town of Aigues Mortes, which we reached a few minutes thereafter, derives its sole interest from the fact that St. Louis founded it for a starting point for his great crusades in 1248 and 1270. It has been said that he sailed from here, and that the sea has since receded, but that such is not literally the case is proved by the existence of an old lease dating from the year 1300 and referring to certain meadows near the coast between the sea and the town. Then, as now, a canal nine kilometres long connected the city with the open water, and the old quai from which the king embarked, July 28, 1248, and the ring to which his vessel was moored, may still be seen.

The town, as we see it to-day, is really due to Philip the Bold, who began in 1272 to surround it with fortifications which are complete and more symmetrical and regular than those of Carcassonne, if not so interesting.

They form a rectangle six hundred yards long and one hundred and fifty wide, with twenty towers and ten gates, and are crowned with loop-holed battlements. One, the tower of Constance, has served as a lighthouse and as a prison for Protestants after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Another was used as a receptacle for the bodies of the Burgundian soldiers killed by the Royalist troops



" THE SPRING, IN LOW WATER A QUIET POOL " [Page 173]



" THE MINIATURE CASCADES OF THE NEW-BORN RIVER " [Page 174]

LES BAUX, ST. REMY

in 1421, the bodies being thrown here and buried under piles of salt.

The town inside is entirely without interest, and even the walls, though twenty-five to thirty feet high and in almost their original condition, set as they are on the perfectly level plain, looked too much like a child's fortress of blocks to please us, and we were glad to leave them and their melancholy fever-ravaged inhabitants, who, as Figuiet says, "seem to bear on their faces the reflection of the monotonous green marshes which surround them."

This whole country is surely the abomination of desolation, but will some day blossom like the rose, for awakened France realizes that she has need of every foot of her land and the necessary labor and money will one day be forthcoming to redeem it all. Until then it is a spot to visit, to wonder at, to enjoy intensely for a short time, and then to shun.

From Aigues Mortes to Montpellier is forty-one kilometres, and every mile is interesting, for gradually cultivation gains upon the barrenness, until, at the latter city, the landscape becomes normal once more and we felt a relief and relaxation in being again in an alert, modern, and healthy city where the feeling of death and decay was forgotten in the cheery up-to-dateness of the fine streets and buildings.

CHAPTER XVII

MONTPELLIER — PERPIGNAN — MONT LOUIS —
CARCASSONNE

MONTPELLIER has seventy-six thousand people, a beautiful promenade, a celebrated university, a gallery of paintings second only to Lille, among all the provincial cities of France, an extraordinary aqueduct and the oldest botanical garden in the country, but there is little that is unusual or historically interesting, and we were content after an uneventful stroll to go to our pleasant room and a good dinner at the Grand Hotel, and soon thereafter to our beds.

We exchanged the air bottle next morning at the big garage Moderne, filled with oil and gasoline, and started for Perpignan feeling so gay and care-free that we raced and beat a train, just to get rid of surplus energy. The fact that the train was long, heavily loaded with wine, and going uphill, did not detract from our pleasure in the feat—we were as well satisfied as if we had won in a fair contest and before applauding multitudes. But that was the

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only fast-driving we did that morning, for at Lunel, through sheer bad luck and lack of information, we took the northern route to Béziers *via* Montagnac. What the southern route would have been we do not know, of course, but it could not have been worse. Perhaps one hundred yards would be perfect; then the next five hundred would be a continuous chain of bumps and hollows, worn out by the heavy wine drays, which at this season of the year are met at every turn.

At Béziers we stopped for luncheon; there is a big brown stone cathedral, but nothing else of interest, and we went on again, over roads at first bad but gradually improving, till beyond Narbonne they were again the usual works of art, which, even before the French Revolution, beguiled that solemn English farmer, Arthur Young, into exclaiming, "The roads here are stupendous. Three leagues and a half from Sejean to Narbonne cost seventy-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds. These ways are superb even to a folly. We have not an idea of what such a road is in England!"

Beyond Narbonne we stopped to take a picture of a wine cask team which we had just passed. We got out and waited till the man drove up, then asked him if he would stop a moment for us to photograph

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his horses, which he seemed delighted to do. They were huge — two black and one white, with great, pointed, swaying collars towering above them. Their load consisted of a low skeleton of a cart that held six enormous casks of wine. When the picture was taken, we gave the man a cigarette, being ashamed to offer money to such a fine, self-reliant looking fellow, and he, much gratified, offered us a drink from one of several bottles of wine which he carried for convenience, in a pail of water hanging from the cart. Madame did not accept, but Monsieur did, and pronounced it much better than that ordinarily served in the hotels.

As we approached Narbonne we had a fine race with a French auto. They were ahead and beckoned and shouted at us, and for once we threw discretion to the winds and overhauled them, though it took forty miles an hour to do it. Then, having shown them what we could do, we slowed down and cheered them out of sight. This proved to be our day for races, for just as we left Narbonne a tiny bit of an auto about like a baby carriage, stood by the curb-stone and we saw two men seize it and run, pushing it, till it had a good start; then one jumped in and took the wheel while the other still pushed until it was well under way, then he too made a flying leap,

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got in, and took the horn and with a noise like a locomotive in a tunnel, off they tore, honking for us to clear the track. It was too much for our sporting blood and our sense of the ridiculous, so we refused to be passed. The other car was evidently a tester and whoever bought it has had his money's worth of fun, for certainly it could go! Though so tiny, it was a four-cylinder, and it stuck to us uphill and down till at La Nouvelle we took the wrong turn and they swept past us cheering like madmen. We turned as quickly as we could, but they were, of course, well ahead when we got back into the main road again and started in pursuit. They did their best, but slowly we drew up to them and then with a howl of triumph crept ahead and in a mile or two lost them entirely, when they turned off to complete the circle back to Narbonne.

It was not a very dignified day, but a happy one, and we reached Perpignan and the Grand Hotel more than usually covered with dust but smiling. The loss of dignity was only temporary, we trust, but that good day would have been gone forever if we had not seized its pleasures when they came, and we are glad that we knew it and acted accordingly.

Perpignan is about half Spanish in manner, dress,

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speech and atmosphere. Many of the people can speak three languages, the third, the Catalan, being a real language and not, as is sometimes supposed, a dialect easy enough to understand, if one will only pay attention.

The French hereabouts is very odd, of a brilliant crackling quality hard to describe, but quite noticeable, and, while not over-correct, still having a charm of its own. For instance, *une belle route*, in Languedoc and along the eastern slopes of the Pyrenees, becomes *una bellarroutta* and, either everything is spoken at more than the usual lightning speed of French conversation, or the force of the consonants makes it sound so.

The Grand was more like an American hotel than any that we had found in all our trip. The proprietor's son, a pleasant young fellow, spent a good deal of time with us, even accompanying us in the auto to Canet, a mild little bathing resort, about eight miles from town.

He explained to us the French obligatory military system more fully than had before been done, and we were greatly interested. It seems that until two years ago it was a comparatively easy matter to shirk one's term, but now an examination is made by three doctors and another by the prefect, and even the lame,



" A LONG LINE OF RUINED WALL STRETCHING ABOUT AN EMPTY COURT "

[Page 176]



" WE ARRANGED THAT MADAME WOULD REMAIN ON THE BRIDGE "

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the one-armed, and those who have lost an eye are entered and given clerical positions.

The pay of the common soldier is only one cent a day and his food and uniform, which of course means that in all cases, save those of direst need, the recruit must be furnished money from home, often a great hardship to the parents.

After the two-years' service on land or four on sea, each man under forty-five must serve one month out of every two years, during which time, however, if he is working on a salary, his pay is continued and his position held for him until his return. In this region each soldier whose parents can prove that they own land is given two weeks in the vintage time in which to assist in gathering the crop. Of course it follows that the holiday is only used by the very poor for the purpose intended, but the two weeks are greatly prized.

It is an atrocious system and clings like an octopus to the youth of France, seizing one hundred and sixty thousand conscripts annually just at the moment when they would be making a start in life and keeping them in pernicious idleness or else employed in unprofitable labor and releasing them after the service unsettled and with evil habits formed.

Advancement is in general a matter of political

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pull, and the army, which numbers six hundred and twenty-nine thousand five hundred men, is, as we were told later, by an older man, rotten in consequence. The whole system seemed to us thoroughly bad and is abhorred by the natives, who are yet powerless to escape from it.

Even if a man goes away before he is twenty-one, or is taken as a child by his parents, he must return at the appointed age, or, failing to do so, he will be treated as a deserter if he does come back before he is forty-five.

Surely such methods cannot tend toward patriotism, especially as the army is too often looked on as an excellent place to put the incorrigible and those who are too dull to be successful anywhere else.

We have seen more or less of the armies of France and Germany, and we cannot help feeling that if they should ever go to war again, an event which France fully expects, the time required for the Franco-Prussian struggle would be lessened by half, without materially affecting the outcome.

One thing, in this connection we daily noticed and that was the vastly greater number of children to be seen in Germany than in France. The subject is an old and familiar one, but our intimate journeying through cities, villages, and country gave us excep-

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tional chances for observation, and we feel that the significance of the matter is vital, if, as is certainly possible, war should ever spring up between the two countries again.

Perpignan has almost nothing to interest the visitor, its triple row of old walls having been torn down a few years ago and the whole place being in spirit, and to a surprising degree in appearance, modern and ordinary, save for its tangle of narrow streets, and a faint and intangible Spanish or Saracenic air. However, we saw the few sights left, the *castillet*, a small but massive brick castle built in 1319 by Sancho, King of Majorca, and the old Spanish market, a beautifully decorated building called *La Loge*, and now used as *mairie* and *café*.

The citadel above the town is a large fortress said to contain little of interest, but that little is well guarded and cannot be visited without special permit. We saw what we could of it and then returned to the show place of the city, the magnificent avenue of plane trees of which any town might well be proud.

The plentiful gypsies, of whom all through these parts we met many on the roads, the small, dark, red-sashed men, and women in black with lace mantillas, the water-sellers, the numbers of panniered

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donkeys, and the flat, closely shuttered houses, all attest the nearness to the Spanish border, and indeed Perpignan is an important strategic point, as it guards the frontier on the Paris to Barcelona route.

At Perpignan we were met by the *tramontana*, a strong wind from the Pyrenees, one not so fierce, but also not so refreshing as the mistral, for in spite of its inconvenience and discomfort, the cities in the Rhone valley rejoice in the freshness and healthfulness of that mountain blast, without which the heat and malaria of the flat, marshy plains would be intolerable.

One afternoon and the following day sufficed to satisfy us in Perpignan and the second morning we started for Mont Louis, the old capital of the French Cerdagne, a once important fortress town situated at an elevation of five thousand two hundred and eighty feet in the mountains. It was fortified by Vaubun and commands one of the approaches to Spain. Its climate attracts many summer visitors, but its military importance has vanished since the erection of a newer fortress higher up on a neighboring peak.

American cars are not well adapted to mountain climbing, for their radiators are not large enough as a general thing. Still, we had no fear that ours would fail us, and started confidently, making all speed in

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the earlier part of our one hundred and twenty-five mile run, to balance the slow progress, which we knew must come later.

Mountain climbing is not motoring at its best. At times it is hard work. But we had had considerable experience by now and knew how to care for the car and to do all possible to insure its safety. The first thing was to avoid overheating, to provide at all times plenty of oil, and, as often as necessary, cool water, but not so cold as to crack the heated cylinders. We felt that such an accident, or, indeed, any of a thousand less serious ones, would prove very unfortunate in these remote places, where it might be difficult to get repairs, or even to make the mechanics understand what was needed; the principles of the gas engine are alike the world over, of course, but their application is very different in Europe and America, and though the foreign repair men are generally good, we had seen a car at Perpignan receive treatment that made us resolve that nothing but necessity should tempt us to let ours fall into strange hands. On hard climbs, Europeans often run with the hood open, a sensible custom and one which we adopted, for everything that tends to keep the engine cool adds to its pulling power.

The grades on the Mont Louis road were so very

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gradual during the first thirty-five miles, that the car skimmed along and often the slowing of the engine was our first notice of them, though of course each new view revealed greater depths and strangely shrunken rivers, while hourly, the mountains loomed nearer and more awe-inspiring. But for the next fifteen miles the climb became rapidly harder and once, after a particularly hard pull, where the low had been quite constantly required, we stopped to cool, and Monsieur thoughtlessly releasing the radiator cap had it thrown from his hand by a miniature geyser, so that we had quite a wait before daring to fill from the rill that trickled down beside the road.

But what a place it was to rest! A white road clinging like a vine to the side of a rugged mountain in the midst of greater mountains, extending as far as we could see in billowing, heaving masses, snow-capped and glittering! Soon after this point came the last hard pull, and then the top, where, except for a priest, who divined our destination and pointed wildly, we should have gone by, but turning to learn the meaning of his gesture, we saw a large sign with a pointing finger, and the words "Entrance to Mont Louis." We retraced our course and entered the old, old town gate, over a last stiff pull, and across horrible cobble-stones to the hotel, where luncheon was

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almost finished, but where, nevertheless, they made shift to give us a good meal.

This over, we looked about the town for a while, but it is only interesting because of its age, and the generally curious air which hangs about it, and we were soon ready to start for Carcassonne.

As we were preparing to go, we discovered that our exhaust whistle lay under the car, where it had dropped most conveniently when we stopped. We never put it on again while abroad and strange to say were never again troubled with overheating. Exactly what the connection is we cannot say, probably something in the nature of a back pressure, but at any rate we greatly appreciated the fact and were relieved from the worry that we had experienced for weeks on the climbs.

From Mont Louis to Carcassonne all the way is down hill, and the engine was seldom in use except for braking purposes, but we employed it constantly to relieve the brakes, which grew so hot that many times we smelled the blistering paint. The road was perfect as usual, and the scenery more and more beautiful. Very soon we commenced to pick up little brooks that widened to streams and then were joined by others, until at last they formed the Aude, which we followed, through all its meander-

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ings, until it developed waterfalls and cascades, and finally made a dash into the narrow darkness of the gorge of St. Georges. Our road still threaded the way beside it and the massive mountain, cut straight and true above us, echoed to its ripplings and to the throbbing of our exhaust. At times we were almost swept off of the shelf-like road by the end of some log, as long as a ship's mast, which was being laboriously hauled from the mountains to be smoothed and sent on to the great outer world. In fact, these logs were so frequent that they made our progress slow.

Through Axat and Quillan we went and did not stop until on a hill before us we saw "the most complete and most formidable example in Europe of the sixth, twelfth, and thirteenth century fortifications."

There are two Carcassonnès — the *Villebasse*, or lower and modern town, and the *Cité*, the old city, enclosed in its original ramparts. These double walls with their fifty towers were begun by the Romans in the fifth century, continued by the Visigoths and later finished by the French kings, and each style of architecture can still be distinguished. The whole is as perfect now as it was in its prime, having been restored by Viollet le Duc, who finished it in 1879, after twenty-nine years of almost constant labor. It has been called "a fly in amber"—so perfectly is it pre-

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served and so plainly can one see exactly what it was.

The next morning we went to the old fortress, and found it to be exceedingly interesting. The guide explained it thoroughly and leisurely, and had us explore every nook and cranny. He described the sieges and methods of withstanding them, showing us the clever tricks in construction by which the enemy could be trapped, if they ever succeeded in getting over the outer walls. For instance, if the gate were forced, another gate was met which had beside it on either hand an open stairway, one apparently leading up to the walls and the other down inside them, the invaders harassed by the fire of the defenders rushed into these doorways in crowds, and when in the darkness the stairs suddenly ceased, they fell a distance of sixty feet to their destruction. There were also immense cellars always kept full of salted pork, and lofts to be filled with wheat, as well as ovens, a mill, and a great well. Every preparation seemed on a large scale, and capable of feeding an army for months.

Of course, the guide told the old story, so frequently heard in places of this kind, of how, when the siege had been on for months and the resources of those within the fortification were running

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low, a baker appeared upon the walls and hurled among the besiegers a number of loaves of bread; and they, seeing such waste, believed it useless to prolong the struggle, and went away; sometimes this story is varied by introducing an old lady with a pig which she feeds to surfeiting and then permits to escape among the enemy, but the principle is always the same and if these incidents happened as often as related, there could have been but little exchange of ideas or news in those days.

We have heard it charged that the extraordinary restorations have spoiled all the romantic attraction of the place, and that a ruin is much more interesting, but we did not find this to be the case here, whatever it may have been in other places. Vines and fallen towers are beautiful, but it was exceedingly interesting to see these tremendous wide-flung walls, garnished with their many magnificent towers, and all the clever devices for withstanding the enemy, just as they had been in the moment of their greatest perfection. One interesting feature was the constant effort that had been made to keep the soldiers, often, of course, mercenaries, from getting in to the townspeople or to the nobles in the castle. There was evidently as much danger from these defenders as from the openly avowed enemy.

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Save the fortification, there is practically nothing to see in the old *Cité*, and less than nothing in the comparatively modern and distressingly dirty *Ville-basse*. So, very shortly after luncheon, we were ready to start on our run back to the mountains. When we were once more on the main road we stopped for a last long look up at the wonderful place which lay upon its height, a mediæval fortress, a real and substantial thing which will remain for hundreds of years a monument to the skill and learning of Viollet le Duc, as well as an honor and a glory to France.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PYRENEES

VERY soon we realized that we were likely to have a showery run, but the road was good and the day not cold, so when after perhaps twenty miles the rain began, and suddenly turned to vigorous hail, we did not mind it much. With curtains down, all cozy and dry we listened to the sharp beating on the glass front and wondered what we would do if it should break, and then the hail stopped, the clouds drifted away, and we ran on to Foix without mishap — no small feat, for the last five miles we met one almost continuous line of vehicles returning from the great annual *fête* at Foix. Mostly they were high, two-wheeled carts, the men in loose cotton smocks of black, blue, or bright pink, and beside them their wives and children, all the pictures of health and satisfaction.

We drew up at the Hotel Benoît, but were not allowed to put the auto into the garage until it was certain that we could get a room, for the celebration had filled every available bed and corner. But for-

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tunately some one had just left and his good front room with its fine view of the stony little river, Ariège, and the castle fell to us.

The castle is situated on a steep rock one hundred and ninety-five feet high, and consists mainly of three connected, battlemented towers, which date from different periods, the earliest probably about the year 1000. Three times it successfully resisted Simon de Montfort, who besieged it, vowing that he would "melt it like gravy and roast its master." But the rock refused to burn and the counts of Foix reigned in great magnificence for a long time thereafter.

This fortress, because of its glorious history and its great picturesqueness, was specially exempted when Richelieu had most of the castles in this region destroyed, nevertheless there is little of importance to be seen in it to-day.

The whole place is almost theatrical in appearance; the swift mountain rivers, for the Arget here joins the Ariège, the quaint old buildings, the frowning crags, the beautiful towers, and the heavily wooded mountains cradling all, make a picture well worthy of going out of one's way to see.

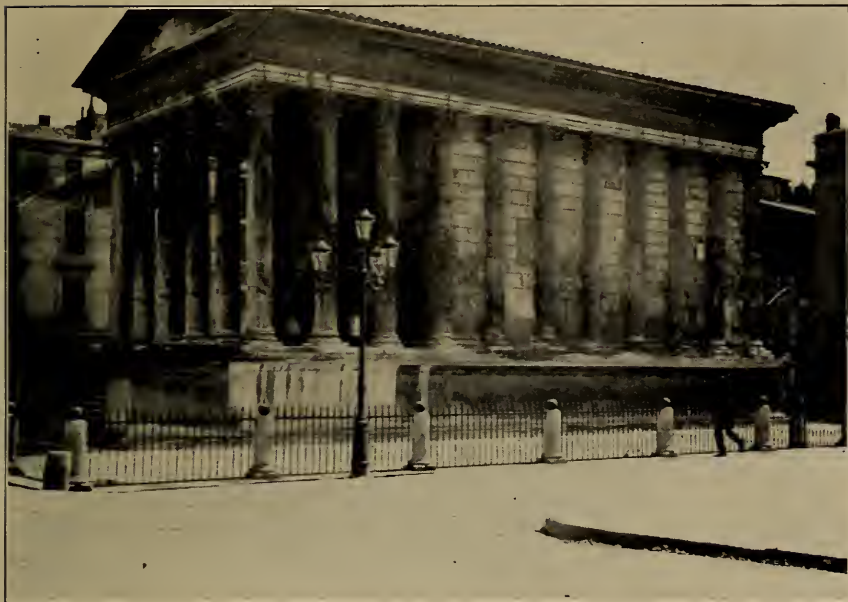
Stir and excitement filled the town and the hotel was a bedlam, so that very soon after dinner we

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went to our room and assembling our two tall candelabra gave ourselves up to the study of maps, books, and routes for the next few days' run, until we grew sleepy. We slept well at first, then were awakened by music, and getting up, watched the people who filled the streets, though it must have been after midnight. There were hundreds of them, all in their holiday clothes, and all, at times, joining in the promenading and dancing. The special feature of the festivities seemed to be a sort of Old Dan Tucker, where everybody formed in a circle in the street and went round and round, in a queer, loping, crouching dance, to some weird strain of music whose short melody was repeated over and over by the band. It was like carnival time, and all the night was hideous with noisy crowds, who roamed up and down the streets with drums, whistles, and tin cans, on which they pounded.

In the morning, on Madame's remarking to the landlady, that we had never passed such a noisy night, she replied, "No, I suppose it is generally quiet and orderly in London," and we did not enlighten her.

After breakfast her English-speaking husband gave us careful directions for going to the Maz d'Azil and these we followed, though persuaded from our map



" IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE IT OTHER THAN A MODERN MUNICIPAL BUILDING "

[Page 184]



" IT IS CONSTRUCTED WITHOUT THE USE OF CEMENT OR MORTAR "

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study that he was wrong, and in doing so went the longest way round, but finally arrived at the place we sought.

This is very confusing, often a motorist will figure out distance, direction, and road to his entire satisfaction and then, asking for some trifling bit of information, will be so vehemently assured by an excited but eagerly helpful native that all that he had intended to do is wrong, long, hard, and impracticable or utterly impossible, that in the end, feeling that the people familiar with the region ought to know and that perhaps the roads indicated on the maps have been disused or replaced by better ones, he will reluctantly and doubtingly change his course and do as he is told, only to find that he has been sent over poor roads or far afield and very likely, in the end, he has to pick up his intended route at some point and continue on it to the place of his destination. This happens about nine times out of ten; the tenth time the native is right and the road he recommends is shorter and more picturesque, and altogether the better one to have chosen. It is this uncertainty which causes one to be so often misled and so often out of patience with kindly intentioned people, who have perhaps never been over both roads, it may be have never even heard of the second one

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and who certainly give in all sincerity the best information at their command.

In this country we have been wilfully misled or grudgingly advised, more than once, but in France and Germany never; of Switzerland we would not be so sure, for the feeling there is so antagonistic to the motorists that natural courtesy might be for a moment laid aside under the sudden temptation to send an auto over the longest, hardest road.

However, the Maz d'Azil was worth the extra run. It is a natural tunnel under a mountain, and through it runs a river, beside which lies the smooth electric-lighted road about half a mile in length. The central vault is upheld by a great rock pillar and there are side grottoes that are said to have been inhabited in the Stone Age, and where, in 1625, two thousand Protestants took refuge from the fury of the Catholics. The whole is not so large as might be wished, but the high, mysterious dome filled with the inarticulate voice of the water and but dimly lighted by infrequent lamps makes a rarely interesting auto run. We went through the grotto and then back, and took a picture of the car just entering the mouth of the cave. Then we left it to its silence, and went on to St. Girons, where we had luncheon.

Just beyond St. Girons, which is quite a flourish-

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ing place, is the crumbling old town of St. Lizier, the Lugdunum Consorannorum of the Romans. It has only twelve hundred inhabitants to-day, but retains its twelve towered Roman walls and has an ancient church with noteworthy cloisters. The old chateau is now used as an insane hospital and the wretched town looks a picture of discouragement and decay.

From here we went on to Salies du Salat, a tiny town dominated by the almost vanished ruins of its mediæval castle, and on again through St. Martory, St. Gaudens, and Montrejeau — all queer old towns with, no doubt, much to interest antiquarians hidden in them, but with little to detain the tourist for more than a few moments.

The region hereabouts we thought very charming, with its wooded slopes, fruitful valleys, several little rivers, and many interesting ruined towers, while behind all, and stretching on either hand as far as we could see, loomed the vast masses of the Pyrenees, growing more beautiful the farther we went and with every changing cloud that floated over them.

From Montrejeau, a most indifferent road led out to the rock-perched town and cathedral of St. Bertrand de Comminges. The place, important under the Romans, now numbers less than six hundred in-

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habitants, and its sole interest is the gray fortress-like cathedral. "The Commingeois are naturally warriors," wrote Bertrand de Comminges, and the history of the town for hundreds of years is a lurid record of wars and religious quarrels, sieges, crimes, burnings, and massacres from 79 B. C., till the Revolution.

The cathedral was begun in 1082 and is in the main well preserved. Its principal features are the curious carvings of wood and stone in which, in strange juxtaposition, are the pagan story of the Labors of Hercules and the genealogy of Christ, blended with beautiful arabesques and figures from unnumbered myths and sacred stories.

The views and the stony ancient town attracted us more than the carvings, however, and to them we gave but a short visit, for the afternoon was well along, and it was fifty-seven kilometres to Tarbes where we were to stay for the night. We wanted very much to go directly from St. Bertrand de Comminges without crossing again the road to Montrejeau, and a courteous French chauffeur gave us information which proved correct after we had extricated ourselves from the network of little field roads below the town.

The run to Tarbes was pleasant and more and

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more lovely as it drew to the sunset hour; the whole air about us seemed filled with a luminous gold, which farther away shaded into tints of lavender and purple, from which the dark masses of the woods stood out with a quaint, poster-like effect and through which the far white peaks of the mountains rose in ethereal beauty.

The descent into Tarbes is over a perfect road and through a region practically parked for miles. We were, for some unknown reason, prepossessed in favor of the unpretending city before we reached it. Into its very heart we rolled, and on the Place Maubourguet saw several hotels, all apparently comfortable, but one of them was so new and so resplendent that we chose it.

This fortunate choice of hotels seemed to be one of our blessings. Sometimes we missed the roads, sometimes selected an indifferent place for luncheon, but night found us almost invariably well placed, even though we did not always depend on Baedeker, and seldom went to the hotels that he stars or places first on his list. In the Hotel Moderne here, we found all and much more than we could have expected.

Imagine our surprise; our room had two enamelled washstands with running hot and cold water! There

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may be such another hotel in Europe, but we have never seen it. Incidentally, we may add that it is well to go to these *Hotels Moderne*, for they are generally, in a more or less degree what the name indicates. Here the table was excellent, the elevator rapid (for Europe), the service willing, and everything as bright and clean as a new penny, for the building had not been open more than two months.

In the evening we went to an open-air music hall and enjoyed a very innocent vaudeville entertainment until midnight. The next day was Sunday, and to our disappointment the clouds hung so low over the mountains that it was folly to go out to Cauterets and the *Cirque de Gavarnie*, for the views, which are the sole attractions, would be entirely obliterated.

We wandered for a while about the city and through the *Jardin Massey*. One of the guide books says of this that it is "a large flat public garden near the railway," every word of which is undeniably true, but the impression which it gives is utterly false. No public garden that we have seen in Europe — and there are many between Liverpool and Naples — possesses for us the charm of this flat one near the railway, saving only the *Parc Monceau* in Paris. There are great beds of flowers that scent

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the air, many varieties of exotic trees, a museum of paintings and antiquities, a bright little lake, and near this the fifteenth century cloisters from the Abbey of St. Sever de Rustan. These ancient cloisters form a square, around a velvety sward and consist of arches formed by forty pillars of yellowed marble, whose capitals are sculptured with the utmost delicacy and ingenuity, into the likeness of everything in heaven above or on the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth. Here, again, the mediæval mixture of sacred and profane images, which is noticeable in so many cathedrals and venerable places, and which always comes home with a shock to the tourist, is markedly in evidence.

The effect of these ancient marbles is lovely, and so, indeed, is the whole park which is threaded with dainty streamlets and ponds on which swans and waterfowls float, often coming up to the banks, to wheedle morsels of food from the children — big and little — who delight in feeding them, and who laugh with pleasure when queer squawks and raucous cries announce that some new bird is hurrying up, hoping that the supply of food will last until he gets his share.

After a time we returned to the hotel, and taking the auto went out to Bagnères de Bigorre, in the face

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of clouds so dark that it looked as if we might catch a downpour any minute. But the distance was short and we knew that even a storm could not prove a serious inconvenience here.

The town is a popular thermal station, having, it is said, fifty springs, whose waters were well known to the Romans, and which are used for drinking and bathing and are prescribed for disorders ranging from skin diseases to surgical cases. The season is from June to October, but was nearly over, and after luncheon and a drive about to see the casino and the promenade, we went on to Lourdes.

It was a charming ride over roads as smooth as a table, though by no means so level, with streams, trees, villages, and mountains on every hand, the great peaks no longer distant and hazy, but very close and insistent.

All the world is so familiar with Lourdes that it seems unnecessary to tell much about it. It is a little town of about nine thousand people which since 1858 has been growing in importance because of the alleged revelations made by the Virgin there to a fourteen-year-old peasant girl named Bernadette Soubirous. The story goes that there, in a little grotto in the cliff, from which issues a tiny stream, the Virgin appeared, in all, eighteen times to the girl, and told



" THE PRISON, ONCE THE CASTLE OF KING RENE, ACROSS
THE RHONE "

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her to urge the priests to build a chapel, that all the world might go there to pray, to drink the water, and to be healed. Almost at once, the account of these visions received credence and it is said that within six months fifty thousand persons had visited the miraculous spring in the hope of receiving its benefits. So greatly has the repute of the spring spread that now, in the one month of September, the close of the pilgrimage season, eighty to a hundred thousand people go to Lourdes, and, indeed, not only at that time, but all through the year.

How many go to take the waters, how many from curiosity, how many from sincere faith and desire to do homage to the Mother of Sorrows, no one can say. Certainly, the day we were there, there were many thousand visitors and many, many devout worshippers in the crowd which attended the services in the little rock chapel. We saw them kiss the sides of the cave, and the very stones of the pavement in front of it. There were not only ignorant peasants, but stylishly gowned women, alert elderly men, stalwart officers, and young men and girls, of all imaginable social and intellectual grades, among the crowd who knelt with adoring faces, on the stones, telling their beads with fingers that trembled with the earnestness of their prayers.

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But, oh! the sick and the helpless! It wrung our hearts to see them. Old people, obviously on the brink of the grave; young children tossing with fever in their mothers' laps; men in the prime of life, victims of creeping paralysis; young girls twitching with nervous disorders; pale mothers coughing their lives away with each painful breath, and fathers holding blind and crippled children by the hand! Scores of them were in wheeled chairs; others, too ill to sit, were on stretchers flat on the ground; many, too weak to hold a rosary, moving their lips in rapt petitions, and others barely conscious, simply lying there in the hope that by some miracle the blessings and the prayers might do them good, if ever so little.

Surely it is the most terrible and the most pitiful sight that the sun sees in all his course. It is not only the suffering, but the heartrending patience and the misery of hope deferred, which make the scene painful beyond all description and beyond all forgetting.

Hundreds of dollars' worth of exquisite flowers and sheaves of votive candles, armfuls of discarded crutches and accessories of illness, are there and do their quiet part in the work of healing; for that

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cures have been made, and may still be made at Lourdes it is absurd to doubt.

But we could not help feeling that the diseases contracted there from the unsanitary and promiscuous bathing, the contact with contagious diseases, the breathing of the poisoned air in the packed churches, and the eating with forks and knives — for, alas, we have seen the middle-class French tourist eat — must far outnumber the cures accomplished. It is said that the medical men of France want the place closed and that the churches, hotels, and railroads want it kept open; if so, the indications are that science has a long wait yet before her.

Immense sums of money are spent every year in hotels, church contributions, excursions, and in the souvenir stores with which the streets are filled, and the town from a mountain village with a notable past, is becoming a flourishing place with a prosperous future before it. There is a very picturesque and lordly castle overlooking the town in a strategic position which, in an earlier day, gave it a desirable command of the valley, and with views from its battlements which are enchanting.

On the top of the cliff at whose base the sacred spring rises is a magnificent basilica dedicated in 1876 in a gorgeous ceremony in which thirty-five

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archbishops assisted. The building is in the style of the thirteenth century, but looks as perfectly modern as it is; inside it is a blaze of color, by reason of the numbers of banners in the dome, and the votive tablets and offerings which cover the walls.

Sixty-five feet lower down on this same hill, is the Church of the Rosary, an even more modern building, and of an imposing appearance, because of the horseshoe-shaped inclined ways supported on arches and the two flights of stairs which lead from it to the basilica. Money has been lavishly spent to beautify the town, and its site is magnificent, but all these things are as nothing to the visitor at Lourdes. The interest is in the stony little chapel where the candles flicker and the breathless *Ave Marias* rise day and night, and where the suffering, the believing, and the despairing worship at the shrine of the Virgin who said to the peasant child, "Go to the fountain, eat of the grass beside it, pray for mankind, tell the priests to build me a chapel; I am the Immaculate Conception."

We had no desire to stay overnight in Lourdes, so did not wait to see the impressive and spectacular torch-light procession of the pilgrims, who ascend the cliff, praying, to the chapel far above the basilica, but turned and went thoughtfully back to Tarbes.

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Anxious to forget, in some measure, the horrors we had seen, we walked about the city, visited a statue in honor of Danton and the Spirit of 1792, and then drifted back to the Jardin Massey. There we found a military band and groups of well-dressed people sauntering up and down the paths and enjoying the sunshine, for the day had cleared again as it advanced. The swans still raced one another for tidbits, the shadows of the old cloisters fell in long bars across the grass, and a quiet, contented spirit prevailed, only the more attractive to us because of its contrast to the fevered unrest of Lourdes.

The following day we were ready by nine o'clock to leave for our run north, through the heart of France. We had our baggage put on, tipped everybody, Madame got in, Monsieur turned the crank, and — the engine would not start. Not only did it not start, but it could not start. Repeated crankings and floodings of the carburetor did no good, not one revolution would it make. After a few vain efforts and some equally futile remarks, Monsieur looked to the electricity and found that in switching off after our return yesterday, he had turned the plug too far and thereby left on the current and that the accumulator, which our Bavarian friend Carl Six had helped us to install, was dead. Not a

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flicker of life would ever be in it till it was charged again.

Then we started on a search for a charged battery or for the ordinary dry cells, as it meant a whole day's delay if we had to wait for the charging. The garage people were very kind, but it looked as if we would be obliged to wait. However, one of the workmen finally went with us to another garage, and there we found an accumulator, all ready for use.

It seemed quite an expense to buy a new one, when by waiting till the next morning we could have our own again, but a letter had come to us at Carcassonne, and its answer had been sent after our return from Lourdes which made us feel that the loss of a day might mean serious delay in the end, also an extra battery is good to have, so we bought it. It slipped in much more readily than the one at Füssen and we started north, feeling that we were facing toward home and that the close of our trip was suddenly much nearer than it had been yesterday.

CHAPTER XIX

THROUGH THE HEART OF FRANCE

A STUDY of sections twenty, nineteen, and fifteen of the Taride maps had shown us such a wilderness of sharp ascents and descents, abrupt curves and places marked "dangerous," that we had written to the Touring Club of France to ask their help, in laying out our route from Tarbes to Blois *via* Rocamadour, and they had sent us three small sectional charts covering the regions to be traversed, giving directions as to which road to follow and assuring us that over these routes we should have no trouble. All this excellent advice and comfort the Director of Administrative Services had the honor to present with his "most ardent compliments" to Monsieur Hand, and with "devoted sentiments" signed himself in an illegible scribble. But it was his help, not his name, that we wanted, and we thank him here once more for the accuracy and correctness of his itineraries, which we followed to the letter.

The hills and valleys were almost continuous at

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first, but by the time we had reached Auch we were over the worst of them for the day. Here we bought a picnic lunch and then went on, eating it as we rode, to save time. The run from there was pretty but uneventful, only one intentional stop being made, and that was to take a picture of a kilometric stone for a souvenir, and we finished our one hundred and seventy-three kilometres in good order, and drew up at the Hotel du Midi in Montauban, by four o'clock.

While Madame dressed, a gentleman who had been for fifteen years a Texas cowboy and who now belonged to the Secret Service of France, introduced himself to Monsieur, saying that he had seen our flag and hungered to hear and speak "American," and begging that he might be allowed to show us his native city, which we were only too glad to have him do.

It was a pleasure to see how fond he was of his home town. He showed us through its old castle, begun in the twelfth or thirteenth century, but now used as a city hall and museum; the bridge dating from 1291, over the Tarn, the market square, whose double rows of arcades are the only ones of the kind left in France, and finally the spot where had stood, until its fall a few weeks ago, the old clock tower.



" WE TOOK A PICTURE OF A KILOMETRIC STONE FOR A SOUVENIR "

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It seems that the workmen had been engaged inside it making repairs, when suddenly, with no apparent cause, they heard the great bell begin to toll. Terrified, they all ran out, thus escaping uninjured, as did every one in the square, also, when, in a moment, the whole structure began to totter and presently crashed to the ground, leaving only a pile of bricks and mortar to testify to the truth of his story.

Montauban, like Montpellier, used to be a favorite winter resort with the English, and was so still when Sterne wrote his "Sentimental Journey," but what charm it may have had then, other than its mild climate, is gone, and the place is now purely a commercial city of thirty thousand.

The Hotel du Midi faces directly on the cathedral, an uninteresting building which contains, however, one good painting by Ingres, a native of the town. Baedeker stars this hotel and speaks of it as "of the first class," but this is incorrect, unless he means, for the time being, to number from the top down. The meals are good, of the first class, indeed, compared with everything else in the hotel; its toilet facilities are unspeakable, and it is old and ramshackle — a fire trap, and, in short, a place to be shunned at any price, and we were glad to start at

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an early hour in the morning for the remote little pilgrimage town of Rocamadour.

The day was ideal, the roads perfect, and the car running merrily as if it, too, felt glad to be leaving the mountains behind. Mountain climbing may be — indeed, is — interesting, but going with the freedom of a bird's flight over level roads, through fertile, rich country, where the people are well fed and content, sure of a good living for themselves and their live stock, and of each year laying aside a little more against the rainy day, is much more to our taste. Great rocks, deep gorges, floating veils of cascading water, snowy peaks, and stony plateaus whose scanty herbage poorly nourishes an occasional flock of sheep watched by a wind-shaken shepherd,—these things make effective pictures to enjoy in the luxury of one's home, or amid the hush of great art galleries, but seen for days by two people, from the seat of a little car which has no supply house nearer than four thousand miles, they finally lose some of their charm, and we were heartily glad to be getting away from impressive scenery, wandering gypsies, and ignorant mountaineers into a more modern and a better country.

Still, it is only by travelling through the provinces that one can get any idea of the resources of France,

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of the diligence and sturdy patience that wrest a little out of the most discouraging conditions and lay away fully one quarter of that little. For it is the small farm holding, well worked, that makes France rich. She has a population of over forty million, and of those about six million are land owners, in general holding not more than twelve acres, but farming those acres so carefully and living so frugally on their small product, that it is impossible to estimate accurately the sum which would be forthcoming again if necessity were suddenly to arise. Only in the provinces can one learn what the soil does for France, or can one see the men and women who made possible the payment of her German war debt in a manner that has astonished the thinking world.

In the cities an altogether different side of the national character is seen; there idling in *cafés*, driving motors at reckless speed from a childish craving to be admired, or from an even more deplorable lack of sound common sense, smoking and loafing along the boulevards, seem to be the sole occupations of dandified, sparsely bewhiskered young men, while in the country necessity seems to have fashioned them with more regard to adapting means, both mental and physical, to the end of getting something accomplished.

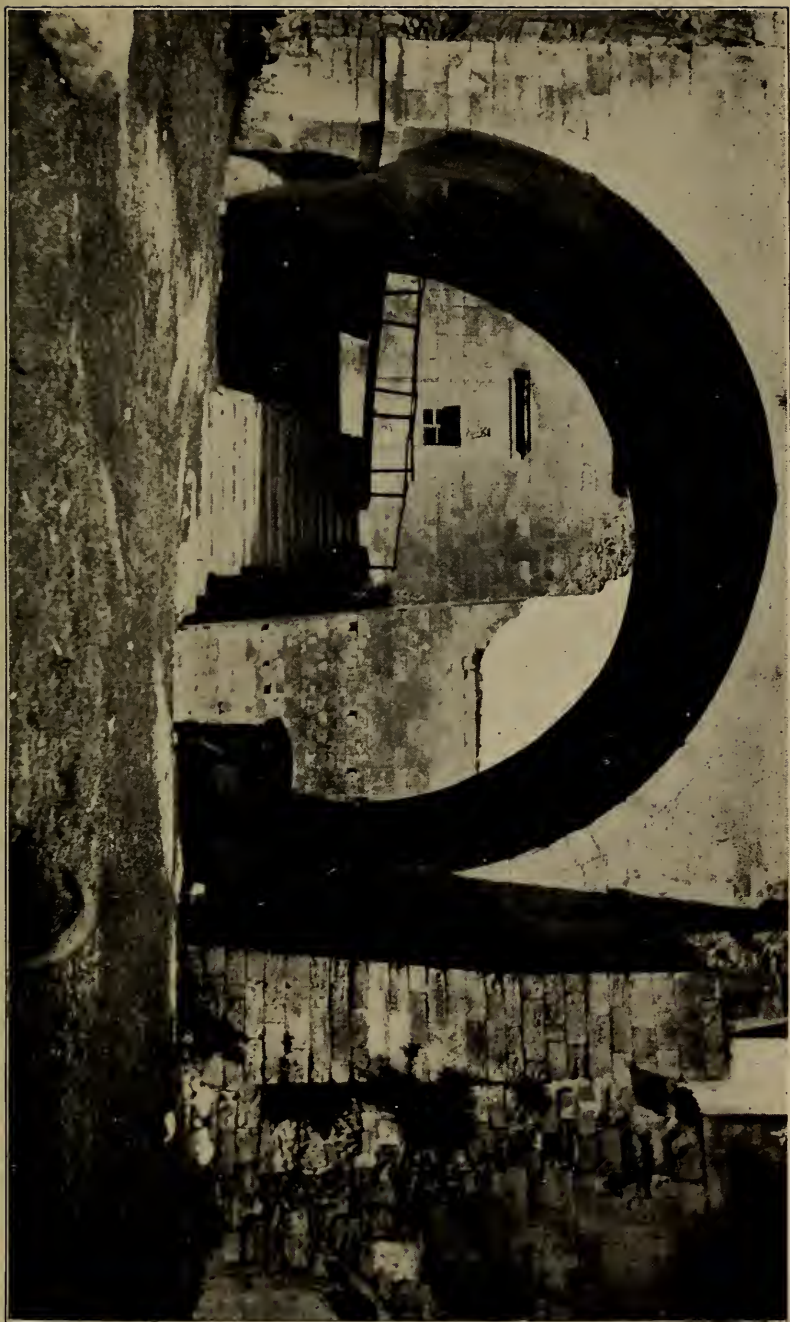
We ran in a happy monotony of good roads over

ABROAD IN A RUNABOUT

gentle hills and valleys the sixty kilometres to Cahors, and there stopped for early luncheon at the old Hotel des Ambassadeurs.

Afterwards we visited the Bridge of Valentré, built in 1251 across the river Lot, in whose quiet waters its arches were mirrored to trembling ovals. This bridge is the best example of those fortified ones of the thirteenth century left in France. It has three strong towers and is in excellent preservation. The city contains much that is historic and interesting. Old houses, bits of ancient walls, a Tower of the Hanged, a fourteenth-century college, and a royal chateau, but for all these we stayed not more than a couple of hours, and went on to Rocamadour through a peculiar country called Les Causses.

This name comes from *calx*, limestone, and the region is one of great barren plains, which cover a large part of the departments of Lot, Lozère, Aveyron, Gard, and Hérault, and rise in places three thousand seven hundred feet above the sea level. They are practically deserts, hot in summer and bitterly cold in winter, and barren and windy at all times. The whole region is composed of limestone, which is what causes these desert conditions, for the limestone is pervious and lets the water through



" ITS RUINS SPEAK IN NO HESITATING VOICE OF THE PAST OF ITS ORDER "

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readily, thus leaving the soil dry, and causing the underground rivers, which if the rock had been granite would have remained above ground and saved the land from sterility, as is proved by the verdant valleys and gullies which occasionally cut the *causses*.

The startling contrast between the canyons and the *causses* forms phenomena which are often very beautiful. For miles before reaching Rocamadour we drove along high ledges, over roads evidently blasted out of the cliff overlooking lovely little valleys, which unfortunately we could not half appreciate, as the roads were so narrow and the curves so many and so sharp that we were kept busy watching them, and changing from brakes to engine and back again, our interest about evenly divided between keeping the car on the road and wondering where they would bury us if we did not. At last, however, we came in sight of the town and had an uninterrupted view of it, as the road widened and followed in gracious curves along a cliff directly opposite, across the narrow winding gorge of the Alzou, sometimes known as the Shadowy Valley.

Is it not Elizabeth Robbins Pennell who speaks of Le Puy as "the most picturesque place in the world"? We agreed with her until this view and,

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indeed, every view of Rocamadour made us give Le Puy the second place, and not a very close second either. Rocamadour clings to the great cliff like a giant hornet's nest, and, like it, is gray and weather-beaten and hardly noticeable at first. A long time we revelled in the delight of it, distinguishing from moment to moment new features and fresh attractions in its climbing loveliness.

It is incomprehensible and regrettable that this place should be so little known to the ordinary tourist, though the natives visit it in tens of thousands annually, especially during the May and September pilgrimages, to venerate the relics of St. Amadour, generally considered to be the original Zacchæus, the publican, who brought here the famous Black Madonna and established the hermitage in which he lived for years.

We swept down the slope, across the gorge and then toiled up the steep climb into the main street of the village, where we were at once besieged by young women, runners for the different hotels. They almost tore us from the car in their eagerness not to have us go to the Hotel of the Golden Lion, but we kept on until we came to it — the last one in the town and reputed to be the best, but certainly nothing remarkable.

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We hurried more than usually through our more than usually necessary ablutions, and went at once out through the rear of the hotel onto a terrace so high that it saved us some of the two hundred and fifteen steps which lead from the ground to the level of the small plateau, where are assembled the miraculous chapel, the Chapel of St. Michel, the Tomb of St. Amadour, the palace of the Bishop, and the Church of St. Sauveur.

It was the week of the great autumn pilgrimage and services were being conducted everywhere, and everywhere devout pilgrims were praying, singing, or kneeling, lost in awe, before the sacred shrines. Many climbed the worn stone steps on their knees, others continued on their knees or on foot, the long way of the cross, which with its stations, leads up to a Gethsemane and a great crucifix which was carried here by barefooted pilgrims from Jerusalem and which stands on the very summit of the hill. The priests walked at the heads of the groups of pilgrims who were singing and praying their slow way up the Calvary, and the effect was very touching, so far as the penitents were concerned, but the priests seemed only bored and anxious to get it all over and done. We saw some few sick, but the great majority were well and evidently combining the religious duty with

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their infrequent holiday in a highly satisfactory manner.

The exquisitely carved miraculous chapel contains a black wooden image of the Virgin, and is in part walled by the living rock, but crude as that seems, the little place makes an impression of great richness and beauty of color; from the galleries hang many-hued banners and glimmering marble votive tablets cover the walls, testifying to the gratitude of those whose petitions have been answered; burning candles and stained glass windows add to the effect, while slow wreathing clouds of incense hover over the bowed heads and seem to blend ancient and modern worshippers and tourists in reverent harmony.

It is another two hundred and fifteen steps from the chapel to the castle, which crowns the height and which was built to protect the sanctuaries, but which now wears out a peaceful age as a home for missionary priests.

From every point of its walls and tower, the views are magnificent. Hills, rocks, woods, and valleys stretch in every direction, here in gentle sweeps and wavy lines, there rough and rugged, telling plainly of volcanic origin. We stood entranced, following eagerly the flowing road over which we had come, and watching now the toiling pilgrims, now the pen-



" WHICH NOW WEARS OUT A PEACEFUL AGE AS A HOME FOR
MISSIONARY PRIESTS "

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nons, which the sunset floated on the quiet sky. A swaying vine or exposed bough stood out occasionally in brilliant autumnal coloring, showing only too surely that our summer and our holiday were drawing to an end.

Returned through the thronged streets to the hotel, we dined, and then spent the evening, visiting with an English member of Parliament and his wife, who were here with their car and their chauffeur. The gentleman, next morning, when we were making ready for our start, became so much interested in the theory of our detachable tires that he called his chauffeur and begged us to go through the painful performance of taking off and putting on a tire, that they might see how it was done. He was so frankly curious as to everything, inquiring its price and its use and admiring everything so generously, that we could not begrudge the dusty work or the loss of time in his service.

And if a reward had been needed, it came when Madame going up stairs to tip the maid, met him and asked if he knew where she was. "Yes," he replied, "she is in this second room; what do you want of her?" "Only to give her a tip." "How much are you giving?" he demanded. "One franc," she replied, not dreaming what excitement she was stir-

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ring up, when with the greatest vehemence he cried, "It's too much; too much by half. You Americans are ruining every servant over here. Give me your franc, and I will change it. It will never do; you must only give her fifty centimes. That is all I shall give, and she has done more for us than she has for you." Cowed by his violence, and knowing that he was right, Madame extended her franc, while he found a fifty-centime piece. Then he gave her this, took her franc, put it in his pocket and still muttering about these scandalous Americans, stalked down the corridor to his room. When he was out of sight, Madame found the maid, gave her the half-franc, and went gleefully out to the waiting car, where the Englishman appeared in a few moments, all unconscious of his blunder, and waved us an enthusiastic farewell.

Not till we were well started did Madame tell Monsieur how the law-maker had "done" her as well as the maid out of a dime. The good laugh we had was worth the price which we would gladly double to know if he has ever discovered his mistake, and, if so, what he said and how he felt.

Our morning's run was to be only seventeen kilometres to the Gouffre de Padirac. These so-called *gouffres* are natural wells in which the rainfall

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gathers, by reason of the pervious limestone which forms the surface overhead; the water flows in the form of rivers for a greater or less distance, through underground channels, then rises to the surface, where it continues as ordinary rivers. The wells are numerous, hereabouts, but the Gouffre de Padirac, explored in 1889 by a Paris lawyer named Martel, is the largest and the best-known.

It seemed at first simply a great hole in the earth, a hundred and ten feet wide and two hundred and fifty feet deep. Down this the guide led us, by vertical ladders, four hundred and forty steps in all. At the bottom, after a short walk, we stepped into a boat and were rowed over a silent, mysterious stream to a wide pool, called Rainy Lake, whose quiet surface is troubled day and night by falling drops of moisture from the huge over-arching vault above.

It was more like the country that the poet sings of,

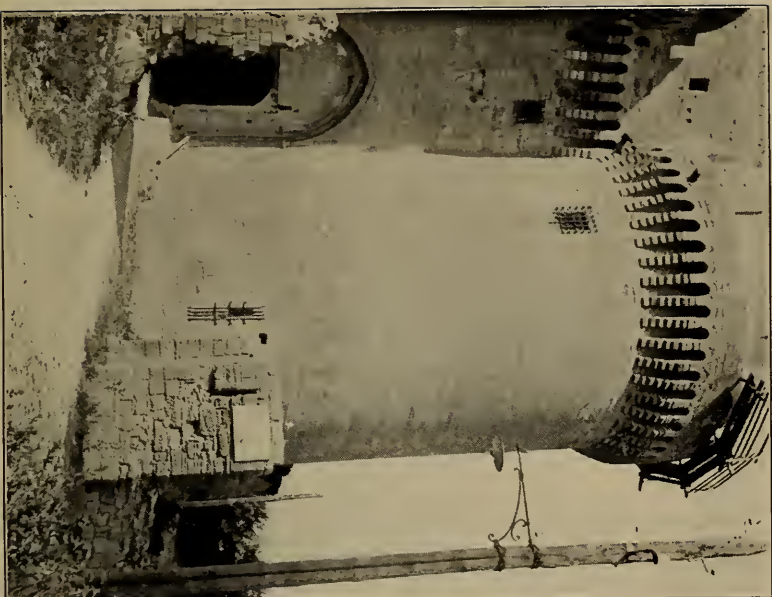
“Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
Through caverns, measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea,”

than like the heart of twentieth-century France, and unconsciously our voices were hushed by the weirdness of the great cave and the mystery of its silent river, flowing apparently without beginning or end,

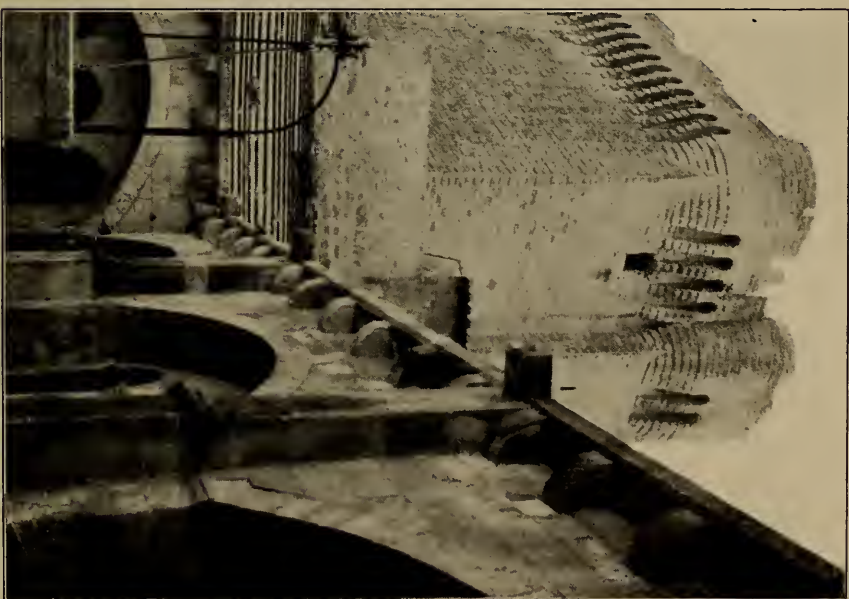
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beneath us. Electric bulbs lighted dimly our course, and revealed great stalactites and stalagmites wraith-like above us. Delicate columns and glistening pendants and sometimes rough copies of mushrooms and pineapples and things that we had known in another world, stole for a moment to the light and then faded into obscurity as we floated past them; and with the winding of the river came tangled memories of all the cave and underground stream stories that we had ever read, and chief and most vividly of them all the adventure of Tom Sawyer and his little girl companion, lost for days in McDougal's cave and hardly knowing which they feared most to encounter — the fluttering bats, the slow death by starvation, or the dreaded Injun Joe.

At length the river narrowed, and we turned back, still finding new wonders, as we approached the landing place. Here the mystery quickly lessened, and by the time we had reached the foot of the tall pillar of ladders, Madame heard Monsieur chuckle behind her and realized that again she had launched into her accustomed boasting for America. But our guide was enthralled and even after we had gained the top was asking questions about a country in which farm hands earned a hundred and fifty francs the month and where servant girls could easily get twenty-



“ THE OLD FORT GLOVES HARMLESSLY OVER
AT THE PAVIL CITY ”
[Page 176]



“ OVERHEAD IN THE OLD TOWER, BIRDS NEST IN
THE HARMLESS MACHICOLIATIONS ”
[Page 195]

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five to thirty francs a week, eat as good food as their employers, and occupy comfortable, *heated* rooms. He had a grown son and daughter and who knows that, in spite of Monsieur's laughter, the seed dropped in that deep cave may not some day bear its flower in their happy, well-paid service here?

We had an early luncheon, in a restaurant part way up the shaft, and started at once thereafter, for what we had every reason to suppose would be a pleasant though a rather long run to Limoges. For the first few miles we had difficulty in getting on the right road, but finally found it, and were going well, when several miles from Brive, with a long sigh, a rear tire went flat. It was already later than we would have wished, and we mended it as hurriedly as we could, consoling ourselves with the thought that we had had very little annoyance of that kind in weeks. Almost in sight of the city it went flat again. It was only too evident now that we were in for the usual rain of tire trouble, and as all the world knows, "it never rains but it pours," we had no doubt as to what was in store for us.

From Brive to Limoges is ninety-eight kilometres, and the road is a continual succession of climbs and descents, following the crests of hills, and crossing the watershed which divides the tributaries of the

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Loire from those of the Garonne. Uneasily we went on, and when within twenty kilometres of Limoges, heard again the familiar sigh and got out to mend once more the same rear tire. If our Member of Parliament could have seen that exhibition of the merits of the quick detachable tires, he would have stripped the twelve cars, which it had leaked out that he had, and re-equipped them, every one. By this time also, the air bottle had reached its last gasp and, what was worse, we could no longer disguise the fact that the cause of our troubles lay not in punctures, but in worn-out valves, and valves were the one thing that we had forgotten to bring with us. Twice more we were obliged to stop and change tubes before Limoges appeared.

The dusk was just upon us and we could no longer read the map, scarcely even see the road before us, any turn might be one that we ought to take; but we clung tenaciously to what we judged to be the high-road and raced the gathering darkness, knowing that we must find cover at once as we had never yet made the prudent and often discussed purchase of carbide. When at last the steeples rose before us, we had to face the question how, in a city of eighty-four thousand people, we were ever going to find the Hotel

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Moderne, or any other, before we should be arrested for running without lights.

But fortune at last favored us. On the outskirts of the town we saw an old mail carrier, and paused to ask him for help. He was quick to seize the situation, and exclaimed, "If you have an extra seat, I'll show you," and we were off in less than half a minute. For blocks and blocks we ran, a perfectly straight course and up hill all the way, and then, with a few directing waves of his hand, found ourselves at the hotel just as darkness fell, and the lights of the streets flared up, and just as the over-weighed valve hissed out its protest, and, once more, and with an air of finality, gave up the ghost.

We were too tired and too thankful to have arrived at all, to discuss our situation that night, and when we awakened on a bright, clear morning, to military music from the barracks near by, it did not seem so hopeless. We started out at once to find a garage, and did so without trouble, for Limoges is a wide-awake, commercial city. But to find one where they had any little springs to fit our valve stems, or even had any ideas that tended to help us, was another matter.

We had a long hunt, but finally bought new valves

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entirely and one new inner tube, which of course was fitted with a valve. This was put on and we felt that we had escaped very lightly from a situation which might have meant serious annoyance and the loss of several days had it occurred in a smaller city in which so large a stock of supplies had not been kept. Even in Limoges valves of the right size were impossible to find, and the holes in our rims had to be filed very carefully, lest they be made too large for American valves, and the matter consumed almost the whole day.

When we were once more in order we took the car and went for a short drive about the city and to one of the enamel factories, for Limoges enamels have been famous since the tenth century, or before. This beautiful work is the main employment of the town. It is easy to gain access to the factories and very interesting to see the jewelry and the large plaques and ornaments made, from the moment when the bright clear lumps of glass are ground to powder, until the repeated firings melt them into perfect works of art, which glow with an inner radiance from their gold and silver foundations.

There is absolutely nothing to detain the tourist at Limoges, so we read of its long history, its wars and fires and pestilences, of its churches and its mu-

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seums, but did no more, and left in good season the next day and did not worry about the few things which we might have seen had we been more diligent.

With every mile that we made northward the hills and valleys smoothed themselves out and we came hourly into a better country, where the people were happier and less careworn, for now we were nearing the great granary of France.

The first chateau which we saw was that of Valençay. We paused to give a thought to the American girl who had once been its mistress, and to admire its imposing exterior and then ran on to Blois in time to get our mail for our unexpected change of plans had necessitated writing for sailing lists, which we hoped to receive here, as we realized that we must make haste if we were to get any sort of satisfactory accommodation at this late date.

We stopped next for the view of Blois just before crossing the river, but the castle is too much hidden by clustering buildings to make any impression, and we went on over the bridge and up to the Grand Hotel de Blois, by some mistake getting into the very one that we intended to avoid. However, our prejudice was unfounded and the place proved very comfortable, evidently quite the fashionable American establishment.

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We went next morning at once to the Chateau, of which it is difficult to write, for it has received more description, probably, than almost any building in France and is very generally familiar.

The way to it is up a winding, slightly rising street and the entrance through a low doorway surmounted by a stiff equestrian statue of Louis XII. Inside the court the different styles of architecture are seen at a glance. There are three wings, one built by Louis XII, one by Francis I, and one by Gaston of Orléans and they cover a period of several hundred years. The first and third are comparatively unimportant, for the main interest and the most beautiful decorations belong to the wing of Francis I. The oldest part goes back to the thirteenth century and the most recent was built in 1635. Since the French Revolution the Chateau has received hard usage as powder magazine and barracks, but very complete restorations have been made since the year 1845.

In the Gaston wing, which is formal and uninteresting, the principal thing to be seen is the great staircase, by the elder Mansard. In the Louis XII wing, which is of more beautiful architecture, are the rooms of Anne of Brittany, his wife, her graceful device of the festooned and knotted rope and the ermine, being everywhere in evidence.

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The most striking feature of the Francis I wing is the wonderful outside stairway, a miracle of grace, which climbs to the fourth story, with several large openings and a myriad of decorations, carved scrolls, gargoyles, arabesques, statuettes, festoons, flowers, and medallions, and always and everywhere the salamander, the emblem of Francis I. This sociable-looking beast was given him when he was a child for his device, by his tutor Boisi, and it writhes its scaly, good-natured body across nearly everything that Francis wrote or built or made until it becomes almost as tiresome, if not so melancholy, as the swans of the mad Ludwig of Bavaria.

This wing contains the most personal and intimate rooms, those of Catherine de Medici, her bedroom, her boudoir, her oratory, and her study. The walls of the dressing-room are elaborately panelled and behind many of the panels are little secret *armoires* whose existence makes as greatly for the pleasure of the tourist as it must have for her convenience, many years ago. One wonders if among the jumble of innocent trinkets and aids to beauty, the little secret nooks did not occasionally contain some tiny bottle of roseate liquid not used for tinting the queen's lips and which the maids of the wardrobe handled gingerly, or if hidden under a pile of scented gloves

might not have lain a box of guileless-looking powder which bore no label and which needed none.

Probably the next spot in the building to attract general interest is the room in which, on December 23, 1588, Henry III compassed the assassination of the Duke of Guise. The large council hall is shown and the fireplace at which the Duke stood warming himself, when the King, who had been busy perfecting his arrangements since four o'clock that morning, sent to request his presence in an adjoining room. The Duke, still without uneasiness, though several times warned, stepped at once to the King's apartments and not seeing him, turned to raise the curtain to go into the inner room, when suddenly his arm was seized and a dagger struck into his breast. He fought furiously, calling loudly for help, but the door had been locked behind him and the contest of forty-five to one could not long be a matter of doubt; he fell at the foot of the King's bed, a bleeding, quivering thing, which five minutes before had been a jaunty courtier, one so great that his power and popularity had been his undoing. When the body was at last still, the King came in and voiced his relief and satisfaction in the joyful exclamation, "We are no longer two: I am King now."

A moment later, with a parting kick at the body,



" MEN WERE SWEEPING AND SPRINKLING IT "

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" WHERE THE ROCK MAKES THE WALLS OF THE BUILDINGS AND
WHERE MAN'S WORK, IT IS HARD TO TELL "

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and the cool observation that the Duke looked larger dead than he had alive, the coward turned away and went to report the affair to his mother, Catherine de Medici, with, no doubt, the very air and manner of little Jack Horner's famous "What a brave boy am I."

In a neighboring room the King's chaplain was meanwhile diligently saying mass and praying as he had been ordered to do, that God would "give to the King grace to be able to execute an enterprise which he hopes to complete within an hour and on which depends the well-being of France."

One becomes so lost at Blois in the crowds of royal names and the history of bloody deeds, the endless ermines, and porcupines, and salamanders, and loops of knotted cord, that one forgets all about a simple woman-child of seventeen who in 1429, newly given by her King the title and powers of General-in-Chief of the Armies of France, came here from Chinon on her march to Orleans.

Here she stayed three days, and here it was that she converted that fierce old soldier, La Hire, "that abandoned refuse of perdition," from the error of his ways, to such an extent that he attended mass and later prayed before her that famous impromptu prayer, so often wrongly attributed to others: "Fair

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Sir God, I pray you to do by La Hire, as he would do by you, if you were La Hire, and he were God." The thought of the scene is like a fresh little oasis in the desert of heartless and Godless acts which the very name of Blois calls up.

The whole Chateau is beautiful and interesting and has been the scene of many festivities, much despair, of frequent revelry, plotting and crime, but over it all pours now the peaceful sunshine, and through the big council rooms, boudoirs, and corridors trail the crowds of tourists, while on these modern chatterers the old carved salamanders look down with as stony and indifferent a stare as they did at those others in an age long gone.

The thing that was most striking to us was the complete change, due, of course, to the introduction of artillery, in the spirit of these Renaissance chateaux from that of the older noble dwellings which we had just been seeing. Here it is an architecture of security and tranquillity, not of the danger and uncertainty of more warlike times. The chateaux, like the people, seem to have become filled with more of gaiety, ease and refinement, and the grim barrenness of more savage parts and periods is noticeably lacking.

The Chateau of Blois has been very much restored,

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quite too much, we thought. There is such a wealth of red and blue paint, and gilt, and everything is, in some way, so entirely unlivable, that it is no wonder the old occupants had to take to mischief to keep from realizing their surroundings, if they really were so staringly hideous and so unrestful as they are now. No two decorations are alike. Even the great fancy fireplaces look tawdry and uninviting.

After leaving the castle we took the auto and ran out about eighteen miles to Chambord, another royal residence and probably the largest and the most peculiar of them all.

It was begun in 1526 by Francis I and is yet unfinished, though eighteen hundred workmen were employed for twelve years on it. It is a huge affair having more than four hundred and forty rooms, thirteen full-grown staircases and many little secret ones, as well as the great double staircase of a hundred and eighty-six steps, which is the most curious feature of the whole building. It is so constructed that parties may go up and down without meeting — a bald description, this, which does scant justice to what is really a marvellous architectural work. The more we looked at the double spiral, the less we comprehended it, and the time-honored joke that says something about, “when you are going up you meet

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yourself coming back," was very much to the fore, for now at last most of our fellow tourists were our own countrymen, and their humor was familiar to us.

The roof is a fascinating place — a mass of towers, chimneys, turrets, and pinnacles, crowned by a great stone lantern, which is very effective. The whole exterior is indescribably odd, resembling nothing on earth but the Coronado Beach Hotel at San Diego, California, though inside the comparison fails utterly, for Chambord is a wilderness of bareness, echoing halls and corridors, and empty, lifeless rooms.

Though vast sums of money have been spent here, the surrounding country is unattractive, flat, sandy, unromantic, more like an excellent factory sight, than a place for a royal pleasure dome. However, it was to be within convenient reach of good hunting and also where he could bask in the radiant smiles of the Countess of Thoury, that Francis I chose the spot. The walls of the park of the Chateau are twenty-one miles in circumference, but the place is of little charm, though originally the effect must have been much finer, before the moat was filled up, and the drawbridge, portcullis, and battlements removed. It is said that the district was so marshy when the chateau was built that the piling alone, necessary for its construction, cost three hundred thousand

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francs. We did not stay more than a couple of hours, but returned through a quiet farming country past the Chateau of Cheverny, "a light, sweet mansion," and the more imposing Chateau of Beauregard, both unfortunately closed, and reached Blois in time for dinner.

CHAPTER XX

BLOIS TO TOURS

SATISFIED with our stay, we left next morning, first, for the well-hidden Chateau of Berry, built in 1515 by an unknown Italian architect, and then on through Onzain and across the river to Chaumont, where to our sorrow, we found only closed doors, and all we could see was a glimpse of the towers rising through the trees.

This chateau dates in part from the tenth century and is a lordly pile well placed on a height above the river, and the views from its windows and courts must be particularly lovely. We were sorry not to see it, especially as it is furnished, but we had to pocket our disappointment and continue beside the river over a perfect road to Amboise, a few miles farther on, where we drew up for luncheon at another Hotel of the Golden Lion, almost under the eaves of the castle, which looks more like a huge lump of carved ivory than a thing of rock and mortar centuries old.

From the bridge which spans the brown, slow

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flood, the castle is wonderfully beautiful. There is an enormous round tower and a mass of balconies, crenelations, and turrets and the effect, half warlike, half peaceful, is wholly entrancing.

We ascended a short distance and entered the castle grounds from the rear, thus coming almost at once upon the exquisite chapel of St. Hubert, built for Anne of Brittany. It is very tiny, but so rich with gargoyles, traceried windows, lacy carving, and all the architectural and artistic charms of the florid Gothic style, that all tourists are enchanted by it. Over the entrance is a carving in high relief, "the conversion of St. Hubert"—the sacred stag with the Crucifix springing from his head, St. Hubert kneeling in awe, St. Christopher and St. Anthony looking on in amazement; the whole story is there, and is wonderfully executed.

This castle is empty, but it conveys no such impression of bleakness as does Chambord. In the tower of the Minimes is a wide inclined plain which served for a stairway and up which Charles V and his courtiers rode on horseback when he came in 1539 to visit Francis I. The view from the top would have well repaid them if they had made the ascent on their knees instead. This was probably one of the most brilliant moments in the annals of the

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historic old castle; the blackest occurred when, in 1560, a plot was discovered by which the Huguenots proposed to remove the youthful Francis II and his bride, Mary Queen of Scots, from what they felt, of course, to be the evil influences of the Guises and the Medicis. Catherine de Medici when she learned of the plot had twelve hundred of the Huguenots butchered in the presence of the Court, and the young couple were obliged to be present and afterward to look upon the swaying bodies whose (supposed) blood stains are still shown where they hung from the balcony.

Poor young man, so soon to die himself, and still more pitiful girl-queen, it is to be hoped that then and there she grew accustomed to the sight of running blood, for her whole life was to be spattered with it before, in the end, her own was to be shed, by another indomitable royal woman.

At the end of the garden which now is pretty with arbors of lime trees, but which, according to Philippe de Comines used to be the "nastiest" place about the castle, is a low stone doorway, against which in 1498 Charles VIII, then a young man, and the husband of Anne of Brittany, while hurrying to watch a game of tennis, struck his head with such

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force as to cause his death within a few hours. Over the door is a carved porcupine, the emblem of Louis XII. The poor beast looks frayed and moth-eaten, and his quills are standing painfully erect, probably with disgust at the doubtful taste which could have lead Anne's second husband to have his device sculptured over that particular place. From the walls and tower of the castle, on a fair day one can see the spires of the Cathedral of Tours, for Amboise is about midway between Blois and Tours.

After seeing the castle we took the machine and ran out some seven miles to Chenonceaux. This royal chateau is the most home-like of them all. It is small and dainty and distinctly a place for happy people to live a life of pleasure and content. It lies deep in the quiet of fragrant meadows and we came to it through a long avenue of trees, their filtering shadows, green rather than gray, and the faint duski-ness lighted now and then by the slow dropping of a golden leaf. First of all we passed a round tower, a relic of an earlier building, and now given over to the ever-present post-card and souvenir shop, but the main façade is only a few steps farther and the eye embraces the whole in one sweep,—the old tower, the airy chateau, trees, gardens, high-floating

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clouds and the gently flowing river Cher, across which Catherine de Medici threw one whole wing of the building.

It is a place to love, and we felt sorry for Diane de Poitiers, to whom Henry II gave it, when we remembered that as soon as he was dead, Catherine coolly forced her to retire to Chaumont, and herself assumed control here. To be honest, however, the really unique and charming feature, the two-story gallery, which crosses the stream, like a dainty maid on stepping stones, is Catherine's work, and Chaumont was at that time undoubtedly much the grander residence; also, Catherine certainly had had provocation.

The chateau was founded in 1496, or, as some say, in 1515, by Thomas Bohier, a Receiver-General of Normandy, but his son was obliged to give it up to the crown to offset certain shortages in his father's accounts. It was one of the favorite royal residences until 1730, when it was sold, to Monsieur Claude Dupin, who, with his charming wife, held here a little court of their friends, and in the hands of this cultured family it remained for a hundred years.

It is now owned, we were told, by the Thierry family, and during their absence is shown to visitors.

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The inside, while furnished in old and suitable furniture, is not particularly interesting, except for the great kitchens which are in one of the stone piers in the river, which originally supported a mill, when Bohier saw the place and realized, first, its possibilities of beauty. The two long galleries crossing the river are thoroughly dull, but the flickering light from the water ripples over floor and walls and gives a grace and lightness even to the old white busts and makes them live again.

But the charm of the place is felt mostly from the outside and a little below the chateau, where from either bank of the river, the water shows a marvellous reflection of the arches of the gallery, and where one can watch fish and clouds and bits of grasses float with the quiet current, in a tranquil picture not easily to be matched, even in this, the fairest section of the "pleasant land of France."

From Chenonceaux we returned to Amboise and there rested for the night, starting in the morning for Loches, a run of perhaps twenty-four miles.

All this Loire Valley is a veritable paradise for the motorist. The roads are beyond criticism, and the hotels, while lacking the charm of more remote hostelries, are good, and English is spoken in almost

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all of them. The proprietors understand the wishes and habits of tourists and everything possible is done to please them. Of course, the prices are higher than in less frequented localities, but still are very reasonable to one accustomed to rates in America. For people who have but a short time for motoring abroad, Normandy and the chateau country are the places to visit. They are easily accessible, garage and auto supplies numerous, the weather generally fair, and the runs short, every mile abounding in picturesque views, historic places, well-kept fields, and little intimate sights which make touring here the greatest delight. Under such conditions, the little trip to Loches was all too short, and yet it was the distance between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries.

Loches arose, as so many old-world cities did, around a monastery, and by the sixth century boasted a castle, though probably not nearly so large as the eleventh-century one which is seen to-day, and which grew gradually until in its palmy days it covered the whole top of the hill and its wall and moat, mostly still preserved, were a mile and a quarter long.

We arrived shortly before luncheon, but immediately thereafter started out to see the sights. The

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first of these is the old church, but it does not amount to anything. In the Chateau Royal is the little oratory of Anne of Brittany, with its oft-repeated design of the ermine and the festooned cord, and below one of the towers lies the calm figure of Agnes Sorel above her tomb, though the painful fact is that during the Revolution her remains were destroyed. The statue is of white marble, and has two angels at the head and two lambs at the feet; in this case, no doubt, a tribute to the meaning of her name, as well as a token of her peaceful death. It is odd to think of this openly avowed mistress of Charles VII and of the child-like Maid of Domremy, each doing her utmost to put enough backbone into the invertebrate Charles to get him to fight for his own country, but it certainly took their combined efforts to bring about results.

The Donjon and Martelet, however, are more than usually full of interest and the guide who showed them to us deserves to rank with Irving, for his realistic rendition of the tragic scenes and stories in which the place abounds made the shivers creep over us more than once. He would throw himself against a wall, grasp a heavy iron collar, seem to fasten it around his neck, and then gradually sink to the floor, explaining to us, how, after perhaps thirty-six hours

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of torture, the victim would drop exhausted and the great collar would break his neck.

Once he took us into a particularly loathsome cell and explained how in the olden times a prisoner would be thrust in here and left in total darkness, whereupon, of course, he would start out to grope about the walls (here the guide grew more and more intensely dramatic and went shuffling fearfully about) until suddenly a great hole, now closed up, would open under his feet and with a cry the poor fellow would be precipitated into some horrible pit far below; "and then," said the guide, "the governor of the prison would report in due season to the King that so-and-so had died in prison, and the King, with a polite shrug, would observe, 'Unfortunate,' and the incident would be closed."

Down in the main part of the tower of the Martellet, one below another, the unspeakable cells descend into the blackness and the chill silence of the living rock. Where a tiny ray of light could penetrate, we saw a rude sun-dial cut into the wall and a number of rough pictures, made by Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, during his ten-years' imprisonment. In the cell of the bishops are fourteen faint stations of the cross, and the holes by which the victims climbed the wall to cling for a few moments on



"MANY ROCKY STREETS AND SAGGING
STONE DOORWAYS"

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"A WEIRD VIEW OF ROCKS AND CLIFFS WHICH
MISTRAL BELIEVED SUGGESTED TO DANTE
THE ARCHITECTURE OF HIS HELL"

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bright days where they could catch a ray of sunlight. There is one veritable chamber of horrors, with a great fireplace, in which used to be heated the torture irons, for the question ordinary and extraordinary. How the tongues of flame must have lighted up the awesome room, and what agony must they have brought out on the faces of the victims!

It is in the grim *Tour Ronde* that the main interest of the castle centres, and it has been either one of the most terrible prisons of Europe or one of the most maligned. The prisons range from dungeons several stories below the ground to the most familiar cell of all, in which hung for eleven years the four-foot square cage which contained Cardinal Jean de la Balue.

This story is curtailed to three years by some; by some others it is thought that the Cardinal was confined at Onzain, never at Loches, but some way at Loches we were perfectly able to believe that it was here and that it was a full eleven years. The holes can yet be seen in which rested the supports of the cage, which hung there while obscure Columbus was still studying over the probability of a short route to India. The guide showed us how the cage could be lowered and raised at the pleasure

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of Louis XI, and called our attention to a narrow staircase down which the tormentor and his coadjutor, Tristan l'Hermite, used to come to jeer at the Cardinal, the King urging Tristan occasionally to "further agitate his Eminence," by twisting or jerking the cage, perhaps. Now and then the King even sent for the prisoner, it is said, to play chess with him, and when the game was over would pop him back in his cage until next he should be wanted. It is a horrible account, and in its main features is undoubtedly true, and yet the Cardinal was a traitor caught red-handed, in an attempt to sell out the King, and in the judgment of those savage days, no doubt the punishment was felt most delicately to "fit the crime."

Loches seems a more unbelievably cruel place than almost any other. Nowhere else does man's inhumanity to man seem so incredibly devilish, so well thought out, so painstakingly prepared, and so relentlessly carried to completion.

There are other blood-curdling things and places, but these are enough to remember and we were glad to come out into the fresh air of the courtyard and gather horse chestnuts from the huge old tree which Francis I planted there, almost four hundred years ago. The view of the surrounding country is pleas-

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ant in a quiet way, though the Indre is not so stately a stream as the Loire.

The old town across the river, Beaulieu, looks attractive and is said to contain some very picturesque old houses. Of these also, Loches has excellent examples, some very richly decorated, but after a little longer roaming about the town we started on for Tours, where we were again hoping for satisfactory steamship reports.

We wound through the valley of the Indre about thirteen miles, then stopped to enjoy the gray remains of the eighth-century Benedictine Abbey at Cormery, after which we went on again through smaller roads, evidently not much frequented by autoists, to Montbazon, a dreamy old village commanded by the great square keep of a mediæval castle with a hideous, modern Madonna on top, which is enough to "make the judicious grieve."

We have seen in America tan shoes worn with a dress suit, and been glad that only our own countrymen were there to observe the sight, but it was purely a personal ignorance and by no means so bad as these Virgins, perched up on all sorts of unsuitable and absurd pinnacles all over France, or so inappropriate as the trifling iron crosses, which, no doubt, a deep religious sentiment, but certainly a total lack

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of humor and sense of the fitness of things, allows to disfigure the obelisks of an older civilization in otherwise impressive Rome to-day.

The afternoon was still by no means spent when we arrived at Tours, and after crossing the Loire, stopped to ask directions, to the ruins (now almost gone) of Plessis les Tours, described in Scott's "Quentin Durward."

It seemed to take a little time to get the desired information, and, to talk more courteously, we got out of the car, and thereby discovered a broken and trailing strut rod. It had happened between Cormery and Tours, but just where we did not know. At once we explained our situation to the man with whom we were talking, and asked him to direct us, instead, to a reliable garage, which he did, naming one, fortunately near at hand. Inside of three minutes we drew up before the door of the place and asked if they could repair us at once. They said that it would take not more than an hour, so we left the auto and went by street-car for our mail—a fruitless errand, and returned before long, to find the work almost done, and the fine-looking young proprietor inspecting the machine with interest.

While the men visited in smiling sign-language over the car, the dainty little lady took Madame into

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her house, which adjoined the garage, and showed her English grammar and an exercise book, in which she had evolved an ingenious system for learning the many confusing prepositions, which she said puzzled her more than longer words. She had drawn a picture of a cage with a bird in it, and under the bird in large letters had written the illuminating word "IN." There was also a bird *under* the cage, one *on* the cage, one flying *to* or *toward* the cage, one going *out* of the cage, one *beside* the cage, etc., etc., till the whole page looked as if it were ready to take to itself wings and fly away. She was very anxious to learn English to be helpful in her husband's business, and her diligence and industry deserved the reward which doubtless they have begun to bring.

Very soon Monsieur came to say that the rod was finished, and then and there we paid the only money which we laid out in actual repairs on the car during the whole trip of thirty-four hundred miles. The cost was 58 cents and cheap enough we thought it. The work was well done and when we now see that inconspicuous strut rod, there comes to us a vision of the hopeful, hard-working young couple and the bright little woman with her aviary of prepositions, and we wish that they may both, as dear old Joe Jefferson put it, "live long and prosper."

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By this time we thought it wise to be on our way toward our pretty room at the Golden Lion again, for we had left our belongings at Amboise, intending to stay there one more night, so, leaving Tours, a slowly fading blot on the green and gold of the sunset, we rode smoothly along, beside the glistening river, past more rock dwellings and quaint contented villages, over a road humpy from too much traffic, and back once more, just as the dusk was falling, to our very comfortable hotel, in the shadow of the blood-stained old chateau.

CHAPTER XXI

TOURS — LANGEAIS — AZAY LE RIDEAU — CHINON —

ANGERS

IT was a chilly morning, so our ride back to Tours was not so pleasant as the one had been coming out, but it was made quickly and we went, with hope renewed to the Hotel du Faisan, and asked for a room and for our mail. The former they gave us promptly and gladly, but as to the latter, they were powerless.

Feeling decidedly down, we went to a steamship office and had them wire to every line sailing from Havre, Cherbourg, or any English port, even adding that we would consider second cabin. This last we were constrained to do as the papers were telling of wealthy Americans who were glad to go home in the steerage, so great was the rush to get back. To be frank, we did not believe these stories, but the reports that we heard at the hotel and everywhere were, to say the least, very discouraging.

When we had set the wheels in motion we went to see the sights, beginning with the cathedral. It is

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gray and venerable and has two tall towers, any amount of elaborate carving and some old and valuable stained glass, but, for all these, it manages to fall just short of attractiveness. It is poorly situated and seems in some way to have lost faith in itself. It carried no conviction to us, nor any desire to stay long in it or to return for a second visit.

Tours is very old — in fact, it joined the league under Vercingetorix against Cæsar, in 52 B. C., and has had a lively history, the most important event being without doubt the battle of Tours, fought between here and Poitiers, in 732, when Charles Martel hurled back the advancing power of the Saracens and thereby saved Europe to Christianity.

But all these things considered, Tours offers very little to the would-be sight-seer. There is the old house of Tristan l'Hermite, called the House of the Hanged, which dates from the fifteenth century and whose front still bears huge nails as memorials of the executions which took place there. There are the Tower of St. Martin and the Tower of Charlemagne, relics of the old basilica of St. Martin, a museum, and a number of unimportant churches and practically nothing else worthy of time and strength. For a city of sixty-five thousand it seems dull, and to our minds could never for a moment rank with Amboise

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as a centre from which to visit the neighboring places of interest.

Evidently, however, we are in a painful minority in this opinion, for there is a large floating and resident English-speaking population, due, no doubt, to the claim, stoutly maintained, that here French is spoken with greater purity than anywhere in France. As to that, we are hardly qualified to say; sweet it certainly is, and exceedingly different from that which we had heard in the south; less sluggish than that of the east, and less metallic than the speech of the Capital, to which we personally prefer it.

After getting the steamship agent's report in the morning, which did not seem very hopeful, but was inconclusive, we started on for Angers, where he was to wire us the next day.

It was a lovely morning and we were but a few minutes in reaching Luynes, our first stopping place. The chateau can be seen from the road, but deserves a visit, at least a nearer inspection. It is not large, but has an excellent position on a little elevation overlooking the river, and seems older than it is, as it only dates from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, for all it looks so very grim and defensible.

Along the front there is a belt of noble towers, with cone-shaped tops, and loophole windows, but in

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the courtyard are buildings still habitable and attractive, which are of the seventeenth century. The Duchy was formerly the property of Charles Albert de Luynes, favorite minister and keeper of the seals under Louis XIII.

Beyond Luynes a few kilometres, in plain sight from the road, is a queer solid tower, ninety feet high, with four small pyramids on the top. It seems a particularly useless thing, and nothing is certainly known of its purpose, or even of its date, though it is thought to be of Roman origin.

Near it are the remains of two large round towers, once part of the Chateau of Henry de Ruzé, Marquis de Cinq Mars, the favorite of Louis XIII, whose death Richelieu brought about in Lyons in 1642. The story is familiar from De Vigny's book of the same title, but there the young marquis is hardly given credit for the real character and courage which he must have had, for the manner of his death was such as to bring no shame to the decaying old chateau. From Cinq Mars to Langeais is only a few kilometres, and we reached there just in time for a good luncheon at another of those Golden Lions, of which France is so prolific.

The Chateau of Langeais is a gem, one of the finest examples of French military architecture. It

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marks the transition from the fortress to the palatial residence, and was begun by a barber of Louis XI, though finished by a later owner. The angles of its exterior wall are guarded by huge towers and the effect from the front is very warlike and imposing, with drawbridge and portcullis and high gray walls. Inside is a court, with charming lawns and flower beds, which must be only a constant aggravation to the family who occupy the castle but do not dare to brave the publicity of the gardens.

Some say that a Paris millionaire owns the chateau, others insist that it is the property of the State. In any case it is richly furnished in antique fashion, as nearly as possible in a manner suitable to the period of the building, and is shown graciously to the public.

Here it was that Anne of Brittany was married, at seventeen, to Charles VIII, thus uniting the last outstanding State to the crown, and the large room was really the more interesting when the guide told us of the ceremony here, for by now we had seen so much that was associated with the royal couple that we began to feel a friendly interest in them.

The whole chateau, from the lovely gardens to the savage old *chemin de ronde* high up on the big tower, is keenly interesting, and no one, we feel sure, can

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fail of a sense of gratitude to those who hold it so generously for the pleasure of the public.

Again and again as we walked through, the guide gave a peculiar knock before unlocking a room, and when we entered a moving drapery or the creak of a smaller door, told of some one's hasty exit. In no single room did we see two chairs drawn up as if for a friendly chat, no cat or dog or modern novel, no bit of unfinished fancywork, nor any one of the personal and comfortable disorders of daily home life, and we were doubly appreciative of our privileges when the guide told us that just at present there were guests in the house.

What an odd visit it must be, what a memory of exquisite bits seen through high, narrow windows, of nights in curtained beds, of time-darkened old *armories*, illumined missals, dim Venetian mirrors, long, winding stone stairways, and echoing corridors, and of every now and then, a sudden flight and a breathless wait behind some fluttering, fading arras, while babbling tourists marvelled in different languages at the curious surroundings of everyday life.

We enjoyed Langeais particularly well, and were almost sorry when it was time to go on to Azay le Rideau. At once, on leaving, we crossed the Loire



“THE WHOLE ASPECT OF THE TOWN IS MORE LIKE THAT OF MOROCCO THAN FRANCE.”

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and soon the Indre, and after about five miles came to Azay, the pearl of Touraine.

With most tourists this chateau undoubtedly is the prime favorite, though it is neither large nor imposing, hoary with age, nor dark with historic bloodstains. It is simply wholly charming. It rises directly from the Indre, which serves it as moat, and on one side laps the very walls. The effect is one of great elaboration of detail; there are carven chimneys and dormer windows laden with imagery, and a projecting entablature which imitates a row of machicolations, and turrets with sharp graceful *finales*, everywhere.

It is the typical Renaissance chateau at its best. Studying it, we realized clearly the great change which had been brought about by the introduction of artillery. This ruined the old feudal chateau; it broke the faith of the nobles in their strong walls, as the increasing pressure of kingly might had broken their own power, and they resigned themselves thereafter to the situation and built no longer castles which were strongholds for defence, but houses to live in and enjoy. The campaigns under Charles VII in Italy had shown them how beautiful homes might be, and they thereupon made their own as attractive as they could, often employing Italian artists and architects to help them.

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Either they built new residences or they remodelled the old ones often retaining, or erecting, donjon and corner towers, of greatly reduced size, and mock-machicolations, as symbols of their former power. Loopholes became traceried windows, pinnacles and light *tourelles* assumed the place of massive towers, old curtain walls grew into gorgeously and delicately decorated façades, stone corbels changed into balconies, stony courtyards to parks and gardens, and gradually the whole aspect was altered.

Surrounding Azay there is a large park, not too well kept up to be attractive, where the silence was broken only by the tinkle of winding streamlets or the twitter of birds in the over-arching trees. The vines rioting over the rustic bridge by which we left the chateau, were aflame with vivid reds and yellows, the river loitered lovingly over its long grasses, and there seemed a hush and sense of solitude over everything. Surely no fairer place or more secluded could be found to enshrine a monarch's loves. It was more like the palace of the sleeping beauty, than a show place, where thousands and thousands of hurrying sight-seers pause annually in their rush to see as much as possible in the all too short holidays of their busy lives.

How long we would willingly have stayed in this

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enchancing Loire country, and particularly at Langeais and Azay, we cannot tell, but the afternoon was well along and Angers still sixty miles away, so we felt that we must be moving.

The first part of our way lay through the national forest of Chinon, over a road frankly marked on the map as in bad condition, but it was so direct (only nineteen kilometres) that we agreed to chance it and found it not very bad, only hilly — or, as the books say, *accidentée*.

Chinon is on the little river Vienne, and the gray old ruins frown down in right lordly fashion. There are really three fortresses, the oldest, the Chateau de Coudray, dating from the tenth century. The site was originally occupied by a Roman camp, later by the Visigoths, and the present castle fell to the Counts of Touraine, and later to Henry II of England, who liked it the best of all his continental possessions and who died here in 1189.

There is a full measure of war, hunger, rapine, blood, and fire in the history of the old castle, but its supreme moment occurred, no doubt, when on March 8, 1429, in the blaze of two hundred and fifty torches, and heralded at each fifty feet of her progress by the silvery notes of trumpeters, Joan of Arc, simply clad in the dress now preserved in the Musée

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at Orléans, walked between lines of courtiers and ladies, to where the King, Charles VII (though then uncrowned) stood among his gentlemen, and, disregarding the man masquerading on the throne, fell on her knees before the rightful monarch, to the amazement of all who beheld her.

The King, as much bewildered as any one, asked: "Who are you and what would you?" and she replied, "I am called Joan the Maid, and am sent to to say that the King of Heaven wills that you be crowned and consecrated in your good city of Rheims and he willeth also that you set me at my appointed work and give me men at arms. For then will I raise the siege of Orléans and break the English power." The King was so impressed that he granted her request, and two months from that day she forced the English to retire, an event which is still celebrated on May seventh and eighth in Orléans.

Not only are the ruins interesting, but the quaint old town also is fascinating, but we could not delay long, and continued rapidly to Le Port Boulet, where we crossed the Loire again, and twenty kilometres further paused to enjoy the fine view of Saumur, climbing slowly from the quaint old houses on the river front to the castle on the height, all massed blackly against the glowing gold of the sunset.

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Saumur is another town which grew up about a monastery and its history is that of religious rise and fall. Angered at the usurpations of the abbeys, the town early embraced Protestantism and of course suffered severely after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A celebrated school of cavalry in recent years has done much for it, as have also its manufactories of rosaries, but it has never recovered.

As there is little to see of importance, and as the castle though old, is greatly modernized and now serves as an arsenal, we contented ourselves with admiring it from across the long bridge, and then ran on without accident or incident the forty-four remaining kilometres, most of them beside the rippling river, to Angers, where, after plenty of difficulty in finding our way through the tangled streets, we drew up, thoroughly chilled and just at dusk, at the Grand Hotel, and here before we left we discovered that we had made a great mistake. The meals were excellent, but there are other considerations, and in regard to them, we cannot refrain from the one comment that they are outrageous. Baedeker says the hotel is "well spoken of," but we cannot imagine by whom; certainly by no one who has ever been there or who cares for the modern conveniences and decencies of life.

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Next morning we went for our mail and found the discouraging word from Tours that we could get nothing on any boat but second-class on the French Line from Havre. This we promptly declined, for we had a distinct prejudice against that line at best and could by no means bring ourselves to accept its second-class accommodations.

However, there was no use worrying, so we forgot our trouble as best we could and set forth to find the old castle, stopping on our way to see the cathedral and the ruined abbey church of Toussaint. Both are perfect in their way, the latter especially fascinating, but we were not in the mood for that kind of sight-seeing and soon went on, interrupting ourselves again to admire the exquisite workmanship of the bronze statue of King René near the chateau. Finally we did reach the great old fortress, and after going to the three wrong sides, ultimately found the entrance, and the guide who conducted us through as conscientiously as if there were really anything of interest to be seen in it.

The castle is very old, and very large, and warlike looking, even though Henry III, after he took it, levelled many of its seventeen towers. These, huge and black, with their white stone bands and the massive connecting walls guiltless of battlements or

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loopholes, make a deep impression on the beholder, seeming the very spirit of the Middle Ages personified. The grimness and impregnability of it left us speechless, at first, with a sensation of awe which the disappointing interior did not entirely dissipate.

Angers is very interesting, theoretically, being the capital city of England's Plantagenet line, as well as the scene of horrible wars of religion at a later date. As a matter of fact, however, it has been spoiled by the modern improvements. There are still obscure bits which retain the charm for which the traveller longs, but they are few and far between, and in the main the city is a disappointment; one day is enough to see it all. The "Black Angers" of one's dreams is no more, and the painful truth dawned upon us that that most alluring cognomen had reference not to any depth of ignorance nor moral depravity, not even to the crowded and gloomy condition of its streets, but simply and solely to the great amount of slate used in the buildings; here every roof is as black as in Rothenburg they were red, and the effect is grim and dour, in spite of the modernization and the tasteless squares and boulevards, which have, of course, greatly altered the original appearance.

CHAPTER XXII

MONT ST. MICHEL AND FALAISE

WE were glad to leave Angers the next morning, for our disappointment in not being able to make our reservation home and the worry incident thereto, seemed to urge us forward, and we passed once more beneath the black walls of its sullen castle, crossed the bridge over the Maine and took the road for Laval, rather willingly than otherwise.

The country was beautifully farmed, prosperous and fertile, and we saw cattle, horses, and sheep of fine quality and in large numbers, also immense white sows, built like racers and seeming about four feet high by six inches wide. Everything was green and orderly in the villages and in the country between, and orchards of apples which produce the famous cider began to appear.

We had been at Laval before; it was merely on the way to somewhere to-day, whose exact destination we did not determine until we were at luncheon. We pulled into a well-remembered street naturally commenting on our former visit, when we had seen

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the chateau and the few sights which the town possesses, and went on at once to a hotel, where we found a number of cars drawn up. While eating we decided to go to Mont St. Michel for the night, as we were told that the tide there was high and the season low.

We had visited the Mount before, but had left in disgust because of the crowded condition of the hotels, and the distressing manners of the middle-class Frenchmen who filled everything, and now we hoped under happier circumstances that we should be able to forget this first disastrous impression, of one of the most beautiful sights in Europe.

It does not take long to act on newly made plans when travelling by auto; we calmly finished our luncheon, got out the map covering the district to be travelled, inquired the way out of town and were off.

This is one of the most difficult parts of motoring abroad, the getting out of the towns, for the directions in the guide books are meagre, and the streets crooked and narrow, many of them not indicated at all on the books, and except at hotels or garages, it is often troublesome to find grown persons who can give the desired information; still a small boy is generally available, and gladly mounts the run-

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ning board and points the way, seeming by instinct to know exactly what is wanted.

As we neared the sea, the land took on a less fertile aspect and the air had a touch of salt in it. There is a long causeway which connects the Mount with the land, and we knew there would be no garage at the other end, so left the car and went on the short remaining distance by a little tram, enjoying every moment, every view, the salt of the air, and the desolate waste of sand on either side of the dike. The whole country, land and sea, for miles about, seemed dominated by the ancient abbey, which towered five hundred feet in the air, and seemed at first hardly more than a purple haze on the horizon, and, as we approached it, grew in size, majesty, and beauty till at last it rose, impressive, overpowering, enduring, and strong as the centuries which it has withstood and yet almost ethereal in its loveliness, dwindling all the way from its rocky base to the gilded statue of the arch-angel on the topmost pinnacle, a veritable castle of dreams.

We found the place practically deserted, and were delighted; save for a sense of quiet, everything seemed much as it had been when we were there before, doubtless in the main as it has been for hundreds of years. We walked about on the old ram-



" THE TRANQUIL RIVER, THE LONG LOW FERRY, AND — THE
LEFT FRONT WHEEL OF THE AUTO "

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" THE WALLS FORM A RECTANGLE SIX HUNDRED YARDS LONG
AND ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY WIDE "

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parts and made the tour of the outside of the walls almost dry shod, so quickly does the water vanish when the tide goes out, and then came in, thoroughly chilled and ready for the savory chicken and legs of lamb which were turning slowly on spits in the big, open fireplace of the hotel, where we were invited to sit and get warm.

But after dinner, sharp though the sea air was, the flooding moonlight was so alluring that we could not stay indoors but strolled about until a little after nine, when the tide was full, and we took a boat and floated around the Mount where, a few hours before, we had been walking, and watched the moonlight now reflected in the wavelets where, before dinner, the damp sands had been streaked with the sunset colors. In the mystic glow, every bit of lacelike carving and every pinnacle stood out black against the sky, while yet some subtle tenderness in the moonbeams seemed to hide the decay of ages and to gild lovingly every rough bastion, every flying buttress and traceried window, until the ancient sanctuary seemed a thing too beautiful ever to have been built by human hands. Some one has called the Cathedral at Cologne "frozen music"; surely Mont St. Michel is a symphony in stone.

In the morning we went through the huge pile of

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buildings, begun in 709 by St. Aubert, Bishop of Arranches, at the command of St. Michel, who appeared to him in a vision, but even prior to that time the rock had been a pagan sanctuary. The monks were under the protection of the rulers of Normandy and in 1066 they furnished six ships to William for his conquest of England. Pilgrims resorted here, then, as they still do, in great numbers, and the monastery became very rich and powerful. It was a seat of learning and in the twelfth century was called the "city of books." In 1469 Louis XI founded the knightly order of St. Michel and held here its first chapter. At the French Revolution the monastery ceased to exist as such and became a prison, but in 1863 it was again restored to religious uses for a while; however, it is now preserved as an historical monument of France, and is being restored as rapidly as funds are available.

There are many interesting places in the old building — cloisters, with beautifully carved pillars; a refectory, with great fireplaces; and dungeons and prison cells nearly as bad as those of Loches, in one of which poor Cardinal de la Balue spent another weary period of confinement, though a shorter one. A great wheel is shown which was

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rigged as a pulley and inside of which six men walked on a sort of treadmill, thereby hoisting supplies up the side of the rock. Beneath the choir of the church is a crypt, with nineteen immense pillars, twelve feet in diameter; here the restoration of the carvings is painfully obtrusive; to have one's meditations interrupted by falling mortar and the whistling of stone-cutters, is hard, and one cannot help preferring the broken-nosed saints higher up in the building with no marks of recent chiselling on their garments.

But the beauty of the great abbey makes itself felt outside rather than within, and we were not sorry when the examination of the interior was over and we were once more on the rocks watching the stealthy creeping in of the tide. Slowly, irresistibly, silently, it rippled over the broad beach. To our inland eyes it was uncanny, but fascinating, and when at last it was at flood again we were loath to go away and leave it all. Such a combination of majesty and beauty is to be seen, we honestly believe, nowhere else on earth.

By reason of the unfortunate circumstance which we have mentioned, we felt, when we saw it for the first time, that we had also seen it for the last, but now we know that if ever again we should be within

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some hundreds of miles of that enchanted spot we could not think of passing it by unvisited.

It is perhaps well to add, however, in case it may be possible to select the time of one's visit, that the Mount shows to much better advantage during the flood tides, preferably in early September, also that there is great danger from the quicksands of the beach. It was nearly noon when we turned for a last look and then took our way to the popular resort of the English, Avranches. But at this late season it was deserted and we could see little that seemed attractive save the fine beach and the unexpected view across the bay of the dim and vision-like Mount.

Henry II of England came here after his murder of Becket to yield himself up to the penance prescribed by the Pope's legates. He knelt and said: "Sir Legates, here is my body, it is in your hands; and know for certain that whatever you order I am ready to obey."

All of which must have made an interesting and highly edifying spectacle, but Avranches does not look as if it had ever been more than half awake since, so we delayed only long enough for luncheon and to mend another tire and then took the highroad for Falaise.

We missed the route once and ran quite a dis-

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tance over winding farm byways, but they were all well paved and cared for and we came out on the main road without difficulty and reached town about six o'clock, bitterly cold and convinced that the time to motor abroad is in summer and that late September is colder there by far than it is with us.

We created great excitement when we pulled into the court of the Hotel Normandy, a sure sign that the auto business went to the other hotel, a state of things that we could well understand when we saw the dinner that was served in the chilly dining-room.

It seemed impossible to get warm, but at last we found a neat little parlor with a fireplace and scandalized the maid by our extravagant request for a fire. Forty cents certainly was a high price for the diminutive basket of kindling which she brought us, but it was cheap enough for the comfort which we derived from it. We basked in the warmth and read aloud till the wood was gone and then went to bed.

The next day was Sunday and the town was astir early. Either it was a holiday, or Sunday is more of a gala day here than elsewhere in France. The young people, six and seven of them, climbed into

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high-wheeled carts pulled by one big Norman horse and clattered shouting down the streets; men with band instruments hurried by, and mothers with lunch baskets, from which black-necked cider bottles protruded, waited for conveyances to arrive, meanwhile vainly trying to keep order and slapping certain members of their broods into submission. A circus or a Fourth of July celebration at home would produce much the same conditions.

We had perhaps been travelling too continuously, growing unconsciously a little overtired, for sometimes we found ourselves willing to slight things, prone to pass them by with but little interest, though we knew we should have been more diligent; but, however this may have been in other places, it certainly was not for a moment true in Falaise.

From our childhood we had both admired William the Conqueror, so we started out next morning keenly interested to see and learn all we could about him in the town of his birth.

We wondered if there was a Fountain of Arlette anywhere along that queer old river front that could be seen from the chateau, so we sauntered along till we came about where we thought it ought to be, then asked a child if there was such a fountain. Charmingly she answered and trotted ahead to show it to us.

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We had proved the first premise of the story,— there was a fountain and we could see the castle of Robert the Devil, Sixth Duke of Normandy, situated just above it on a rugged promontory. The fountain was located among tan yards and history has it that Arlette's father was a tanner.

Crossing the little stream we found the custodian and soon ascended to the castle. It is a ruin, but such a sturdy ruin! Trees grow within the court that are ages old and yet were planted after it became a ruin.

The guide took us at once to the window whence Robert is said to have first seen Arlette. There was no question but that he could have seen the fountain, and as we stood there a girl of sixteen or seventeen came and leaned against one side of it and looked up at the castle, with perhaps the same interest, or lack of interest, that Arlette did nine hundred years ago. We could not tell whether she was fair or otherwise; either Count Robert (for he had not then become Duke) had better eyes than we, or he was willing to take chances. Next we examined the Norman keep, sixty-five feet high and the same in breadth, and took a look at the great round Talbots tower one hundred and thirty feet in height, and now being restored, which was added by the English

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in the fifteenth century, so really had nothing to do with the hero of the castle.

Then we came down to a little room lighted only by a door, the place in which William the Conqueror was born; a tiny room it was, and practically unfurnished at the time of his birth. It is said that he grappled with a straw from the pallet on which his mother lay and an old nurse tried to take it from him, but the wee hand held fast and she cried with joy at the good omen and interpreted it loudly, "What he gets he holds!"

It is hard to tell just why some things impress us and others do not, but somehow we had not had quite this strange feeling since we first dazed down on the tomb of Napoleon in Paris. Now looking back we seem to see, as if in a luminous mist, the stern old tower, the child in the straw, the fountain, the impetuous Robert, and the girl who refused to go up to her noble lover without a mounted guard, such as befitted a noble's wife (though a wife she knew she was not to be), and in the magic loom of memory, all these things are blended and woven into the fabric of one of the brightest days of all that happy summer.

At last we went down into the street where the

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citizens have erected a statue of their hero; if he was as this ideal he was every inch a man. The spirited figure suggested anew the lines which are to be seen on the wall of the room of his birth, which translated read:

“ Traveller, he who was conceived and was born in this place made himself famous among all the Princes of his time by his conquests and by the strong feudal institutions which he founded among the English people. He was but a barbarian, if we judge him by the ideas of our century, but he was a very great man if we appreciate him in accordance with the men and the circumstances amongst which he lived. Let us be just, traveller; let us see in William the most powerful creative genius of the eleventh century, let us bow ourselves respectfully before the cradle of him who knew how to be at once the Conqueror and the Legislator of the Old England.”

Time, time is so long! The maid stood at the fountain, the lord at the window, the child came and conquered, and all are gone; but the fountain plays on, the window from which the lord looked is still there, and history, nine hundred years after those things happened, teaches the school children

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of a country not then dreamed of, what took place in this little Norman village, which, except for being older and grayer and more worn, is the same as when it sounded to the martial tread of William Bastardus, Conqueror of England.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE LAST RUN

WE had a flat tire to repair before leaving Falaise late that morning and the entire force of servants congregated in the court of the hotel to watch the change and to assist as much as possible with the work. That they were constantly getting in the way, picking up needed tools and otherwise delaying us, in no wise detracted from the good will of their proffered assistance, and when the repair was made they strapped on the baggage and we were off for Quilleboeuf and Havre.

Our tires had been used for about four thousand four hundred miles (one thousand perhaps in America) and the treads were worn thin, so that the nails from the wooden sabots of the peasants, instead of sticking in the rubber, were now finding their way through and making trouble. Before leaving home we had read of a sort of guard which fastens closely enough over each casing to catch the heads of these nails on the first revolution of the wheel and thus throws them out, preventing

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punctures of the tires which are usually the result of subsequent revolutions, but we had not been able to find any for sale; if they do the work they must be invaluable.

Often in examining the tires, as we formed the habit of doing at every stop, we would remove from three to half a dozen of these heavy headed hob-nails. The leather-covered, nail-studded tires used so much abroad are said not to be subject to punctures from this source, and if we were to go again we should use them as they are not only puncture proof but at the same time furnish a satisfactory non-skid device.

It was a bright fall day, cold enough to make us feel that fur coats and robes would be necessary if we were to continue our trip into England as we had decided to do, if we could not get accommodations home.

The country, well watered and rolling, showed every sign of prosperity; that something, referred to by stockmen as quality, was apparent in men and women as well as in the animals and we felt that a good land makes a good people.

We lunched at the Hotel Normandy in quaint old Lisieux whose picturesque timbered houses have earned for it the name of "The Chester of France."



“ THEIR LOAD CONSISTED OF A LOW SKELETON OF A CART THAT HELD SIX ENORMOUS CASKS OF WINE ”

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While at the table we were entertained by an elderly English gentleman and his wife, who were so greatly interested in the possibilities of the small car that we told them of our experiences, thereby arousing them to actual enthusiasm. The fact was disclosed that he was a Member of Parliament (Monsieur suggested that most of the House must have been spending their holiday in France), and as we were leaving they presented their cards and gave us a most cordial invitation to visit them if we went to England.

We enjoyed the chat with them, but it shortened our time for catching the four-o'clock ferry at Quillebœuf, where we were to cross the Seine for the last stretch of our trip to Havre. We therefore opened up the throttle and made good time until, stopping in Pont Audemer to ask the road, we found that once more we had a nail in a thin place and must stop to change tubes.

This took so much time that we left with much less than half an hour to do the eleven miles. As usual, haste made waste, and we bumped as quickly as we could over the cobble-stone streets of the city, from time to time calling for directions, without stopping the car, and in some way took the wrong road, not discovering our mistake until we had done almost

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the whole distance. It was the worst blunder we had made in the entire trip.

We put about and retraced our way, contenting ourselves with being the first of the five cars which took the five-o'clock ferry, and found that it answered quite as well as the four o'clock one would have done.

As we were waiting a lady and a pompous little Frenchman drove up in a roadster. He jumped out, kicked his front tires to make sure that they were solid, went to the rear to do the same and before he could make the motion, with a loud hiss, one of them went flat. He had a spare wheel of the Stepney variety which he had never used and but for some help from Monsieur could not now have used. He worked feverishly and at last by means of tipping the captain of the ferry, succeeded in making the boat. He was very grateful for the assistance and on the boat told us that he was going to Havre, and, as we understood, to the same hotel that we were.

The instant the ferry landed we rushed the car up the steep incline and onto the highway leading to Havre. Night was approaching and we had forty kilometres to go, so we hurried on at twice the speed we would have dared to use on the day when first we covered this route, and arrived in much less than an hour, before the Hotel Moderne and for the last

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time entered and made the familiar request for a room. At dinner we looked momentarily to see our friends of the tire trouble, but as they did not come, decided that they must have broken down again and been obliged to spend the night at some wayside inn. We regretted their annoyance and then forgot all about them. Later in the week while attending the Royal Circus we were surprised to receive a hearty greeting from some people in another part of the house whom in a moment we recognized as our lost acquaintances. We went over to their seats and they explained that they were residents of Havre and lived near, not in, our hotel; and their gratitude for our interest and for the slight service rendered them was quite overwhelming.

It was Sunday evening when we reached Havre and Monday morning we overcame our prejudices and went to the office of the French Line to see what they could do for us in the way of a cabin. By great good luck, an excellent outside one had just been given up and we accepted it and paid for it on the spot, for there was no time to hesitate, as this room was on *La Savoie*, sailing the following Saturday, October first.

Tuesday we reported to the American Express Company and were told that if we would turn the

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car over to them that evening it could be packed and sail also on Saturday, but on a slower boat, *La Gascoigne*, of the French Line. We felt that we could by no means give up the car without one more run. It was a beautiful afternoon, warm and sunny, and we decided not to experiment, but to visit the known. To take no chances on our last ride, therefore, we headed for Caudebec and ran out over the road on which the boy had started us.

It seemed old familiar ground. Every town and manor house, every thatched cottage and steeple, which just two months ago to-day had been so strange and new, now seemed to smile a friendly greeting as we passed.

Time will doubtless cause to become blurred and indistinct the outlines of many things that now are vivid and real to us, but we believe that those two days, the bright summer afternoon of our hope and the golden autumn one of its fulfilment, will never fade away.

We did not stop till the car rattled into the square of Caudebec. Once more we marvelled at the bewildering beauty of the church, once more the ancient sagging houses and the glancing *Rivière Ste. Gertrude* held us spellbound and then as the evening began to fall, we cranked the engine and turned



“IT IS A NATURAL TUNNEL UNDER A MOUNTAIN”

THE LAST RUN

our reluctant faces westward, each too full of memories and regrets to care to talk.

This time we returned to Havre by another road, in order to see the ruins of the Chateau of Tancarville. But though they proudly cap their limestone cliff, we were content to admire them from below and presently drifted on over the floor-like road and into Havre again, where we went directly to the office of the Express Company and made formal delivery to them of the car.

Good little Car! It had taken us across northern France and southern Germany, had crossed the mountains of Switzerland from northeast to southwest, had followed the Rhone to the sea, had climbed the Pyrenees and played through central France and Normandy, carrying us safely and smoothly without serious accident or inconvenience, in all thirty-four hundred miles; it had furnished us a summer of pure delight and a recollection stored with a fullness of beauty, history, and pleasure that will enrich our lives through all the coming years.

Good little Car! Small wonder that we wished it a smooth trip home in the hull of the stout *Gascoigne* and left it with the same regret that one feels for a faithful friend or a servant who has worked long and well.

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It pulled out a little behind us from Havre and was turned back to us safe and sound in Chicago a month later.

Of the return journey there is no need to speak; it was what other ocean voyages and other home-comings are.

But the tour itself we feel was different from the great majority; if there was some uncertainty about it we learned self-reliance; if there was some work there was vastly more enjoyment, and if there was expense, there was, we know, more than corresponding recompense.

CHAPTER XXIV

SUGGESTIONS

THE question most often asked us since our return is as to the advisability of taking one's car abroad.

We can make but one answer, which is, that were we going again we should do as we did this time,—drive an American car. In the first place it is not probable that any one but an auto owner would consider a motor trip abroad, and it is unlikely that the small car owner would find it within his means to purchase another machine on the other side, for a summer's trip. If it were brought back to America the duty would be prohibitive, while if resold the chances of realizing anything like its value, with the circumstances of quick sale a necessity, after the trip was finished, would be remote.

Our car gave us no trouble and our observation of the many big American cars which we saw led us to believe, that in every way they gave as much satisfaction and as little cause for annoyance as the foreign ones.

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To rent is out of the question, as small cars are not usually obtainable and the prices charged for large ones are unreasonable. To buy a second-hand car would be to take even more chances, than one does here, in a like transaction, and delays and annoyances would soon make any supposed saving seem an extravagance.

A great many American machines are shipped over during the season, eight left Havre on the same boat as ours and we found no one who admitted that he had cause to regret using his own car. Therefore, our conclusion, based on our experience, our knowledge of conditions there, and the reports of others is, that if one expects to drive his car, the best way is to take it with him.

The only possible advantage in using a foreign car is the ease with which extra parts can be procured and the fact that the mechanics understand how to repair the cars with which they are familiar, better than those from across the water. But a good car on those perfect roads, with careful handling will need but few repairs, and except in the more remote districts, good garages and competent machinists are more frequently met with than they are here.

The shipping is a matter for an expert, and as

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we have said, we turned this over to the American Express Company.

Their charges from Chicago to Chicago were about \$380. This included the boxing of the car which cost \$60, the freight on it to New York, the delivery to the Steamship Company, the landing at Havre and passing it through the customs, the procuring of our driving and car licenses, assistance in Havre, storage of the box until our return, and all the expenses of the return voyage, and delivery to us of the car in Chicago.

Of the remaining \$320, freight on this side consumed \$70; the balance was made up of drayage, fees at the customs house, steamship freight, and the charges of the Company.

We should certainly not undertake to perform these services for ourselves unless it meant a great saving. The sense of security which we felt and the freedom from anxiety were worth much, and we consider the shipping agent almost a necessity.

Our car was a Courier, now called the Stoddard 20. It had a four-cylinder motor with an A.L.A.M. rating of 22½ horse-power, a wheel base of 100 inches, 32 x 31½ quick detachable tires, and was equipped with gas lamps, glass front, exhaust horn, top and curtains, and a speedometer. The deck after

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the removal of the gasoline tank measured 22 x 33 inches, and we had a small automobile trunk and a suit case which exactly filled the space. Two extra tire casings and a second tool box were fitted to the running board; in other respects the car was as received from the factory. In the second tool box we carried an assortment of extra parts made up by the chief engineer of the company, none of which, except spark plugs and a leather universal joint sleeve, were used. We had three extra inner tubes and the usual patches and tools for tire and car repairs.

Everything we needed for the entire trip on land was packed in the auto trunk and suit case. At one-night stops, we often left the trunk on the car and only had the suit case taken in; at longer stops both were carried to our room, usually making not too much of a load for one porter. We carried no evening clothes; they are not necessary. An extra suit for Monsieur and two or three dresses for Madame were abundant. Laundry is done in twenty-four hours almost everywhere and if new things are wanted they can easily be bought. In short we took the same clothing that we would on a similar trip on this side, save that we allowed for the fact that their summers are cooler than ours.

Monsieur abandoned his hats in Havre and wore

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through the entire trip a serviceable auto cap; one suit was worn in the car, and the use of overalls while working in garages kept it presentable; the other suit was used at the hotels.

We had a small box of medicines, a very necessary precaution. It is absolutely essential in our opinion to plan the itinerary with care in order to prevent the loss of time incident to doing it from day to day and the disappointments that are bound to follow haphazard touring.

For months before leaving America we read and planned what we would see and at the time of sailing knew substantially where we would go, the length of time we would stay and the route from place to place and in some cases even the hotels at which we would stop. This familiarity with what is to be seen and its history creates an anticipation, that adds immeasurably to one's enjoyment. We did not permit our plans to govern us, but from time to time, changed them slightly, usually by additions however, and in the end saw substantially all that we had expected to and many things that we had not. A great deal of time was saved by these full notes, for usually we had simply to turn to them and in less than half an hour, a two-hundred-mile run was clearly before us. This preparation was made possible largely by

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the use of the Michelin Guide — the most remarkable piece of advertising that has ever come to our notice. This tire company has printed five guides, the French one, with an English edition, covering France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland, Spain and Portugal. These guides mention practically every town in the countries; they describe and briefly state the points of interest, the hotels, their prices, garages, etc., and the best route from the towns described to the next important points in every direction.

In the guide to France there are sixty-seven small sectional maps, showing the main roads, their condition, whether or not they are picturesque and the distance in kilometres from point to point; in addition to all this, there is given information of every conceivable nature of interest or use to the touring autoist. It is a book of about seven hundred pages, well bound, and of a handy size, and is given free of charge to motorists at any agency of the company. It must have cost a large sum in the first instance and is revised annually and hence is absolutely reliable. Had it cost ten dollars we could not have afforded to do without it.

On arrival in France we bought the large sectional maps known as the *Cartes Taride*, covering the

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country we expected to see in France and Switzerland; later in Germany we bought the Mittelbach maps which are equally good of that country. These maps are all of good size and show roads, their condition, distances, points of danger, and places of historic interest. They are inexpensive abroad but very high here, and it is better to buy them there, as here late editions are hard to get.

The roads are easily followed; they are not built on section lines as they commonly are in this country, but go from place to place as the angling roads in the West do. When one comes to a branch or crossroad it goes somewhere definitely, and the sign boards so clearly indicate the towns and distances, that with a little care one need not often go wrong.

All the roads are classified according to their importance. The National Routes are those constructed and maintained by the Government; their distances are reckoned generally from Notre Dame at Paris, and they connect the most important cities and lead the way to foreign capitals. Each kilometre is marked by a stone, the front giving the number of the Route, the Department it is in, the distance from Paris, and the distance to the next important city; the sides indicate the next town in either direction, and its distance. These Routes are

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usually tree-shaded and in most instances are to be chosen when possible, though frequently the next class, the Departmental Routes, maintained by the Departments and furnishing direct means of communications between them, are better because less travelled. These also have the kilometric stones, giving about the same information as those of the National Routes. In the next class come the Routes of Grande Communication; these are always good and connect the cities of a Department and are maintained by each community, with Government aid.

Next come the Routes of Petite Communication, kept up by the people of the locality under the direction of a Government engineer, and last of all come the *chemins ruraux*, or farm roads, which are kept up wholly by the people. The last are narrow and wander at will; they are of macadam, and in most cases in good repair. One has but to select his road, take note of its number, and watch the kilometric stones to be sure that he will reach his destination. There is little difficulty, but it is not impossible, in the interest of the way, to forget to notice the flying stones and to go astray.

A power horn of some kind is necessary. The roads are often narrow and there is at times con-

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siderable traffic and it is impossible to clear the way promptly with the usual hand horn. We had an exhaust whistle which was only fairly satisfactory. A signal, loud and peremptory, is of great advantage and will soon repay extra cost, if it works well and makes plenty of noise, by the saving of time which it will effect in giving notice of one's coming far in advance. Cow and ox teams are slow and, though the driver may be willing, it takes some time to turn aside.

A kilometre is, roughly speaking, five-eighths of a mile, and we used our American speedometer, reducing the kilometres to miles by dividing by eight and multiplying by five. If absolute accuracy is desired, for any reason, multiply the kilometres by .621 and the result will be the distance in miles.

Another question constantly asked is whether or not the languages are necessary. Frankly we do not know. Madame spoke both French and German, the latter her own brand but very serviceable, and Monsieur soon picked up the most necessary words. Occasionally we found English spoken in hotels, but rarely in the more remote places. We met some people motoring who spoke only English and would do so ourselves under like circumstances if necessary, but it is of the greatest assistance to have even

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a little French and German. The money is quickly learned and the proper prices for necessities, and there is little desire to take advantage of the stranger's ignorance in the ordinary matters, nor did we find prices raised because we arrived by motor.

Time, money, and fondness of the water must govern the line chosen in crossing; personally we would prefer second, if necessary, on a fast boat to the bridal suite on a slow one. But whatever line is chosen it is well to go in May or June and to return before the last of September, as the early mornings and late afternoons are too cool before or after that for comfort. Also, we have learned that it is well to reserve return passage two or three weeks earlier than one really expects to want it; it is easy to exchange to a later date, but next to impossible to get an earlier reservation; one travels faster by auto than by train, or, rather, no time is lost waiting after one is ready to leave a place, and unexpectedly one gains time constantly.

The foreign duties, license fees, and regulations are interesting to intending motorists; none of these are serious annoyances.

Some time before our departure Monsieur provided the Express Company with five small pictures of himself and with a description of the car, and

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on our arrival we found that they had deposited the duty, amounting to \$144.27, the receipt for which provided that it should be refunded to us on taking the car from the country. They had also the license for the car, the numbers ready and on it, and the driving license, which after giving the age, place of birth, and other interesting facts about Monsieur, had in one corner his picture. These licenses cost \$8.30, and this was not repaid. No examination was taken, in fact we had nothing whatever to do with the French customs or procuring the licenses. It is possible for members of the Touring Club of France to deposit with it the amount of the duty for all the countries to be visited, in advance, and thereon to receive a *triptyque*, a sort of receipt in three parts, one to be given up on entering the country, one on leaving, and the third to be used in taking up the deposit. This we did not use and should not, were we going again, as it is little advantage and means a considerable outlay in the first instance.

Before leaving Havre, we had our French driver's license *viséed* by the German consul, which permitted us to drive in Germany; this cost \$3.00. When we left France for Germany we presented our French receipt to the French customs officer and he noted

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the date of our departure thereon and charged a few cents for doing it. At the German frontier we deposited a duty of \$39.25, and received a receipt providing for its return and also paid a tax on the car of \$8.00, and a German number was attached to the car. At the Swiss frontier the German officer returned our deposit, took up his number, and we paid the Swiss duty of \$77.60; no tax or license fee or number was required here. On leaving Switzerland, this was returned and the French officer noted on our original receipt the date of our return to France. The day we left France we gave the agent of the American Express Company our French receipt; he collected the deposit and remitted the amount thereof to the Chicago branch, which paid it to us in due time. The whole operation did not take much longer than to read this description of it.

The laws relative to driving are about the same there as here and the careful driver will not be likely to have trouble. In Switzerland, one must observe to the letter the regulations as to speed. But they are reasonable, and the danger to all concerned justifies the heavy fines inflicted on those who disregard them.

In the thirty-four hundred miles which we trav-

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eled we had absolutely no trouble with the authorities, because we carefully observed their rules at all times. Care and consideration for the rights of others detract but little from the day's pleasure and pay in the end, for a Swiss judge accepts no excuses and the first fine is usually \$40 to \$50, and, as the Irishman would say, "The second fine is a jail sentence."

The excellent roads are a constant invitation to rapid driving, and where the way is level, every one drives much faster than on this side, but in the mountains of Switzerland it is well to exercise every precaution for one's own and others' safety, and, failing to do this, complaint is unjust if arrest and fine follow. Warning is given, by large signs, of the speed regulations before chance of liability is incurred.

It pays too, to keep good-natured, even when the provocation is great. It is a long way from home and one is at a great disadvantage. A smile goes a good deal farther there than here and we found every one ready to meet us more than half way in politeness or in anger. We obeyed the laws and took no chances; it is so much better to be careful than sorry.

We had a good deal of tire trouble largely on ac-

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count of the nails dropped from the wooden shoes. While our tires stood the wear as well as those made over there, punctures could not be avoided. If going again we should take with us an engine tire pump. Tires in American sizes can be had there, but they are fully as high priced as here. We forgot only one thing that we needed in the way of supplies and that was valve parts for our inner tubes; these commenced to leak and then we discovered that the French valve is of a different construction and that we could not get parts to repair ours. We had difficulty in getting our tubes fitted with new valves of the French sort, which were rather expensive, though of course we still have them and they are better than the American ones. A dollar invested in these parts before leaving would have saved delay and annoyance.

If one has old tires it is well to take them, and on arrival buy new ones, getting the leather antiskids for the rear wheels; this does away with carrying chains, which, by the way, we used but twice in our entire trip.

Gasoline and oil are high. We paid from forty to fifty cents a gallon; it comes in five-litre sealed cans and is of fine quality; while we invariably strained it, we never discovered the slightest evidence

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of adulteration. A litre equals .2642 of a gallon. The roads are so perfect and the gasoline of such good quality, that our mileage averaged, mountain climbing and all, twenty-four miles plus to the gallon. Gasoline can be bought everywhere; the hotels always have it and we even saw it for sale at farmhouses by the roads.

Cylinder oil gave us great trouble at first; it was very thick, heavy and dark, but in a few days we learned the names of several light brands which were excellent; these oils were sold in two-litre cans, sealed, and cost about \$1.20 per gallon.

The charge for washing, polishing, and garage service was much less than on this side, about in proportion as hotels and other things are cheaper. In France it was unusual to find a hotel without a garage or suitable place to put the car, and generally without charge; in Germany often we had to put it in a public garage and the hotels always charged from one to two marks for the accommodations when they had it.

We had heard that a feeling of ill will existed toward American cars, but we saw nothing of it; on the contrary any new features, such as the quick detachable tires, were heartily admired and we did not take the slightest precaution to protect the car,

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either when left on the streets or in the garages; the hood was not locked, but we never found the slightest evidence that it had been opened or anything touched.

Everywhere, save in Switzerland, we found good feeling and a desire to assist and it was seldom that a passing car did not slow down and ask if it could do anything to help us, if we seemed in trouble,— a very courteous custom and one which we found much more general abroad than here and which we were not slow in adopting.

Hotels are among the most important things to be considered in travel abroad. One does not realize the extent of the influence of a good hotel on his enjoyment until he has spent a season constantly changing and discovers that his impressions of things and places are colored by his hotel accommodations. Every one has noticed how often people who have been abroad discuss hotels and meals, and those who have not been find this intensely amusing. But those who have tried it know that upon the selection of an hotel often hangs a day's pleasure. The most interesting things in Europe can not hold one's attention in the midst of unsanitary or uncomfortable surroundings and poor meals. France has few poor hotels and is filled with good ones and every tour-

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ist centre has a number as fine as any in America; some of these we have tried and found them as complete and satisfactory as in Chicago or New York — and equally uninteresting. They are filled, not with the natives and the local color that one goes abroad to get, but with tourists like oneself, and in them waiters, cuisine, management, and prices are practically the same as at home. We determined to shun such and go to the hotels patronized by the natives in order to observe their manners and customs and almost without exception we did so. That we missed many pleasant hours with our countrymen there can be no doubt, but in seeing the people we had gone abroad to see and in becoming more intimately acquainted with their national life, we received full compensation. We found these hotels cheaper, by far, than like accommodations at home. In fact we have no such accommodations or meals as we found there, at any price, in the smaller places, and while there were exceptions, one must not expect too much for an average cost of two dollars a day each. It was in the higher priced, larger, and more pretentious places that we met most often with disagreeable features. The Frenchman loves to practise what he styles the “little economies” and is willing to bargain for a five-franc room, even though he has arrived in a

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seven-passenger car, accompanied by a chauffeur, and we found that it paid to follow, to some extent, his example.

We looked up the hotels in Baedeker and the Michelin Guide, endeavoring to go to those centrally located and near to the things we wanted to see; those were chosen, other things being equal, which had a free garage. We always looked at a room before accepting it and had no hesitancy in objecting to it, if it did not suit, or if the price was too high. Usually the proprietor was as anxious to please us as we were to be pleased, and in the end if, for any reason, we were not satisfied, we returned to the car and went elsewhere. For a stay of more than a day, if we did not like our accommodations after trying them, we ascertained where we could get what we wanted, and moved, a small matter with our limited amount of baggage and ever-ready car.

We have never found tipping a great annoyance abroad nor had the disagreeable experiences that friends going to the so-called "American" hotels have had. We soon learned what the natives did and gave but little more and in most cases all of it had been earned.

The foreign hotel system is very different from ours. There the *femme de chambre*, or chamber

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maid, has a whole floor to care for, assisted by the *valet de chambre*. These two care for these rooms and the personal requirements of their occupants exclusively, shine the shoes, deliver the baggage, and take it from the rooms on the guests' departure. In general they are obliging, hard-working people, whose living largely depends on their ability to please. Often they are warm-hearted, honestly interested in the stranger, and unselfishly glad to do all possible to make him have a good time.

The head waiter is more of a personage there than here; he cares for guests at meals, and with him one settles the bills. The *concièrge* assists with advice and suggestions as to what to see and how to get there, buys one's theatre tickets, and generally endeavors to make the stay a pleasant one. The man in charge of the garage helps with the car and with road information, often to the extent of riding to the edge of the town to get one well started on the right route. These we tipped, at about French rates and left them always pleased and satisfied. Ten per cent of the bill was usually sufficient to cover everything, though when spending but a short time we sometimes exceeded this amount, which the natives rarely do.

We have heard of long lines of previously unseen

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servants waiting with outstretched palms at the door at the guests' departure, but we have never seen it. We have seldom been imposed upon in any way by servants, and these few times were in the hotels frequented by our country men and women, who cannot practise the "small economies" and hesitate at the small tip for fear of losing the respect of the servant, who, as a matter of fact, in most cases holds them in extreme contempt because of their useless waste of money. This is a mistake, by the way, which the English never make and yet they are always well served and respected. To the Frenchman the tip is payment for service willingly performed; he does not view it as a gift and the servant accepts it upon the same basis.

Advice as to the manner of selecting a hotel cannot be specific, but if local color is desired one must go to the hotels patronized by the natives. These few points it is well to observe: if inexperienced, assume to know a little more of their ways than the facts justify; be reasonable and keep good-natured, if things go wrong. Under no circumstances attempt to change their methods or to order unusual things; they are not adaptable and do business with a class who do not require the things we are used to here and they at once become awkward and high-priced if

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obliged to deviate from their usual customs. If one cannot be adaptable oneself and take pleasure in doing their ways and eating their dishes, it is wiser by all means, to go to the regular tourist hotels, for, as has been said, one's enjoyment is largely dependent upon the inn keeper with whom one deals.

We had been members of the American Automobile Association for a year or more before going abroad, and in regard to our trip they rendered us some assistance, the most substantial parts being the \$15 discount allowed us by the Express Company because of our membership, and the procuring for us of membership in the Touring Club of France. It is a good thing to be identified with some organization, national in its scope, in case it should be advantageous to call on like associations for assistance abroad, and we felt that our membership paid us well.

The Touring Club of France membership is as valuable as one cares to make it. As we did not go to Paris we were not in close touch with it and did not get the full benefit of our membership. The fact that we had planned our trip so well before going made it, except on one occasion, unnecessary to call on the organization for touring information, but the reply to our inquiry was prompt and gave us just the help we needed when we wanted it badly. By

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some mistake the list of hotels and the guide published by the club, though we paid for them, never reached us. We discovered that at hotels where the discount of ten to twenty per cent was allowed to members, the management insisted upon being shown the card of membership before giving their rates, and as we felt, made the charge enough larger to cover the discount. So we soon made our own bargains and disregarded this feature of supposed advantage.

We believed that if we were in trouble the Club would come to our aid and, as we were obliged by law to have a plate on the car, giving the owner's name and address, we bought this of the Club and received its emblem with the name and address engraved around the edge. This was fastened to the glass front, and possibly its notice of our membership served to warn those with whom we dealt not to attempt to wrong us for fear of becoming engaged in a most unequal warfare with that powerful organization of two hundred and fifty thousand members.

But, disregarding convenience, and the question of whether the \$1.30 we paid for membership was returned in personal benefit, every motorist touring abroad should join this Club. He would be a very selfish person who could use hourly its valuable signs, indicating not only towns and distances, but every

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point of interest and danger along the route, and not want to contribute a little to its treasury and be identified with its great work, which is so wide in scope that it concerns itself not only with routes, signs, and rates at hotels for its members, but obliges the hotels to offer more sanitary rooms and toilet facilities, contributes largely toward improvement of roads, exploits new or neglected places of interest, and in many ways conduces to the comfort and pleasure of travellers. So true is this that many who are touring in the ordinary way, by train, join this body, that they may be able to avail themselves of its benefits.

We had expected to take out indemnity insurance, thinking that driving in strange lands under new rules and regulations might result in accidents, even though we should be careful, but we delayed having it written in Havre until too late and soon found that we needed it no more abroad than at home. If one carries insurance here, the same reasons exist for it abroad, but no more, and we should not indulge were we going again. The rule of the road is to turn to the right, in France, Germany, and Switzerland; in England it is to turn to the left and in Italy it varies in different cities and localities, and save for the very rapid driving which the perfect roads

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induce, the chances of accident seem, if anything, less than here.

The things we have mentioned cover the usual questions which have been asked us since our return, with one exception — that of cost. Every one assumes that a tour of Europe in an automobile, even though a small one, involves great expense. Like everything else one can make it as expensive as he desires, but unlike the tour by train one cannot cut expenses to the minimum. To travel in an auto, even a little one, is to travel first-class, and with much more than the train's advantages. Usually one does not remain at hotels long enough to profit by the five-days' pension rate, and tips are generally as high for two days as for five. The little savings cannot be accomplished and one must look for compensation in the nearer view and the more extended knowledge of persons and things that one gets from the car. But, in fact, a little care and consideration of expenditures will keep them down greatly, and we feel that we received a hundred cents on the dollar for every one that we left abroad.

It is much more expensive to tour Europe in a car from Illinois than from the East. The shipping of the car from Chicago to New York and back added \$70 to our bill in freight alone and no doubt truckage

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and like items added \$30 more for it is no small job to load a thirty-five hundred pound box and unload it from train to steamer. Then the expense of travel from Chicago to the boat and return exceeded a hundred dollars, so that our expenses for car and selves to Havre and return to Chicago before we had turned a wheel were \$950, which could be cut by Eastern people in half without omitting any comfort or pleasure that we had. We realize that this is nothing to boast about, but it was as cheap as we could figure it from our locality, and, in view of the high cost of everything, about as reasonable as the things that we did can comfortably be done. Expense could undoubtedly have been saved by driving the car to Boston and there shipping it ourselves, but the annoyance and risk would have been greater and the increased time we could not afford. We know that the Express Company was high but it was the best we could do after considerable investigation of prices, and we do not regret using it.

From Havre to Havre our expenses were comparatively low; \$575 covered everything except certain purchases which had nothing to do with the trip and were not used until we reached this side.

The entire trip from Chicago can be easily and delightfully made with no sacrifice of proper pride

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or comfort for \$1550, well within the expenditures of an ordinary trip abroad for two people, as we said in our introduction.

But it was no ordinary trip abroad which we took, to us it was and must always be extraordinary. It is possible that we may have failed, nay, hardly probable that we can have succeeded in making clear what this trip has meant to us; the long happy days in the open, the strange sights, the mild but interesting adventures, the sense of doing it ourselves and coming out all right in the end — these can not be described, they must be felt to be rightly understood.

And that they are pleasures which you, who have found sufficient interest in these pages to read thus far, may soon make your own and that you may enjoy all that we did, and more, is the cordial wish of the two in the runabout.

THE END

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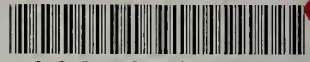


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